"Solemn-Looking Blokes"

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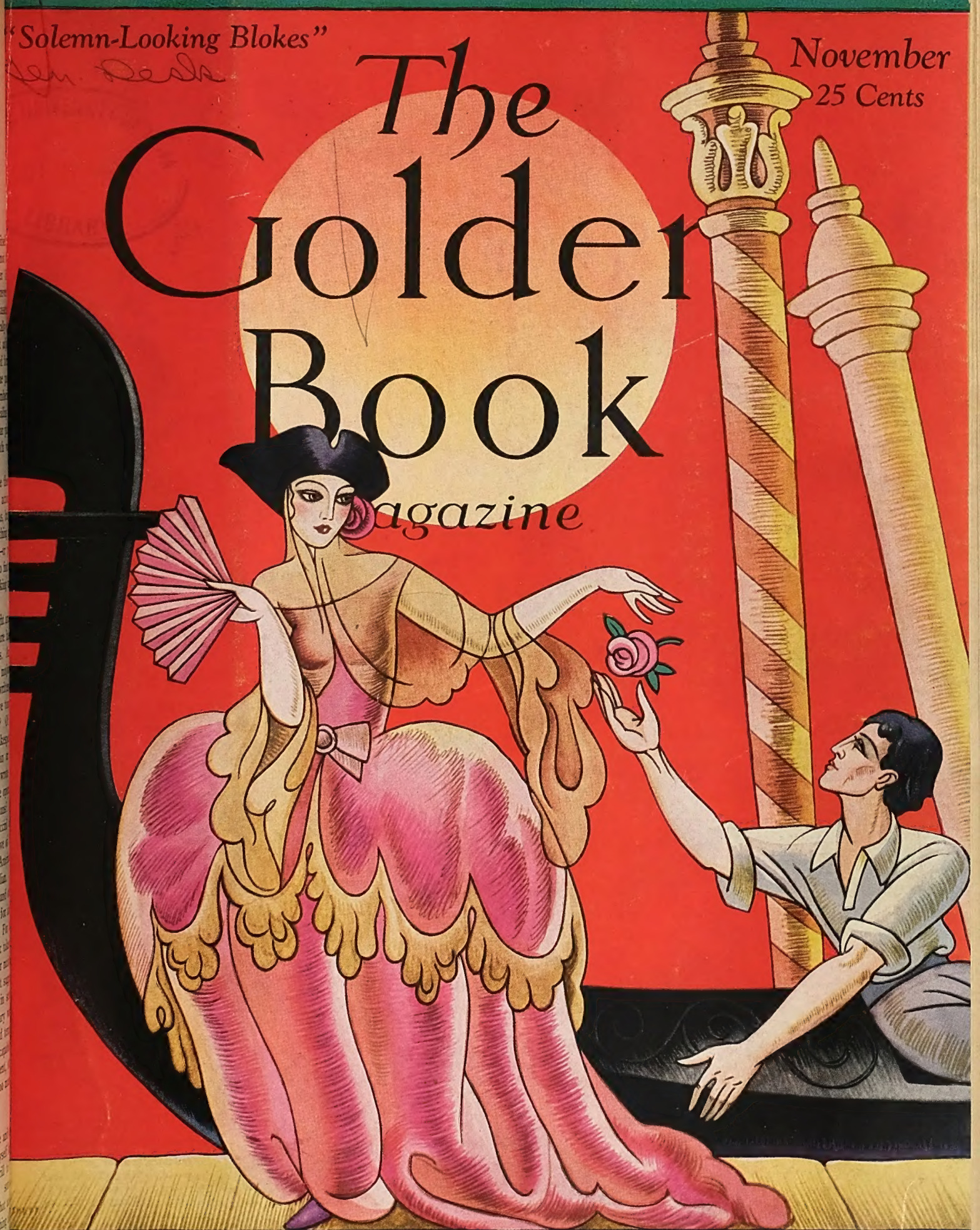

Kathleen Norris's "Mother" and How She Came to Write It

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obert Louis Stevenson—Willa Cather—H. G. Wells—Theodore Dreiser

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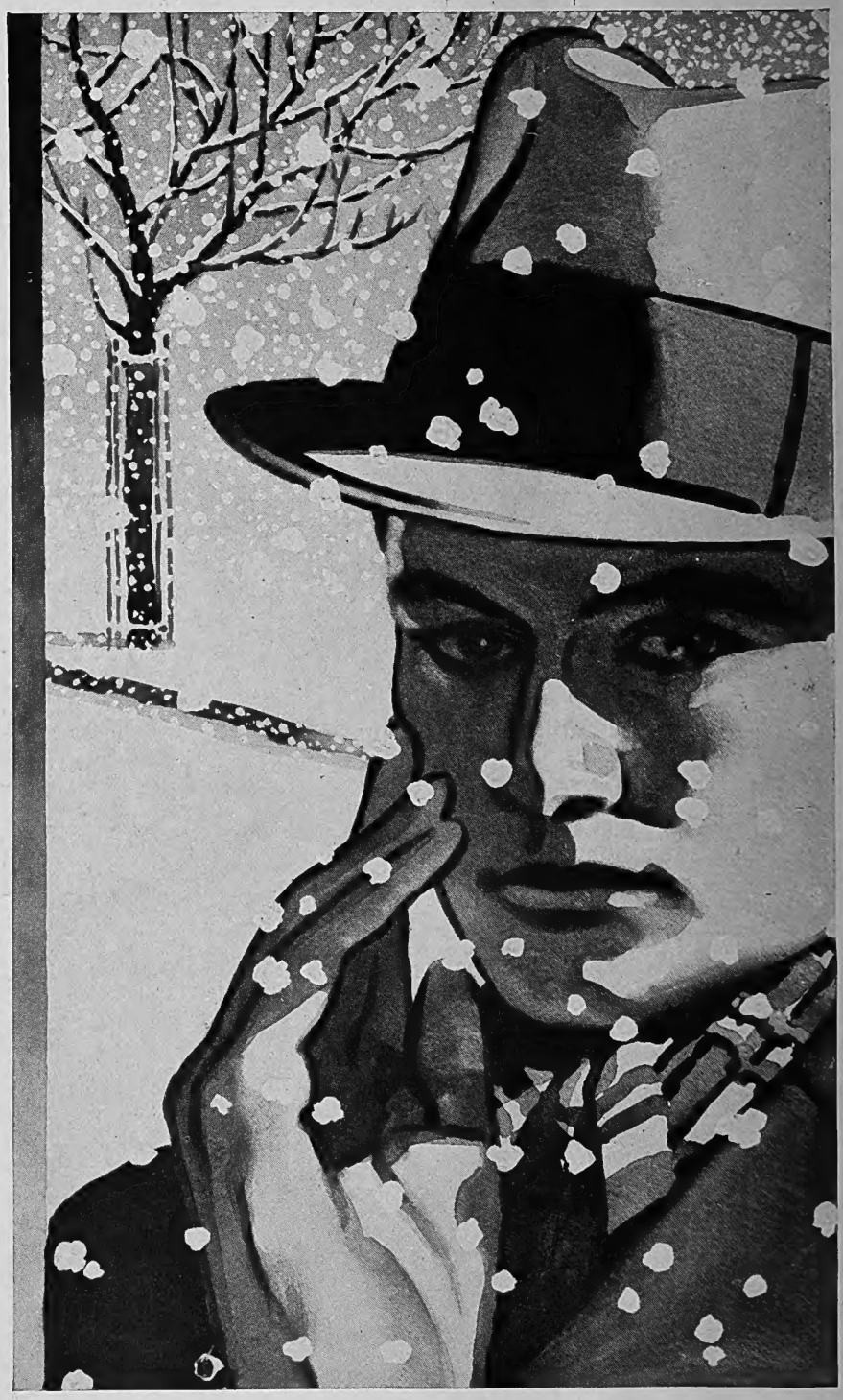

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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

EDITH O'DELL, *Editor*

FREDERICA FIELD, *Literary Editor* — RALPH ROCKAFELLOW, *Art Editor*

VOL. X — CONTENTS *for* NOVEMBER, 1929 — No. 59

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Who's Who in the Golden Book

In radical contrast to "The Door in the Wall," the last H. G. Wells story we published, is "Mr. Brisher's Treasure"—as broadly humorous as "The Door in the Wall" is sensitive and psychological. H. G. Wells is an unexpected kind of person, and as such he is keenly and somewhat bitingly described by "Lynx," interpreter of Low's famous cartoons:

> He (H. G. Wells) is essentially a dramatic genius. He can impersonate. As he writes he can change himself into the florid Chitterlow, the exuberant playboy Uncle Ponderevo, the gallant and absurd Mr. Polly, making not one error in the words life would have put in their mouths, not one error in the accents with which they would have spoken them. Even he can impersonate the impersonal. He has impersonated man on that dawn when he looked around on an age more mechanized than ours and made his plans: hence *When the Sleeper Awakes* and *The War of the Worlds*. Even he impersonated his own age. It may be said that until he began to write, the nineteenth century had not completely happened, for the biological and economic discoveries which were the main achievement of that age were lying as lakes, profitable only to those who lived in their immediate neighbourhood, until his novels appeared to turn them into reservoirs to irrigate the mind of the community. He could perform this feat because he had mastered every line of the biological and economic parts as they were then written. He was word-perfect in his impersonations. But it could hardly be given to one man to master more than two such parts in his lifetime; and no one would blame him for not having added post-war Europe to his repertoire, were it not that he habitually behaves as if he had. . . . Listening to him becomes more and more like a gambling game such as roulette. . . . When one stakes one's attention on him one either suffers a total loss and would have been better out in the sunshine, or one is rewarded with odds higher by many times than the customary rates of investment.

There have been few short stories by American authors more genuine in inspiration or closer to the experience of every-day American men and women than Kathleen Norris's "Mother." It has sincerity, humour, simplicity in the telling, and tenderness. It is rich with sentiment, as is so much of the best-loved (if not always the best) literature of any day.

The story of how Mrs. Norris wrote this tale, as it is told by her husband in the introduction which he has written for us, is a moving one. It is not surprising to us that this story, built so arduously and so close to life, should have a vital warmth.

Kathleen Thompson Norris was born in California in 1880. At nineteen she was not only earning her own living, but contributing largely to the support of her family. Her first story, published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, was written while she was working as a librarian during the day, shouldering the domestic responsibilities of the family night and morning. In 1909 she married Charles Gilman Norris, brother of Frank Norris, and himself the well-known author of *Brass* and *Bread*. The struggling early years of their marriage form the intimate background of Mr. Norris's introduction.

Since the success of "Mother," Mrs. Norris's novels have been "best-sellers" almost without fail. They include *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne* (1912); *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby* (1912); *Saturday's Child* (1914); *The Story of Julia Page* (1915); *The Heart of Rachael* (1916); *Martie, the Unconquered* (1917); *Undertow* (1917); *Josslyn's Wife* (1918); *Sisters* (1919); *Harriet and the Piper* (1920); *Certain People of Importance* (1922); *The Callahans and the Murphys* (1924); *Little Ships* (1925); *Hildegarde* and *The Black Flemings* (1926); *Barberry Bush* (1927); *The Foolish Virgin* (1928); *Storm House* (1929); and *Red Silence*, just issued.

When "Solemn-Looking Blokes" appeared in 1917, soon after America entered the War, it was received with an enthusiasm great for the emotional tensity of even those days. At the time few noticed who had written this compelling little piece of prose. What mattered was the absolute rightness with which it struck and blended the notes of drama and humanity, and of patriotism and fore-tasted tragedy. We too had remembered it, authorless, for the authenticity of its emotion and the beauty of its wording. It was a pleasant but not a great surprise to find, on hunting up the magazine in which it originally appeared, that its author was Stacy Aumonier, whose charming stories are well known to Golden Book readers. The fact that "Solemn-Looking Blokes" still stirs us today, on re-reading, is testimony to its literary art.

A more utterly charming person than Robert Louis Stevenson, and one who was also so great an artist, has perhaps never existed in the world of letters. And just as Stevenson's personal charm floods nearly everything he wrote—so that it is hard to judge him dispassionately as a later day may do—so was he as much of a painstaking artist in his personal relations as in his writings. Memoirs of Stevenson are filled with anecdotes of his graceful, appropriate, apparently spontaneous gestures toward his family and friends, and toward life. Of all these—bizarre, tender, humorous or gallant—his letter to little Annie Ide, giving her his birthday, is perhaps our favourite. It testifies to his intimate understanding of childhood,

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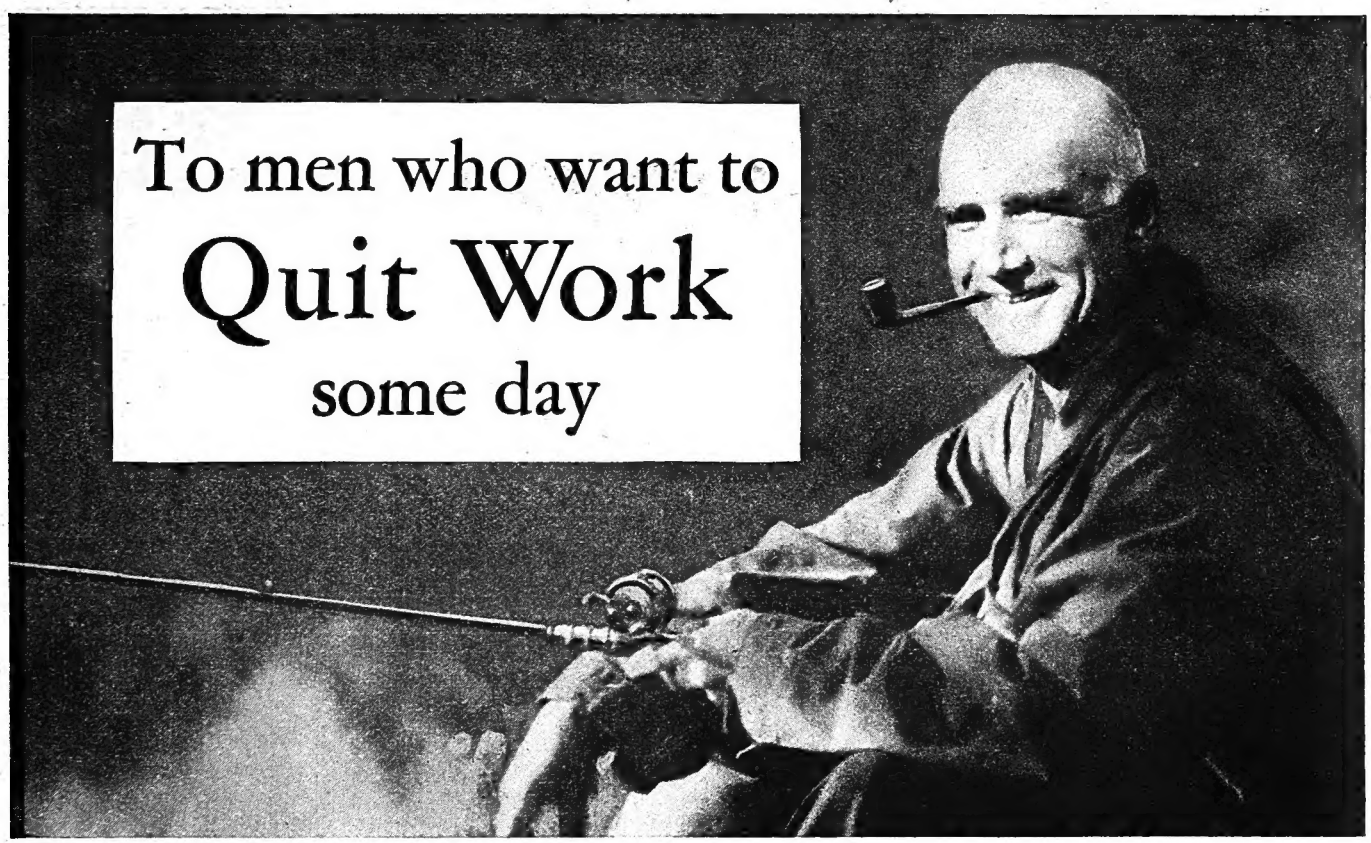

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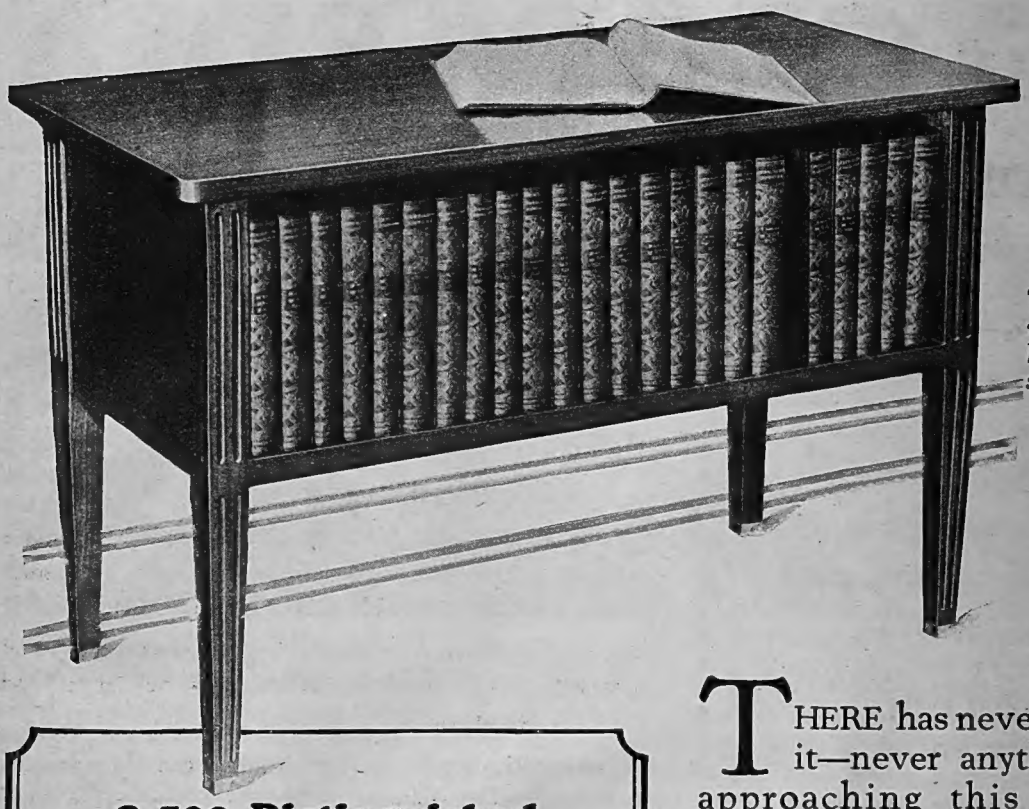

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as do his *Child's Garden of Verses* and his romances for boys. Irresistibly, there is "sugar and spice and everything nice" in it.

Stevenson had a good deal of fun writing it, as is evident from the letter he sent to Mr. Ide, the American lawyer who was the father of the little girl. Stevenson wrote: "Herewith please find the Document, which I trust will prove sufficient in law. It seems to me very attractive in its eclecticism; Scots, English, and Roman law phrases are all indifferently introduced, and a quotation from the works of Haynes Bayly can hardly fail to attract the indulgence of the Bench."

Stevenson himself had been a lawyer for a time, as he had previously tried engineering—both ventures before the publication of *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* in 1878 and 1879, which definitely committed him to literature as a career.

Soul enrapt demi-urge,
Walking the earth,
Stalking life.

* * *

Full of questions, objections,
Distinctions, instances,
Contemptuous, ironical, remote,
Cloudy, irreverent, ferocious,
Fearless, grim, compassionate yet hateful,
Old yet young, wise yet virginal,
To whom everything is new and strange,
Whence he stares and wonders,
Laughs, mocks, curses——
Disordered, yet with a passion for order
And classification—hence the habitual
Folding into squares of a handkerchief.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

THERE IS NO LIVING AUTHOR in America who is so universally conceded greatness as Theodore Dreiser, of whom Edgar Lee Masters wrote the above. Writers and critics are preoccupied with him; they call him master and path-maker even as they jeer at his ponderous, uncertain style, and his indiscriminate absorption and bewilderment with all the details of life about him.

"Something gray and bleak and hurtful, that has been in the world perhaps forever," says Sherwood Anderson, is in this heavy Hoosierite, who has produced only a handful of books in the twenty-five years between *Sister Carrie* in 1900 and *An American Tragedy* in 1925. He watches with infinite compassion man's frantic and frequently ugly battle with environment, the temporary victory of the strong and ruthless, the disintegration of the weak. Along the way he records the details that bring about the total of defeat—all of them tumbled in disproportionately, by their mass sometimes hiding their objective, even from Mr. Dreiser.

This is not true of "The Lost Phœbe." Here every detail adds a necessary grain of weight, and the story moves economically and ruthlessly direct to its fulfilment. The prose style is not musical; it is not even clear; but, clumsy and rough-chiseled though it is, its power is undeniable.

Dreiser has emerged as a writer from newspaper and editorial work. In 1892 he arrived in Chicago from his home town of Warsaw, Indiana, and secured a job on the *Chicago Daily Globe*. Later he worked for St. Louis papers and did special work for *Harper's, McClure's, Century, Cosmopolitan,* and *Munsey's*. He has edited *Every Year, Smith's Magazine, Broadway Magazine,* and the Butterick publications. *Sister Carrie,* published in 1900, *Jennie Gerhardt* in 1911, *The Financier* in 1912, and *The Titan* in 1914 met with enormous public disfavour and rabid denunciation. Gradually, however, a generation arose who looked upon him as their literary god. Then came the suppression of *The Genius* in 1915, and Dreiser achieved popular success. *A Hoosier Holiday* (1916), *Hey, Rub-a-Dub-Dub* (1920), some plays, an autobiographical sketch, a book of short stories and one of poems, and *An American Tragedy* (1925) have continued to swell his fame. Anderson has epitomized the attitude of today toward this man too excellently well for us to try any improvement of our own:

> He is old in spirit, and he does not know what to do with life, so he tells about it as he sees it, simply and honestly. The tears run down his cheeks, and he folds and refolds the pocket handkerchief and shakes his head.
>
> Heavy, heavy, the feet of Theodore. How easy to pick some of his books to pieces, to laugh at him for so much of his heavy prose.
>
> The feet of Theodore are making a path, the heavy brutal feet. They are tramping through the wilderness of lies, making a path. Presently the path will be a street, with great arches overhead and delicately carved spires piercing the sky. . . .
>
> The fellows of the inkpots, the prose writers who follow Dreiser, will have much to do that he has never done. Their road is long, but, because of him, those who follow will never have to face the road through the wilderness of Puritan denial, the road that Theodore faced alone.

WILLA CATHER is as sturdily American an author as Theodore Dreiser, and is, in a diametrically opposed way, as important. Where Dreiser is rugged, wordy, often chaotic, she is finished, restrained, clarified. She is patient and hopeful where he is fundamentally and despairingly resigned. Her interpretation of American life is as fresh and sincere, however, and her manner of doing it is more conventionally beautiful.

Miss Cather is a writer of the middle west, although she was born in Virginia. At the age of eight, some time about 1884, the family moved to Nebraska. The rest of Miss Cather's childhood was spent on a ranch, learning to love the sparsely settled plains country, and to feel a tender sympathy for the dramatic struggle of Swedes, Bohemians, and Germans to make a place for themselves in a new world. Her novels, *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia,* are the direct outgrowth of these early experiences.

While learning to write, Miss Cather spent much time in travel, in teaching, in journalistic and editorial work, and very little in writing. It is a conviction of hers that one cannot write without having lived largely first, and among all kinds of people. Her first book was a collection of short stories, some of which—such as "Paul's Case" and "The Sculptor's Funeral"—have established a new American short-story tradition. Her other novels include *One of Ours, A Lost Lady, The Professor's House, My Mortal Enemy* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop.* Of these, for us *A Lost*

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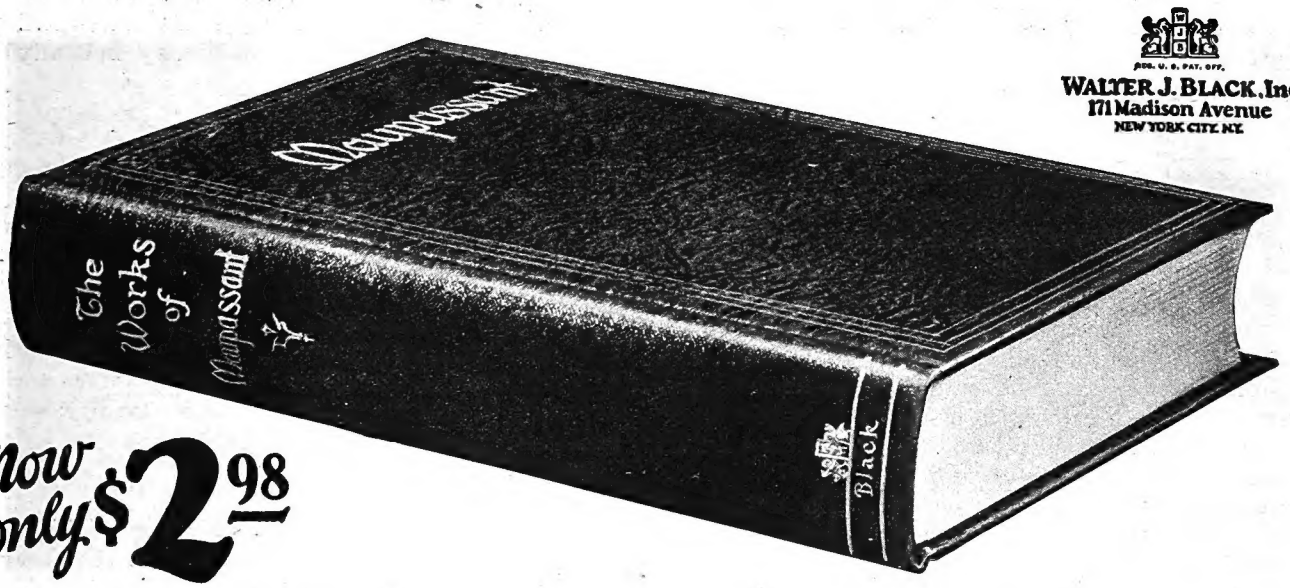

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Lady achieves most nearly an exquisite perfection, while *Death Comes for the Archbishop,* a chronicle of the opening up of Santa Fé by Bishop Lamy, stands close beside it as a book of deep beauty, breadth, and quiet power.

PAITA-SHUN is the pen-name bestowed by a Chinese scholar upon Dr. Frederick Peterson, distinguished New York neurologist and psychiatrist, who has earned a unique place for himself as a poet and translator of Swedish and, in particular, of Chinese poetry. "Wild Geese" is an original verse, one of the Chinese impressions from his volume *Chinese Lyrics.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, like Poe, is one of the pioneers of the American short story. Working almost without precedent, he shaped and perfected his tales so that they should make one unified effect on the reader—the principal aim to which the most able modern short-story craftsmen would confess.

Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, of a long line of distinguished Puritan ancestors. His father, and his father before him, had been sea captains, and from them Hawthorne is said to have inherited the solitariness which had driven them to the sea, and led him to live much in seclusion. This fundamental loneliness, a powerful imagination, and preoccupation with evil which his solitary brooding may have helped to develop, are strongly marked on all that Hawthorne wrote.

Hawthorne graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow. Another college friend, Franklin Pierce, later President of the United States, remained a close associate all his life, and Hawthorne died while on a trip with him to the White Mountains in 1864. As soon as he graduated, Hawthorne determined to devote himself to a literary career, and for some years he was what he himself called "the obscurest man of letters in America." *Fanshawe,* his first novel, met with a cold reception, and rightly so. His second book, a collection of short stories, *Twice Told Tales* (1837), had a far greater success, as did *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). In the meantime Hawthorne had ventured into politics in the mild form of holding a post as customs inspector, and hating it. He tried Brook Farm also for a while, with no better success; finally, after his marriage in 1842 he settled down at the Old Manse in Concord. Once again he tried customs inspection, with no less dislike. In 1850, *The Scarlet Letter* was published; Hawthorne became instantly celebrated, and the novel still stands today as his chief claim to fame. Hawthorne had found himself, and from now on, in spite of a sojourn abroad as consul at Liverpool and in Italy which resulted in several tales and novels, Hawthorne's best work continued to be done in picturing the New England of his fathers, and in dealing with the effect of evil on the human soul. Toward this end the best fruits of an amazingly fertile imagination, a powerful philosophic bent, and sinewy but musical prose were directed.

Hawthorne himself confessed that he found too much moral in his famous story, "The Great Stone Face." Yet this tale, by its clear strength of telling and a certain serene beauty which pervades it, will always make new and devoted readers for itself.

LLEWELLYN HUGHES is a young Welshman and Canadian who has won considerable fame as a writer of quick-moving, humorous and tragic war stories, authentic in colour and in their understanding of human nature. Concerning himself, he wrote in the *Forum* magazine:

> I began this utterly conceited business of writing fiction in 1919—after the War had robbed me of a career I had planned for myself in a different field. I think I should have made a successful gardener—I am sure I'd have been a splendid butler. I was intended, by my late father, for the profession of civil engineering, and did, as a matter of fact, go some little way along that interesting trail—but Sir Andrew McPhail, the literary oracle of Montreal, not only awarded me first distinction in a Canadian eisteddfod of writers, but advised me to "write for the wastepaper basket and starve in a garret." This I have more or less accomplished; but lately editors have come poking in my waste-basket.

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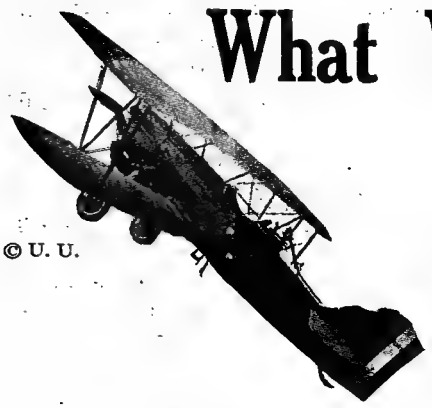

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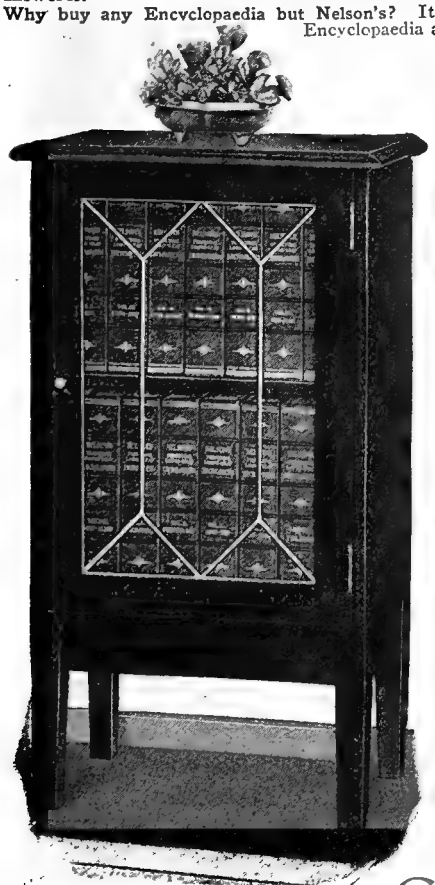

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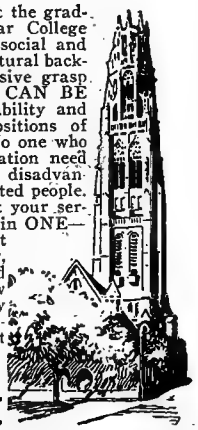

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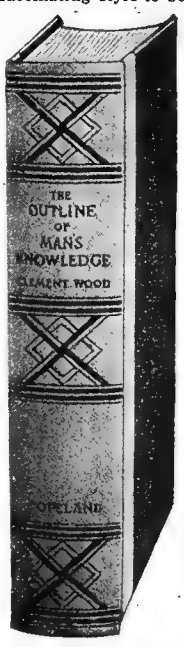

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Mérimée, a literary artist, was not a man who used two words where one would do better, and he shines especially in those brief compositions which, like a minute intaglio, reveal at a glance his wonderful faculty of design and proportion in the treatment of his work, in which there is not a touch but counts. That is an art of which there are few examples in English; our somewhat diffuse, or slipshod, literary language hardly lending itself to the concentration of thought and expression which are the essence of such writing.

WALTER PATER.

THIS APPRAISAL of Mérimée seems rather solemn in face of "The Blue Chamber," which catches the author in lighter mood. But it is not less true of this frivolous tale than of his serious work. There is a speed and economy about it, a crispness to its humour, which is witness to a precise mastery of his tools.

Prosper Mérimée was a person as distinguished as his prose—brilliant, well-bred, humorous, clear-cut. In 1825, at the age of twenty-two, he was discovered as the author of a book of plays alleged to have been translated from the Spanish, and of a book of lyrics supposedly Illyrian in origin—both of which had been hailed in Paris as great contributions to the literatures of their countries. By this time Mérimée's official career had also begun. Following the revolution of 1830, he was appointed a minister of commerce and marine, and, later, Inspector of Ancient Monuments. By 1844 he had become a member of the French Academy; by 1853, a Senator of France; and by 1860 a Commander of the Legion of Honour. He had continued to write, and it is a significant comment on Mérimée the artist that none of his writings are marked with the stiffness of age. They read as swiftly and lightly today as they must have when they were first written. Among his most famous pieces of work are *Colomba,* a novel of the Corsican vendetta; *Carmen,* upon which Bizet's opera is based; *Lettres à une Inconnue; Lettres à une Autre Inconnue,* and *Une Correspondance Inédite.*

"MOONSHINE" is the only play by Arthur Hopkins that has ever been published, although the number of plays to which he has given life is many dozen. For Mr. Hopkins is one of New York's most artistic managers and producers. Success as a manager of play productions might mean that Mr. Hopkins has a fine feeling for dramatic quality—"Moonshine" would certainly prove that this was so. It would not necessarily mean that the characters would be real and the dialogue swift and sure—yet "Moonshine" is also richly endowed with these qualities.

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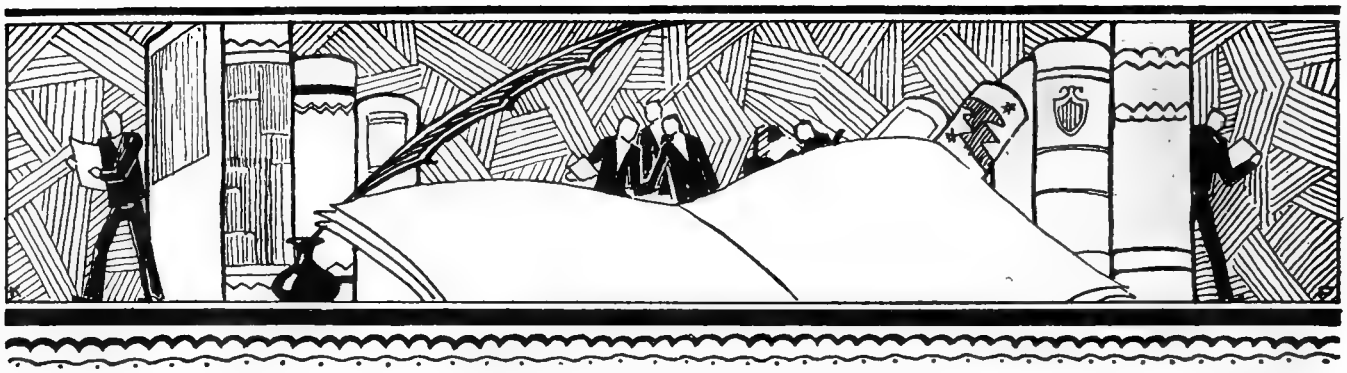

Authors and Books

SO HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY are our chief enthusiasms this month that it might be considerate of us to group them in some such way that readers can skip nimbly to the very books which best suit their prejudices. . . . We could, for example, list under "Sprightly and Pleasant" the new *Penrod,* and Walpole's *Hans Frost;* and under "Depressing but Worth It" *Ultima Thule* and *The Lost Child.* . . . While Gorman's biography of Dumas wouldn't fit under a classification at all, for we can't imagine any of our readers who would not be open-minded about it. . . . (Further grouping, under such heads as "Beautiful but Gallic," "Up from a Shellhole," "Our Little Furred and Feathered Friends," to be found in text). . . .

AN EXTRA special book for GOLDEN BOOK readers, as we implied above, is Herbert S. Gorman's biography of *The Incredible Marquis: Alexandre Dumas.* . . . It is a wild and rollicking book, and, considering its hero, it would probably have been pretty irresistible even if Mr. Gorman had tried to make it solemn and worthy and dull—which he decidedly did not. . . . Dumas, the blue-eyed quadroon, with his terrific energy, his Gargantuan laugh, his extravagances and absurdities, his twelve hundred books and as many love affairs, his lack of literary scruple, his constant self-dramatization, lived more adventurously than his own Three Musketeers. . . . Mr. Gorman has chosen well, among a million glittering stage properties, those that would show his hero most truly. . . . Upon a Paris just awakening to Romanticism, his Dumas makes tempestuous descent, showering it with a hundred plays, going everywhere, falling in love with everyone, making and spending fortunes. . . . Throughout the high fever of the Romantic era, and the political extravagances that accompanied it, he is the idol and scandal of thousands. . . . To the accompaniment of the tawdry tragedy of his outlived popularity he has a last ludicrous love affair which makes him the laughing stock of France. . . . This is one of the first books to be published by Farrar and Rinehart, and if all their books are as entertaining, we don't know when we will get any work done. . . .

Dumas concocts a *bouillabaisse* of romance. A contemporary cartoon from *The Incredible Marquis.*

PENROD IS BACK AGAIN, after thirteen years, not a day older. . . . The Schofields (pessimists please note) even have the same cook. . . . Penrod's experiences as George B. Jashber, private detective, aided by Sam and Herman and Verman (alias "Jim," "Number Hundred and Fifty," etc., etc.), are as irrepressibly funny as ever. . . . Nothing quite to the peak of the Little Gentleman episode, perhaps, but doing immeasurably better than we ever expect of a revival of an old favourite. . . . Its official title is *Penrod Jashber,* and it is published by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

AND WHILE WE are dealing with cheery matters, there is a ripe, delightful character, a good deal of gently ironic philosophy about love and independence, conversation that ambles naturally, and situations that are smooth as only a master craftsman can make them, in Hugh Walpole's latest novel, *Hans Frost.* . . . Any novel by Hugh Walpole is an important happening in the publishing year, and this one is far better than some of Walpole's; thinner and more flaccid than a notable few. Hans Frost, England's leading literary figure, is awakened suddenly at seventy—by the coming of his niece—to dissatisfaction with a life that is too easy, and too empty of love. . . . It is an attractive book, and you will read it and be glad you did so, and a little bit disappointed. . . . Incidentally, Clemence Dane has just written an excellent outstanding study of Hugh Walpole as today's most representative modern English novelist, in relation to the past. . . . It is called *Tradition and Hugh Walpole,* and Doubleday, Doran are the publishers of both books.

Another contemporary cartoon of Dumas, from *The Incredible Marquis.*

IT ANNOYED US that Henry Handel Richardson's *Ultima Thule* should have plastered all over its cover "masterpiece," "artistic triumph," and whatever. . . . Not that we did not agree, but we should have liked to discover it ourselves, and to tell you about it importantly. . . . Just about fifty critics, a hundred thousand readers and the Book-of-the-Month Club have beaten us to it, but nevertheless . . . *Ultima Thule* (W. W. Norton & Company) is a great book . . . a harsh, tragic, depressing book, to be avoided by all who read novels for diversion, and do not wish to have their emotions shredded into fine bits. . . . Richard Mahony is the kind of person of whom there are entirely too many in the world—too-sensitive, lovable, unstable persons who make their own tragedy for themselves by their inability to cope with the adversities of life. . . . It is Richard's story, although toward the end it becomes that of Mary, his wife. . . . Richard returns to Australia at the age of forty-nine to restore his fortune by taking up once again the profession of medicine he so heartily dislikes. . . . He cannot stand poverty and his imagined descent in the social scale, and it is left to Mary to grow strong as he grows weak, to hold the family together in spite of Richard's eventual madness and death. . . . It is a devastating story, and Henry Handel Richardson (the pen-name of an unknown Englishwoman whose *Maurice Guest* and *Fortunes of Richard Mahony* already have literary niches) has made

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STARS *to* STEER BY...

LIKE mariners on the high seas, readers who would not veer from the course of true literature must occasionally look to the stars for guidance. The time is one of magnificent constellations, aglow with orbs of the first magnitude like *Sergeant Grischa, Elizabeth and Essex, All Quiet on the Western Front,* and *Henry the Eighth.* In a year illumined by such splendors, it is a special satisfaction to *The Inner Sanctum* to have associated with its name a few stars that have been firmly "fixed" in the minds and hearts of hundreds of thousands of American readers.

Just as "one star differeth from another star in glory" so the geniuses behind great books soar and shine in varieties of magnitude.

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it so by the depth and sincerity of her insight and the broad sweep of her writing. . . . In places there is a redundance of detail; in places the book is murky, and in others clumsy. . . . But on the whole it is quietly suited to the majestic step of tragedy. . . .

The Lost Child is also perhaps a great book . . . certainly the most heartrending we have read in a long while. . . . Its appalling subject is redeemed from morbidness only by the tender directness of Rahel Sanzara's telling, and, at that, the emotion aroused by the book is not to be shaken off for days. . . . Fritz, the son of a peasant woman and the man who assaulted her, is the unconscious inheritor of criminal lusts. . . . Behind the kindly serenity of days on the German farm where his mother is a servant and he a trusted worker, loom illimitable depths of darkness . . . hideous images, sadistic, perverted impulses against which Fritz wages ghastly struggle. . . . The tragedy of the book has classical completeness, for Fritz is unwittingly responsible for the destruction of the happiness of everyone about him. . . . The book is uneven; parts of it poorly handled; parts of it soaring toward a new understanding of human good and evil; and the last fifty pages are unforgettable. . . . Longmans, Green, who sponsored its publication in translation from the German, have found a rare and fine thing. . . .

From *Penrod Jashber,* by Booth Tarkington.

André Maurois' latest novel, *Atmosphere of Love* (Appleton), will never do for all of the admirers of his best-seller biographies. . . . It is a subtler affair to create life than to bring the dead to life, and then the persons he creates are so very French that they will probably arouse whole-hearted impatience in the hearts of many robust Americans. . . . It is a brilliant piece of psychological analysis that M. Maurois has done in presenting this pleasant, over-emotional young man, limited in his understanding by his background and traditions, unlimited in his miserable love for the charming, elusive Odile. . . . Odile is, for us, one of the most fascinating and completely portrayed women in modern fiction. . . . Her love of flowers and shop-windows and books, her need for independence, her wistfulness, her ironic humour, her fragility, her beauty are a fatally attractive combination as we see them through the jealous eyes of her husband. . . . What the 100 per cent. western hemispheric mind finds it hard to understand is how Odile's behaviour, which is much like that of the best American wives, can stir up such havoc in any sane young man's mind. . . . But Odile never bores Philippe, and she never bores you, and after the divorce, life (and the book) are duller. . . . Isabelle, Philippe's next wife, who tells the second half of the story, is a no less excellently studied character, but her very correct French-wifely attitude—for which Philippe has been spoiled by Odile, and Americans by long disuse—her quiet suffering, do not make as absorbing reading nor are they as good writing. . . . Dr. Joseph Collins gets A for his translation. . . .

Dr. William R. Stanton, general practitioner in a small American city, at fifty provides endlessly for his family, serves a community which leans heavily upon him but does not pay him, wages disastrous battle with the Iron Works. . . . There is little joy in his life, much staunchness and power to crush defeat. . . . And when at last the happy ending comes, it is too late to bring him happiness. . . . W. B. Trites tells Dr. Stanton's story in *Paterfamilias* (Cosmopolitan), and tells it exceedingly well. . . . His power is sufficient to the desolate material of his story, and it is a sincere story of American life. . . .

Nowhere in *Paterfamilias* does W. B. Trites' tone rise to a possible hysteria. . . . Everywhere in *Death of a Hero* Aldington's does. . . . They are books as different as can be, except that they are both records of a man's pain, the one objectively studied, the other subjectively cried forth. . . . *Death of a Hero* (Covici-Friede) is a poet's study of the circumstances reaching back into a man's past which make his death, amid the horrors of war, an event of no importance to anyone. . . . In beautiful, witty, scathing prose—for Richard Aldington is an English poet and scholar of rare distinction—the author sets forth the Victorian England of Captain George Winterbourne's forebears, "modern" English society of the years just before the War, and then, magnificently, the War itself as it affected an artist. . . . It is brilliant; it is wryly humorous; it is unrestrained; it is an explanation—although a very personal one—of the artistic disillusionment of the post-war period. . . .

It is rather a relief to read a straightforward biography once in a while, after large doses of more "smarty" ones. . . . Thomas Boyd's *Mad Anthony Wayne* (Scribner's) is a well-written and engrossing account of Mad Anthony's battles and tragic personal story. . . . At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, Wayne was a happy, vigorous country squire with a taste for studying the cam-

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paigns of Marshal Saxe. One of the first to enlist and one of the last to return home, he emerged from the war distinguished and popular, but never to be happy again. . . . The bright future, so certain in 1776, was relentlessly denied him, and he died, a lonely, pathetic figure, in the wilderness fort at Presque Isle. . . . Only his military ability showed a steady upward progression. In his early battles he erred from over-confidence and sheer love of combat; his last campaign, which made possible the colonization of the Great Northwest, was masterly and flawless. . . . Paradoxically, it was the development of Wayne from a hot-headed fire-eater to a taciturn, peace-loving gentleman with a distaste for all bloodshed, that enabled him to reach distinction as a soldier. . . . Thomas Boyd was born in a house built by Mad Anthony in the heart of the Indian country at Fort Defiance, Ohio, and through this accurate and painstaking historical chronicle runs warm sympathy for his boyhood hero. . . .

"ME AND WAR SAME THING" sings Black Ulysses in *Wings On My Feet* (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . Howard Odum's sequel to *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* is a swinging monologue of Black Ulysses in the War—as zestful and beautiful, as humorous and sad as only perfect negro music can be. . . . There is ugliness and horror here too, the more moving because it pulses to the simple rhythm of life. . . . The effect of the manner of telling—this rhythmic monologue breaking into snatches of song, switching from training camp to trenches, to old days as a wanderer, or on shipboard as "stevedora"—is one of confusion, and it is hard to read too much of it at once. . . . But it lasts the longer if read in snatches, and that is something to be grateful for. . . . "Me and war same thing," Black Ulysses chants happily early in the book: "Make me sleep standin' and marchin', settin' down and rollin' over an' every other kind o' way; well, rock been my pillow and freezin' ground my foldin' bed for many po' weary day. Bible say deep sleep fell on Adam; well, Adam didn't have nothin' on me. March me all day, an' night, don't give me nothin' to eat, nothin' to drink, no place to sleep. Well, I been travelin' down that long lonesome road, po' boy long way from home, ever since I left my mama's house, singin' high-stepper, Lawd, you shall be free, yes, by God, when good Lord set you free."

"Yawning," a woodcut by Tirzah Garwood, from *The Woodcut: Number Three.*

NOW DONN BYRNE'S last novel is called by his publishers, The Century Company, his greatest, but it seems to us far from that. . . . It is a historical romance of the Napoleonic Wars as *Messer Marco Polo*, bless it, was *not* a historical romance of Marco Polo. . . . In *Field of Honour* you will skip through many stodgy pages of thumb-nail sketches of political personages and of varyingly interesting alarums and excursions, hunting for the Irishness of Donn Byrne, and you will not be disappointed when you find it. . . . But Napoleon is not the hero-born for Byrne's pen that was Blind Raftery; it made us sad that this traditional Irish story teller's last story should not be swept with the beauty of poetry or prose that is his at his best. . . . A biography of Byrne is to be published this fall, we hear. . . . Byrne's brilliant, gay, and sports-loving life with its tragic ending should make him a hero after his own liking. . . . We hope it's a good book. . . .

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT of turbulent darkness, thunder and lightning off stage, and strange and colourful words, Marcia Gunther struggles toward peace of soul in Martha Ostenso's new novel, *The Young May Moon* (Dodd, Mead). . . . Out-Hardying Hardy in its use of the elements to parallel the trials of the heroine, Miss Ostenso also dresses her emotional tornadoes in gingham and does a very creditable job with them. . . . A God-fearing mother-in-law, the deadliness and gossip of a small town, and a young doctor are other important players in this over-stressed but pretty good novel. . . .

NUMBER III of the English *Woodcut Annual* is a treasure. . . . Not only does it put you on the inside of the making of woodcuts, and tell you all about the gentlemen who have made woodcut history, but it is illustrated with such a perfectly gorgeous collection of woodcuts that we are thinking of having them all taken out and framed for our office, to impress stray authors who come our way. . . .

From Centaur to Cross, the unpublished correspondence of Maurice de Guérin—with his exquisite bit of prose, *The Centaur*, as part of the volume—deserves more than a place on the shelf labeled "French, 18th Century" in the library of *littérateurs*. . . . It is certainly a cherishable volume for the specialist, but it is also a fascinating document aside from de Guérin's importance in the dawning Romanticist movement. . . . The brief biographical sketch and introduction by Gilbert Chinard, and the letters translated by H. Bedford-Jones, together give a picture of a charming tragic human being, beset by ill-health, a too-loving sister and friends, emotional difficulties, a romantic despair of himself and of all life. . . . It is the story of the sister as well, of Baronne de Maistre, the

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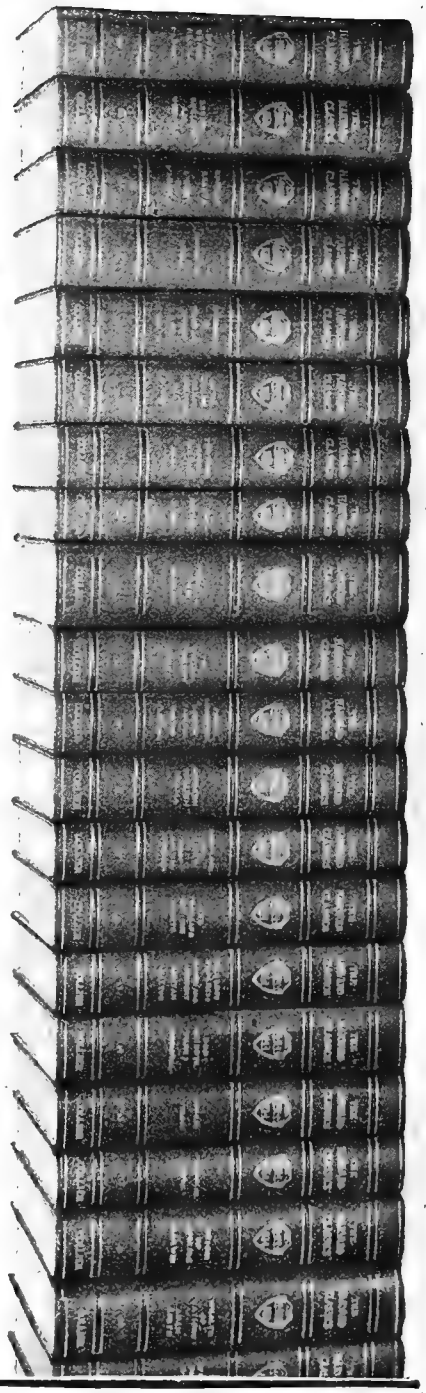
—*the prophets of the mystic east*

Buddha

A Priest of Buddha

Confucius



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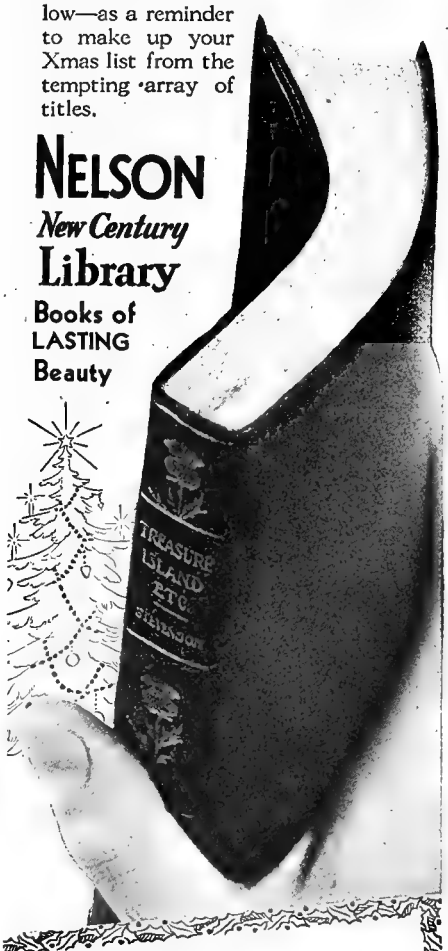

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married woman whom he loved, and of his pathetic young wife, widowed after eight months of strange marriage by de Guérin's death at the age of twenty-nine. . . . Covici-Friede have given the book a good format, beautiful type, and perfect proofreading. . . .

WE WERE tremendously entertained by *Balzac in Slippers,* by Léon Gozlan. . . . Principally by the insides of the book, which are a pleasant hodge-podge of reminiscence and anecdote, intimate facts and a breath of scandal, fun-poking and reverence. . . . Balzac is here very much *en déshabille* indeed. . . . But it tickled us also that this very modern, disrespectful biography—of the kind that Mr. Strachey is popularly supposed to have invented—was written seventy years ago. . . . Gozlan was a friend of Balzac's, a fact which gives the book its greatest weight. . . . His biography of the great but greasy author of the *Comédie Humaine* has long been popular in France, but is only now translated into English and published by McBride. . . .

A. A. Milne, by Al Hirshfeld.

THE FIRST USE to which George Bernard Shaw's Nobel Prize money has been put, donated by him to found the Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation, is the publication of four of Strindberg's plays, never before available in English, by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. . . . Mr. Shaw's purpose, to make better known to English-speaking people the literature and culture of Sweden, is well served. . . . These are violent, terrible plays, written all of them in Strindberg's later, morbid years. . . . They have made history in modern drama writing, and there is certainly no question of their power. . . . The volume contains "Easter," "A Dream Play," "The Ghost Sonata" and "The Dance of Death." . . . They are deeply moving, deeply depressing. . . .

CHRISTMAS IS COMING. . . . A. A. Milne is getting out not one but two books. . . . One is *The Christopher Robin Story Book,* of which more next month, when we intend to make a good deal of pother about children's books, thereby saving much wear and tear on relatives about to buy presents (Adv.). . . . The other is a collection of essays entitled *Those Were the Days,* and anyone who has read that other book of his essays, *Not That It Matters,* or enjoys chronic Milnomania, knows what to expect. . . . These are Dutton books. . . .

ROBERT ESMONDE SENCOURT set a difficult task for himself in writing *The Life of George Meredith.* . . . Those who love Meredith feel very strongly indeed about him, and they will fall critically and eagerly on this first full and authoritative biography. . . . The book will stand the onslaught, in our opinion. . . . It is dignified, rich with fact and sympathetic interpretation. . . . Like the Wayne biography, it is not aggressively in the modern manner; Mr. Sencourt is a follower of Maurois, but he is also fundamentally the leisurely, literary scholar. . . . There is less of brilliant pyrotechnics than of clear and conscientious presentation of a man and an artist reverenced and understood. . . . Scribner's publishes it. . . .

IF YOU THINK you would like to hear all about a po' white trash Becky Sharp, with no morals at all and more courage of her convictions than even the indomitable Becky, read Ward Greene's *Cora Potts* (Cape and Smith) . . . With the dispassion of a court record (and some of its laboured English) Mr. Greene traces Cora's progress from dirty, barefooted, snarl-haired daughter of a Catamount storekeeper to rich, elegant bride entering the church: "Music embraced her. Lilies touched her lips." . . . The upward path of Cora includes an unsavoury interval in court as the mistress of embezzling Tedder; a notorious, gold-toothed period as proprietress of a sporting house in Peachburg; distinguished years as *chic* Mrs. Genevieve Potter, a rich young widow no longer gold-toothed, who achieves—by means of Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives—a husband at last. . . . Implausible as many of the incidents in Cora's career seem, one never for a moment doubts her real existence, and we admit to almost a paternal glow of pride when, at the end, she so definitely pulls off the coveted trick of respectability. . . .

ALONG WITH electric refrigerators, folding beds, and other incomparable gadgets, the up-to-date apartment house owner may soon be luring tenants with special apartment-sized bookcases and even the books to go in them. . . . The books are blue-and-gold, 7 inches by 4¾ inches, of uniform thickness (by a system of the long-windeder the author the thinner the paper). . . . This very latest thing in libraries is a Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith bright idea which they call the Traveler's Library. . . . The first book to appear is W. H. Davies' *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp.* . . . Books by Arthur Machen, D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Walter Pater, Samuel Butler, Liam O'Flaherty, and numerous others, to follow in due course. . . .

A MAGNATE who has made his money selling cheap and gaudy trinkets and spends it collecting medieval gems is the hero of Fannie Hurst's latest staccato and re-staccato novel, *Five and Ten* (Harper).

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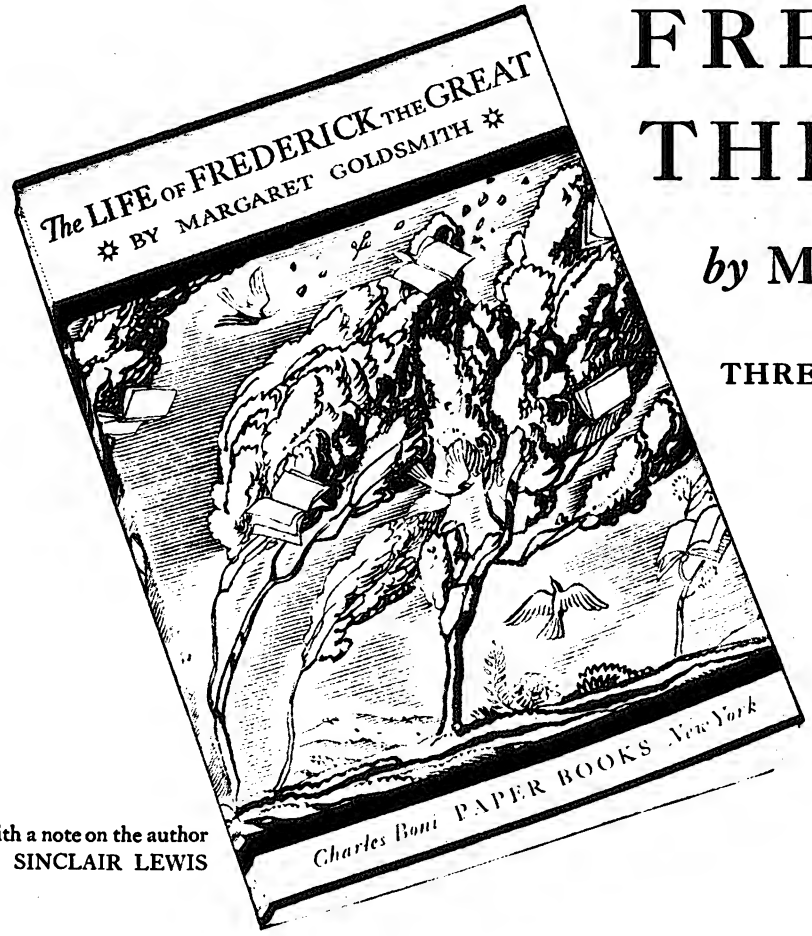

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"Onion"

What does *your* dictionary say that it is?

Suppose you own a certain famous dictionary. You want a clear definition of the simple word, "onion." You read this:

> ONION—*the bulb of the liliaceous plant, Allium cepa; also the plant, having slender hollow tubular leaves.*

What is *liliaceous?* Another search—with rapidly diminishing temper, time, and patience!

Or suppose you have a certain other dictionary, almost equally famous. You read:

> ONION—*The edible underground coated bulb of a biennial herb. (Allium cepa) of the family Liliaceae.*

More searching! Are you sure of "biennial"? Does it mean "twice a year," or "every two years"? What about "family Liliaceae"?

NOW, let us say, you look it up in the new Encyclopedic Edition of

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You will find at once a clear, accurate definition, complete in itself—requiring no cross references—expressed in words of common usage:

> ONION—*Any of the several plants of the lily family; especially a species having a strong-smelling edible bulb and cultivated as a garden vegetable.*

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. . . Rarick is an inarticulate, gnome-like man, whom success has left still seeking beauty and affection, a man whose sufferings and joys are known only by the novelist who creates him. . . . In his human contacts, with the brightly rippling Jenny, the restless Jenifer, the misfit Avery, he is a failure, the worse because, had he been a little different, he would have been a success. . . . Miss Hurst paints lavishly as usual—with vermilion, rich blacks, and screaming greens in a simple repetitive design—the universal human emotions which stir this man and his family. . . . They are emotions which thousands may understand, and those thousands will read and like this book. . . . There is nothing subtle or deeply penetrating about the story of Rarick, but it is honest, solid, its tragedy softened by Miss Hurst's own abundant sympathy. . . .

FIVE DOZEN derby hats (six cents each, second-hand) as well as a trunk of sky-rockets, most of a drug-store and a dozen alarm clocks are essential equipment for a trip to darkest Africa, according to William Seabrook, author of *The Magic Island,* who starts shortly from Paris. . . . We suppose you think that's news, Mr. Seabrook? . . . As if *we'd* think of appearing in Africa without a derby. . . .

A WHILE AGO we talked about a prize offered by the Mark Twain Society for the best new (and veracious) anecdote about the old cut-up. . . . John Ballam of Philadelphia is the happy winner, and with the following: Once, while Mr. Melville Fuller was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Mark Twain was visiting in Washington. A little girl, mistaking him for the Chief Justice because of his luxuriant white hair and mustache, came up and asked: "Oh, Mr. Chief Justice Fuller, won't you please write something for me in my autograph album?" "With pleasure," Mark replied, and taking the book, wrote instantly, "It's glorious to be full, but it's heavenly to be Fuller." He then signed his name and walked away, leaving the ecstatic child to discover her treasure. . . .

AS THE BACKGROUND to six portraits looms all Asia, in broad clear outlines, in Josef W. Hall's (Upton Close's) *Eminent Asians* (Appleton). . . . The portraits are of the six men most responsible for Asia as it is today: Sun Yat-Sen, organizer of the Chinese Revolution; Stalin, Jewish leader of Russia; Gandhi, Indian messiah; Mustapha Kemal, westernizing force in Turkey; and Yamagata (also Ito), makers of modern Japan. . . . Mr. Hall's knowledge of Asia has been gained as secret agent of the United States Government, as official guest of the Japanese, as foreign adviser to General Wu, as editor of a Pekin newspaper. . . . And ever since the publication of *The Revolt of Asia* it has been realized that he could

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A New Artistic Movement is Born

Mrs. Fitzherbet. *By George Romney.*

ONE evening a group was discussing the new interest in art. Magnificent art museums have gone up and millions have visited them. But these are a relatively small number and there are other millions who can't go because of the time and money needed. These museuems are in the larger cities, out of reach of those in the towns.

It was the opinion that, in spite of museums, we do not have the opportunity for the expression of our artistic desires that we deserve. To see the best involves an expensive trip throughout the United States and Europe, for the majority of the world's art treasures still remain abroad.

Then one of the men said, "Let us form an association which will give these millions of art-hungry people art where they want it—in their homes, not a hundred or a thousand miles away; in Europe or in some private collection. Let this association publish selected works of art from America and Europe, help people to choose the best, and distribute them at the lowest possible cost."

Everyone thought the idea an especially good one—the result was the formation of

Mona Lisa. *By Leonardo da Vinci.*

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The Club considers pictures from the most important galleries in New York, Chicago, Paris, London, Madrid, Berlin, and other cities. A picture chosen from the best of such great paintings is likely to be one you will want.

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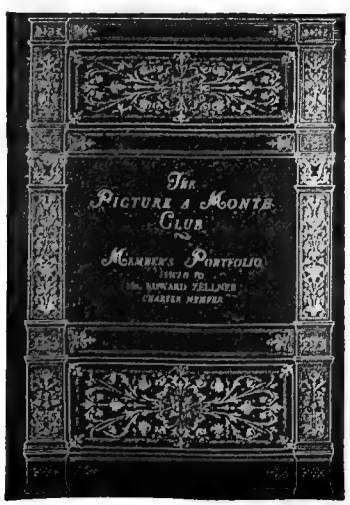
The Club realizes that any one picture, however good, will not be liked by all. Therefore the choice is not forced on you. Each month the Club also recommends at least three pictures by other artists and you may select any of the others—a variety of subjects is recommended each month so that all tastes may be satisfied. Small reproductions are sent to you in advance so that you may decide which you wish. Or you may exchange the picture without additional cost.



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Membership includes free subscription to the Club's Monthly Bulletin. It tells the history of the pictures, shows other works by the same artists, and gives you interesting, readable stories of their lives.

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Your Answer may alter your whole career . .

Are you by nature a Talker *or* Writer ?

MANY brilliant, able writers are conversationally diffident, shy . . . even awkward. On the other hand, some of the most sparklingly colorful and interesting "talkers" admit that they are hard put to compose a passably interesting letter. Equal aptitude for *both* writing and talking is, it seems, rare in one person.

Is there then a pronounced functional difference in people as regards these two methods of expression?

Obviously there is . . . And the person who possesses the writing instinct—even though it is not fully developed—often feels himself somewhat set apart from the conversationalist type.

In fact, these two schools of expression are in such obvious contrast that backwardness in conversation may, in itself, *indicate* latent, natural ability in the world of letters.

If WRITING seems to be your natural channel of expression, read this

Analyze yourself . . . Do you enjoy writing? . . . Is this form of expression more natural to you than any other? . . . Is *writing* the easy, satisfying outlet to your thoughts, ideas, feelings?

If so—and you wish to *gauge* and perhaps capitalize that inherent ability—here is the way to start!

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impart his knowledge clearly and vividly. . . . Our own understanding of Asia's aches and pains was minute, yet we followed Mr. Hall's book with rapt interest, and now might even venture an opinion in public as to Asian tricks and manners. . . .

I Thought of Daisy (Scribner's), by Edmund Wilson, strikes the pose of a real novel with ease, charm, and brilliant portraiture of several of the leading figures of the literary world in which Mr. Wilson, as a justly distinguished critic, plays a part. . . . The workmanship is admirable; the prose, being Mr. Wilson's, is naturally good; the creative vitality which should compel a novel to be written is less evident. . . . It is the story of a young man's adventures in Greenwich Village, and of the two girls he meets at a party. . . . The chapter which stands out most clearly in our memory is one in which Mr. Wilson has caught, perfectly, the odorous glamour of Coney Island. . . .

A CINDERELLA MOTIF with variations makes the entertaining theme song of G. B. Stern's new novel, *Modesta* (Knopf). . . . A young Englishman brought up to be a very flower of chivalry, but a peasant at heart . . . and Modesta, a small, certain Italian peasant maiden yearning after a gold dress and a silver dress, becoming letter perfect as his wife, are carried lightly and swiftly through a year of London adventure to an unexpected and delightful climax. . . . You will need to be patient with an unnecessary side-plot of which Miss Stern seems to be very fond, and which could easily be the real core of the book, but isn't. . . . The light of Miss Stern's perception and pithy English ripple brilliantly over the shallows of this story, and occasionally penetrate sea-green depths. . . .

THERE NEVER was a more fractious husband than Lord Byron, poet and poseur, and never have we found more interesting sidelights on his character than in Ethel Colburn Mayer's *Life and Letters of Anne Isabelle, Lady Noel Byron.* . . . The book is, of course, primarily a picture of the girl whose life turned tragic when it was united to genius. Lady Byron was eminently unsuited for a marriage which meant forgetting of self and a change of standards so high that Byron once wrote of her before their marriage: "I have no desire to be better acquainted with Miss Milbank; she is too good for a fallen spirit to know, and I should like her more if she were less perfect." . . . Perhaps if she had not felt so keenly her own moral superiority, she would have been more successful as a wife—and much happier. The book is well written, and brings to light some hitherto unpublished correspondence of Lord Byron with his wife. . . . It is biography with great human interest. . . .

See "Where to Buy Books," pages 34 and 35.

THE generosity of the American public is limitless. Last year its contribution to the American Society for the Control of Cancer made possible a campaign of publicity which unquestionably saved many lives.

The entire purpose of the Society is to disseminate information in regard to cancer so that the disease may be recognized in its early stages—when it is curable—and those afflicted may be persuaded to put themselves under the care of physicians before it is *too late.*

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French *is as Easy as this:*

parlez - - - - - - **par-lay**
(*speak*)

bouquet - - - **boo-kay**
(*a bunch of flowers*)

beaucoup - - - **bow-koo**
(*much, many*)

Anglaise - - - - **Onglaze**
(*English*)

mais oui - - - - - **may we**
(*but, yes*)

doux - - - - - - - - **doo**
(*sweet*)

l'édifice - - - **laidifees**
(*the building*)

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Can you *talk about* BOOKS with the rest of them?

VIRGINIA WOOLF, contributor to "BOOKS"

Picture yourself in a gathering of "up-to-the-minute" people. Someone mentions Sinclair Lewis or H. L. Mencken. What do you do? Do you try to swing the conversation back to bridge?

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"BOOKS" tells you in concentrated form what are the best sellers and why. It enables you to talk on topics of the day. Fiction, poetry, history, biography. Authors, poets, essayists, journalists, explorers, architects and playwrights. You get the cream of modern literature. Comments on books. Sparkling gossip about authors. Actual quotations from the books themselves.

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DUDLEY, A WISE and traveled parrot, who knows what one can do in the world with a few phrases, and Gilderoy, the cat ("The one animal which has been tolerated, esteemed, and at times worshiped, without having a single desirable quality") are heroes of Algernon Blackwood's latest book, called *Dudley and Gilderoy—a Nonsense* and published by Dutton. . . . The two go off together on a quite wonderful adventure, recounted by Mr. Blackwood with whimsical, subtle irony. . . . It is a variety of nonsense only bearable when it is as well done as it is here, or better, as only Lewis Carroll could do it. . . .

GATHERED IN the stately parlours of the old Bishop mansion at 65 Fifth Avenue—back in 1881—far into the night, could be seen Edison, J. P. Morgan, Henry Villars, Edward Dean Adams, and a dozen other powers in science and finance, attending the birth of practical incandescent lighting. . . . Here was the first headquarters of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. . . . Half the battle of discovery and invention was over; great developments were to follow. . . . It is this story, with a hundred side-plots and necessary digressions, which Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Commerford Martin have told in *Edison: His Life and Inventions* (Harper). . . . A biography fascinating to anyone interested in science or, we think, in romance. . . . Beginning with the biography they wrote in 1910, these two men, with the collaboration of William Henry Meadowcroft, have spun it out like a spider web in every direction, until it tells—and most excellently—the whole story of the man and the development of the works for which he is largely responsible. . . . It carries us from the early days in the Menlo Park laboratory, when sleep and meals were ignored for days at a time so that one lamp might be made to burn dimly for a few minutes, to a list of the patents which Edison has applied for to date, which runs into thousands, and the value of which soars modestly into the billions. . . .

BAKER AND TAYLOR name the following books as the ten best sellers of the moment:

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
Blair's Attic, by Joseph C. & Freeman Lincoln.
Hide in the Dark, by Frances N. Hart.
Red Silence, by Kathleen Norris.
The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz.
The Young May Moon, by Martha Ostenso.
Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping.
The Dark Journey, by Julian Green.
The Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche.
They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow.

FRANK ERNEST HILL, whose taste as an editor is vouched for by his share in the *Winged Horse Anthology,* has just now

See "Where to Buy Books," pages 34 and 35.

Magnificent Obsession
A Novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

An amazing story of the discovery of the key to all achievement. Young Merrick found it in an old coded diary. He deciphered it—scoffed at it—tried it—and the golden door of attainment swung open. You will find yourself trying it too. There is color, spirit of adventure, glow of a fine love quest. $2.50.

The Third Weaver
A Novel by Emily Calvin Blake

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ZANE GREY HAS been on a little jaunt before settling down to work on his next novel. . . . He has tripped from the South Seas to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, will pause for a few moments at his home in California, and then go on a thousand-mile horseback trip before he is through.

AS THRILLING as any yarns heard around a camp-fire on a dark night are Stanley Young's and Arthur Carhart's tales of the extermination of the wolves on the western plains, *The Last Stand of the Pack* (J. H. Sears). . . . Much as we should have hated to meet any of them alone on a dark night, we were sorry when crafty "Old Lefty," dread "Gray Terror," and courageous "Three Toes" were captured, and we burned with nigh-wolfish indignation when the last of the pack was wiped out. . . . These are true stories, told by two of the men who did the hunting, but they are as exciting as any fiction we have read in a long time. . . .

THE LORE of the jungle transplanted to the Berlin Zoo, and some of the most fascinating photographs we have ever seen, are collected in Paul Eipper's *Animals Looking at You,* published by the

See "Where to Buy Books," pages 34 and 35.

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We are off to the zoo. . . .

F. F.

Recommended Books

Fiction

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Penrod returns after an absence of thirteen years, and goes into the detective business.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. At seventy, a celebrated English author realizes that his life has become both too easy and too empty. The arrival of his pretty niece, his tender love for her, and his possessive wife's jealousy, provide the soul-stirring he needs.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton. $2.50. The tragedy of Richard Mahony's failures, and his eventual madness, set against an uncongenial and desolate Australian background.

The Lost Child, by Rahel Sanzara. Longmans. $2.50. A profound and compassionate study of the dark forces shaping a boy's life from within.

Atmosphere of Love, by André Maurois. Appleton. $2.50. Love and jealousy as they affect a young Frenchman in connection with two women. An acute and beautiful book, ably translated by Dr. Joseph Collins.

Paterfamilias, by W. B. Trites. Cosmopolitan. $2.50. Of the cheerfully long-suffering and self-denying head of an American small-town family—to whom success comes too late to bring happiness.

Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington. Covici-Friede. $2.50. A wry and witty picture of English society in Victorian and modern times, and a beautiful, horrible account of a young artist's suffering in the War.

Wings on My Feet, by Howard Odum. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. Black Ulysses, hero of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, goes to the War. Here are his adventures, happy and sad, horrible and ludicrous. It is as authentic and as good as the earlier volume.

Field of Honour, by Donn Byrne. Century. $2.50. This posthumous novel of the beloved Irish story teller is an only partly successful romance of the Napoleonic wars.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. You will find it difficult to put down this real and beautiful story. A young Navajo Indian girl struggles to erase the taint of partial Americanization, and to win back her Navajo heritage through the love of Laughing Boy.

Modesta, by G. B. Stern. Knopf. $2.50. There is trouble when a beautiful Italian peasant marries a young English gentleman . . . until he discards chivalry, and tames his enchanting shrew.

I Thought of Daisy, by Edmund Wilson. Scribner. $2.50. Life and love, and the not always happy attendant reactions, as pursued in Greenwich Village. Also the influence of two women on the life of a young man.

Cora Potts, by Ward Greene. Cape & Smith. $2.50. The rise to wealth and respectability, by not always elegant means, of a dirty, barefooted po' white girl.

Five and Ten, by Fannie Hurst. Harper. $2.50. The financial success and personal failure of a five-and-ten cent store magnate.

All Else is Folly, by Peregrine Acland. Coward-McCann. $2.50. A Canadian officer's experiences at the front and behind the lines. The fear, the horror, the emotional extravagance, the constant surprised relief of finding oneself still alive are here.

These books can be purchased at your bookstore. See "Where to Buy Books," pages 34 and 35.

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NEW YORK, by Nat J. Ferber. Covici-Friede. $2.50. A romance of the last forty years of New York, including famous Manhattanites among its characters.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO, by Arthur Somers Roche. Sears. $2.00. Jilted for a millionaire, a man picks up a starving girl on a park bench, and marries her out of pique. Then comes the tale.

ON THE ANVIL, by L. I. Crawford. Morrow. $2.50. A young Anglo-German, bred in South America, is prey to a conflict of loyalties when precipitated into the War.

JOHNNY REB, by Marie Conway Oemler. Century. $2.50. A mellow and amusing tale of a young veteran of the Civil War, who returned to South Carolina, and unaccountably did not marry the girl he loved —until years later.

INVITATION TO DANGER, by Alfred Stanford. Morrow. $2.50. A yarn of clipper ships, aching young love, merchant princes, sea danger, and a young man who grimly conquered his destiny.

THE PASSIONATE PRELUDE, by Gilbert Morrow. Sears. $2. Of how youth will learn only by experience.

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SWIFT WATER, by Emilie Loring. Penn. $2. Caught in a New England flood, a young minister and a very modern young woman find unsuspected virtues in each other.

VALLEJO KITTY, by Ann Knox. Century. $2.50. Of the interesting rise of a beautiful and fallen lady.

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PARTNERS IN CRIME, by Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $2. An amusing, swift-moving yarn, embracing a mystery within a private detective agency.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE, by Vernon Loder. Morrow. $2. A financier is murdered, and we suspect nine individuals, until we are brought up short by the solution of the crime.

Biography

BALZAC IN SLIPPERS, by Léon Gozlan. McBride. $3.50. A seventy-year-old biography of Balzac, surprisingly modern in manner, and very good. Now translated into English for the first time.

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES, by Sidney Dark. Crowell. $3. Mr. Dark seems to hold that happy obscurity is better than regal tribulations. He says a sympathetic word for Mary Queen of Scots, Empress Josephine, Louise de la Vallière, Bloody Mary, and eight others, in as many entertaining short biographies.

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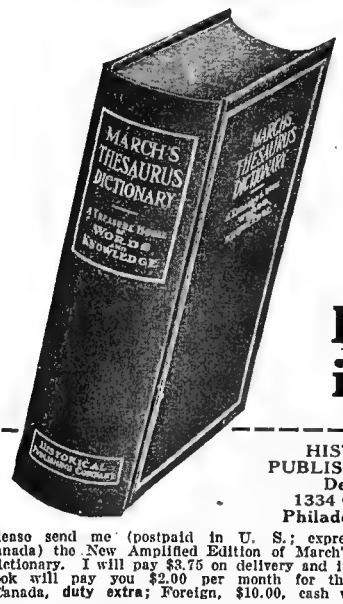
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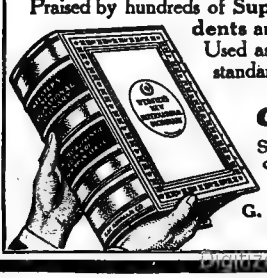

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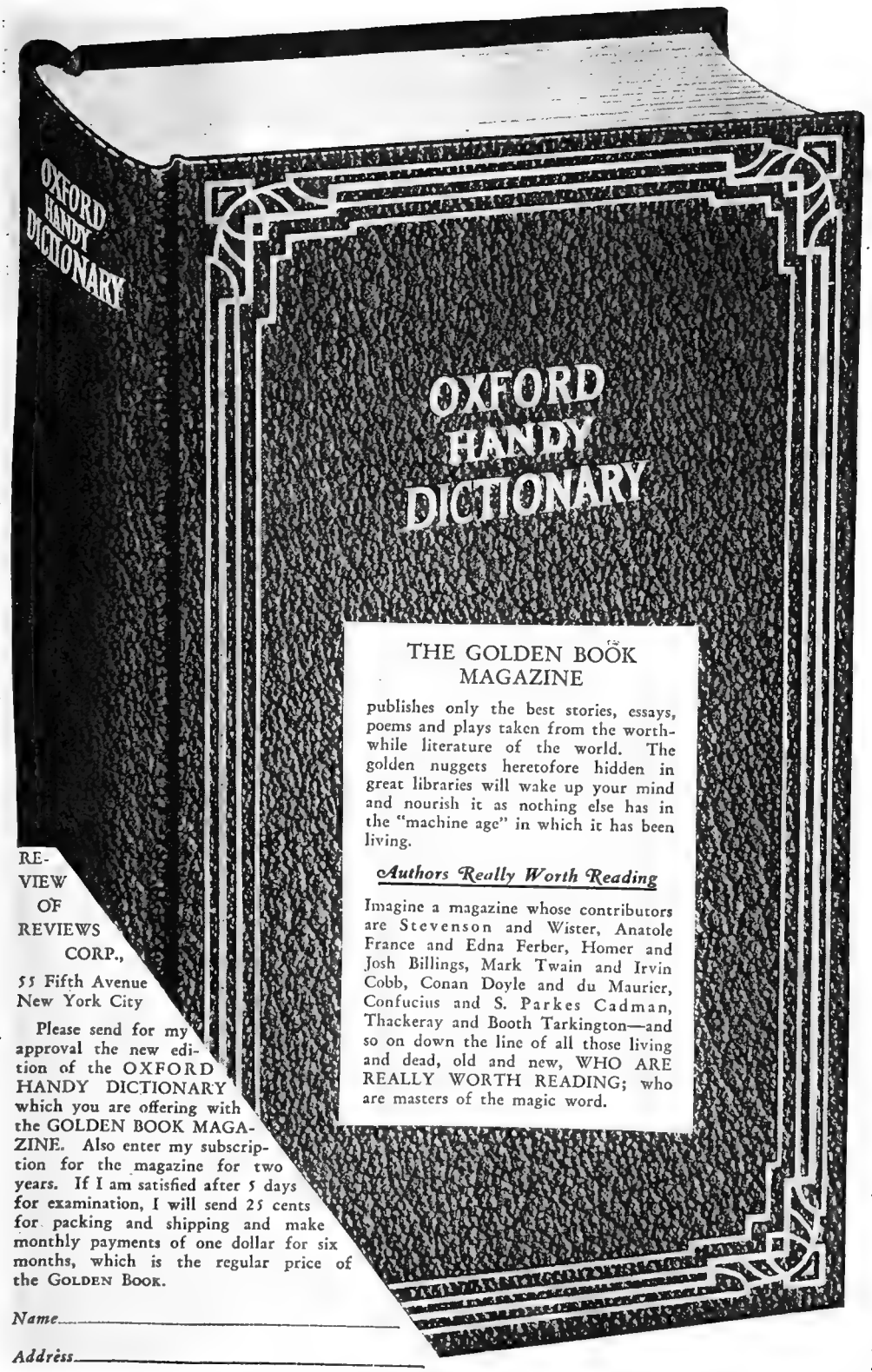

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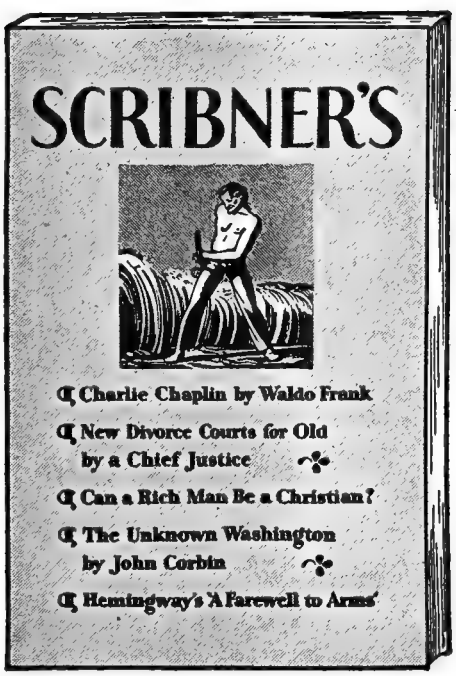
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Have YOU diamonds buried in your backyard?

THAT may sound like an odd question. But nine-tenths of us—no matter how poor and near failure we may be—have the secret of untold wealth within our grasp!

We are like that old Persian farmer who struggled for years in his vineyard—unsuccessful, almost poverty stricken—until one day a stranger showed him a diamond, explained the gem's tremendous value, and told him anyone could find these precious gems by simply digging for them. And so the farmer rented out his vineyard and went to look for diamonds. He searched the highways and byways of the world—toiled ten times harder than he had ever done in his vineyard—only to return at last, empty handed. He found his vineyard in ruins. Setting about to reclaim it, he started to dig out the old roots in order to plant new ones. Suddenly his spade upturned a glittering object—a DIAMOND! Digging deeper he discovered more diamonds—literally scores of them! Wealth beyond his fondest dreams—such as he had sought vainly all over the world—*only to find it in his own backyard!*

How About YOU?

And so it is with all of us. We struggle for years without getting out of the rut. We are led astray by glittering promises of wealth without work—achievement without effort. To obtain these roseate visions we toil even harder than before—only to end empty handed. Yet all the while the true secret of Wealth—Power—Happiness lies right within our grasp!

How many jobs have YOU thrown up because some other position seemed to promise more? How many false starts have YOU made, only to end where you started? How many "get-rich-quick" schemes have YOU fallen for, only to lose the little you had?

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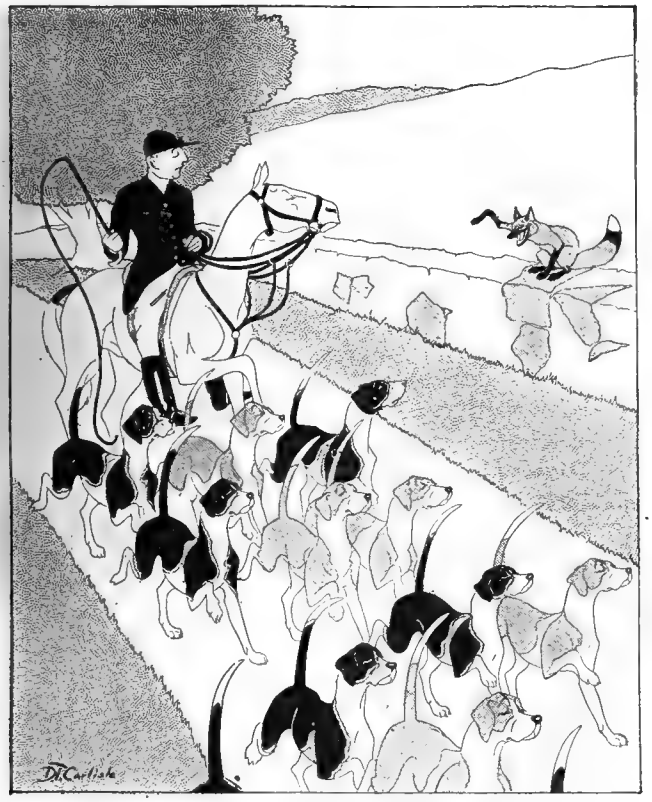
The Belvidere Hounds

By D. T. CARLISLE



The Belvidere Hounds Hunt Only Silver Fox.

They Observe Mother's Day Appropriately.

The Hounds Are Quick to Acknowledge a Mistake.

Spring Fever. Courtesy of *The Sportsman*

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Courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co. *Etching by Roland Clark*

Wild Geese

How oft against the sunset sky or moon
I watched that moving zigzag of spread wings
In unforgotten autumns gone too soon,
In unforgotten springs!

Creatures of desolation, for they fly
Above all lands bound by the curling foam;
In misty fens, wild moors, and trackless sky
These wild things have their home.

They know the tundra of Siberian coasts,
And tropic marshes by the Indian seas;
They know the clouds and night and starry hosts
From Coux to Pleiades.

Dark-flying rune against the western glow—
It tells the sweep and loneliness of things—
Symbol of autumn vanished long ago.
Symbol of coming springs!

Frederick Peterson (*"Pai Ta-Shun"*)

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME X NOVEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 59

By H. G. WELLS

Mr. Brisher's Treasure

H. G. Wells

"YOU CAN'T BE *too* careful *whom* you marry," said Mr. Brisher, and pulled thoughtfully with a fat-wristed hand at the lank mustache that hides his want of chin.

"That's why——" I ventured.

"Yes," said Mr. Brisher, with a solemn light in his bleary, blue-gray eyes, moving his head expressively and breathing alcohol intimately at me. "There's lots as 'ave 'ad a try at me—many as I could name in *this* town—but none 'ave done it—none."

I surveyed the flushed countenance, the equatorial expansion, the masterly carelessness of his attire, and heaved a sigh to think that by reason of the unworthiness of women he must needs be the last of his race.

"I was a smart young chap when I was younger," said Mr. Brisher. "I 'ad my work cut out. But I was very careful—very. And I got through . . ."

He leaned over the tap-room table and thought visibly on the subject of my trustworthiness. I was relieved at last by his confidence.

"I was engaged once," he said at last, with a reminiscent eye on the shuv-a'penny board.

"So near as that?"

He looked at me. "So near as that. Fact is——" He looked about him, brought his face close to mine, lowered his voice, and fenced off an unsympathetic world with a grimy hand. "If she ain't dead or married to someone else or anything—I'm engaged still. Now." He confirmed this statement with nods and facial contortions. *"Still,"* he said, ending the pantomime, and broke into a reckless smile at my surprise. *"Me!*

"Run away," he explained in further confidence, with coruscating eyebrows. "Come 'ome.

"That ain't all.

"You'd hardly believe it," he said, "but I found a treasure. Found a regular treasure."

I fancied this was irony, and did not, perhaps, greet it with proper surprise. "Yes," he said, "I found a treasure. And come 'ome. I tell you I could surprise you with things that has happened to me." And for some time he was content to repeat that he had found a treasure—and left it.

I made no vulgar clamour for a story, but I became attentive to Mr. Brisher's bodily needs, and presently I led him back to the deserted lady.

"She was a nice girl," he said—a little sadly, I thought. *"And* respectable."

He raised his eyebrows and tightened his mouth to express extreme respectability—beyond the likes of us elderly men.

"It was a long way from 'ere. Essex, in fact. Near Colchester. It was when I was up in London—in the buildin' trade. I was a smart young chap then, I can tell you. Slim. 'Ad best clo'es 's good as anybody. 'At—*silk* 'at, mind you." Mr. Brisher's hand shot above his head towards the infinite to indicate a silk hat of the highest. "Umbrella—nice umbrella with a 'orn 'andle. Savin's. Very careful I was . . ."

He was pensive for a little while, thinking, as we must all come to think sooner or later, of the vanished brightness of youth. But he refrained, as one may do in taprooms, from the obvious moral.

"I got to know 'er through a chap what was engaged to 'er sister. She was stopping in London for a bit with an aunt that 'ad a 'am-an'-beef shop. This aunt

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was very particular—they was all very particular people, all 'er people was—and wouldn't let 'er sister go out with this feller except 'er other sister, *my* girl that is, went with them. So 'e brought me into it, sort of to ease the crowding. We used to go walks in Battersea Park of a Sunday afternoon. Me in my topper, and 'im in 'is; and the girls—well—stylish. There wasn't many in Battersea Park 'ad the larf of us. She wasn't what you'd call pretty, but a nicer girl I never met. *I* liked 'er from the start, and, well—though I say it who shouldn't—she liked me. You know 'ow it is, I dessay?"

I pretended I did.

"And when this chap married 'er sister—'im and me was great friends—what must 'e do but arst me down to Colchester, close by where She lived. Naturally I was introjuced to 'er people, and, well, very soon, her and me was engaged."

He repeated "engaged."

"She lived at 'ome with 'er father and mother, quite the lady, in a very nice little 'ouse with a garden—and remarkable respectable people they was. Rich, you might call 'em a'most. They owned their own 'ouse—got it out of the Building Society, and cheap because the chap who had it before was a burglar and in prison—and they 'ad a bit of free'old land, and some cottages and money 'nvested—all nice and tight: they was what you'd call snug and warm. I tell you, I was On. Furniture too. Why! they 'ad a pianner. Jane—'er name was Jane—used to play it Sundays, and very nice she played too. There wasn't 'ardly a 'ymn toon in the book she *couldn't* play. . . .

"Many's the evenin' we've met and sung 'ymns there, me and 'er and the 'ole bloomin' rest of 'er family.

"'Er father was quite a leadin' man in chapel. You should ha' seen him Sundays, interruptin' the minister and givin' out 'ymns. He had gold spectacles, I remember, and used to look over 'em at you while he sang hearty—he was always great on singing 'earty to the Lord—and when *he* got out o' toon 'arf the people went after 'im—always. 'E was that sort of man. And to walk be'ind 'im in 'is nice black clo'es—'is 'at was a brimmer—made one regular proud to be engaged to such a father-in-law. And when the summer came I went down there and stopped a fortnight.

"Now, you know there was a sort of 'itch," said Mr. Brisher. "We wanted to marry, me and Jane did, and get things settled. But *'e* said I 'ad to get a proper position first. Consequently, there was a 'itch. Consequently, when I went down there, I was anxious to show that I was a good and useful sort of chap. Show I could do pretty nearly everything like. See?"

I made a sympathetic noise.

"And down at the bottom of their garden was a bit of wild part like. So I says to 'im, 'Why don't you 'ave a rockery 'ere?' I says. 'It 'ud look nice.'"

"'Too much expense,' he says.

"'Not a penny,' says I. 'I'm a dab at rockeries. Lemme make you one. You see, I'd 'elped my brother make a rockery in the beer garden be'ind 'is tap, so I knew 'ow to do it to rights. 'Lemme make you one,' I says. 'It's 'olidays, but I'm that sort of chap, I 'ate doing nothing,' I says. 'I'll make you one to rights.' And the long and the short of it was, he said I might.

"And that's 'ow I come on the treasure."

"What treasure?" I asked.

"Why!" said Mr. Brisher, "the treasure I'm telling you about, what's the reason why I never married."

"What!—a treasure—dug up?"

"Yes—buried wealth—treasure-trove. Come out of the ground. What I kept on saying—regular treasure." He looked at me with unusual disrespect.

"It wasn't more than a foot deep, not the top of it," he said. "I'd 'ardly got thirsty like, before I come on the corner."

"Go on," I said. "I didn't understand."

"Why! Directly I 'it the box I knew it was treasure. A sort of instinct told me. Something seemed to shout inside of me—'Now's your chance—lie low.' It's lucky I knew the laws of treasure-trove or I'd 'ave been shoutin' there and then. I dare say you know——?"

"Crown bags it," I said, "all but one per cent. Go on. It's a shame. What did you do?"

"Uncovered the top of the box. There wasn't anybody in the garden or about like. Jane was 'elping 'er mother do the 'ouse. I *was* excited—I tell you. I tried the lock and then gave a whack at the hinges. Open it came. Silver coins—full! Shining. It made me tremble to see 'em. And jest then—I'm blessed if the dustman didn't come round the back of the 'ouse. It pretty nearly gave me 'eart disease to think what a fool I was to 'ave that money showing. And directly after I 'eard the chap next door—'e was 'olidaying too—I 'eard him watering 'is beans. If only 'e'd looked over the fence!"

"What did you do?"

"Kicked the lid on again and covered it up like a shot, and went on digging about a yard away from it—like mad. And my face, so to speak, was laughing on its own account

Drawings by C. Shepperson

"'E went on most outrageous. . . ."

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till I had it hid. I tell you I was regular scared like at my luck. I jest thought that it 'ad to be kep' close and that was all. 'Treasure,' I kep' whisperin' to myself, 'Treasure' and ''undreds of pounds, 'undreds, 'undreds of pounds.' Whispering to myself like, and digging like blazes. It seemed to me the box was regular sticking out and showing, like your legs do under the sheets in bed, and I went and put all the earth I'd got out of my 'ole for the rockery slap on top of it. I *was* in a sweat. And in the midst of it all out toddles 'er father. He didn't say anything to me, jest stood behind me and stared, but Jane tol' me afterwards when he went indoors, 'e says, 'That there jackanapes of yours, Jane'—he always called me a jackanapes some'ow—'knows 'ow to put 'is back into it, after all.' Jane said that 'e seemed quite impressed by it, 'e did."

"The old man was coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. . . ."

"How long was the box?" I asked suddenly.

"'Ow long?" said Mr. Brisher.

"Yes—in length?"

"Oh! 'bout so—by so." Mr. Brisher indicated a moderate-sized trunk.

"*Full?*" said I.

"Full up of silver coins—'arf-crowns, I believe."

"Why!" I cried, "that would mean—hundreds of pounds."

"Thousands," said Mr. Brisher, in a sort of sad calm. "I calc'lated it out."

"But how did they get there?"

"All I know is what I found. What I thought at the time was this. The chap who'd owned the 'ouse before 'er father 'd been a regular slap-up burglar. What you'd call a 'igh-class criminal. Used to drive 'is trap—like Peace did." Mr. Brisher meditated on the difficulties of narration and embarked on a complicated parenthesis. "I don't know if I told you it'd been a burglar's 'ouse before it was my girl's father's, and I knew 'e'd robbed a mail train once, I did know that. It seemed to me——"

"That's very likely," I said. "But what did you do?"

"Sweated," said Mr. Brisher. "Regular run orf me. All that morning I was at it," said Mr. Brisher, "pretending to make that rockery and wondering what I should do. I'd 'ave told 'er father, p'r'aps, only I was doubtful of 'is honesty—I was afraid he might rob me of it like, and give it up to the authorities—and besides, considering I was marrying into the family, I thought it would be nicer like if it came through me. Put me on a better footing, so to speak. Well, I 'ad three days before me left of my 'olidays, so there wasn't no hurry, so I covered it up and went on digging, and tried to puzzle out 'ow I was to make sure of it. Only I couldn't.

"I thought," said Mr. Brisher, "*and* I thought. Once I got regular doubtful whether I'd seen it or not, and went down to it and 'ad it uncovered again, just as her ma came out to 'ang up a bit of washin' she'd done. Jumps again! Afterwards I was just thinking I'd 'ave another go at it, when Jane comes to tell me dinner was ready. 'You'll want it,' she said, 'seeing all the 'ole you've dug.'

"I was in a regular daze all durin' dinner, wondering whether that chap next door wasn't over the fence and filling 'is pockets. But in the afternoon I got easier in my mind—it seemed to me it must 'ave been there so long it was pretty sure to stop a bit longer—and I tried to get up a bit of a discussion to drawr out the old man and see what *'e* thought of treasure-trove."

Mr. Brisher paused, and affected amusement at the memory.

"The old man was a scorcher," he said; "a regular scorcher."

"What!" said I; "did he——?"

"It was like this," explained Mr. Brisher, laying a friendly hand on my arm and breathing into my face to calm me. "Just to drawr 'im out, I told a story of a chap I said I knew—pretendin', you know—who'd found a sovring in an overcoat 'e'd borrowed. I said 'e stuck to it, but I said I wasn't sure whether that was right or not. And then the old man began. Lor! 'e *did* let me 'ave it!" Mr. Brisher affected an insincere amusement. "'E was, well—what you might call a rare 'and at snacks. Said that was the sort of friend 'e'd naturally expect me to 'ave. Said 'e'd naturally expect that from the friend of a out-of-work loafer who took up with daughters who didn't belong to 'im. There! I couldn't tell you *'arf* 'e said. 'E went on most outrageous. I stood up to 'im about it, just to drawr 'im out. 'Wouldn't you stick to a 'arf-sov', not if you found it in the street?' I says. 'Certainly not,' 'e says; 'certainly I wouldn't.' 'What! not if you found it as a sort of treasure?' 'Young man,' 'e says, 'there's 'igher 'thority than mine—"Render unto Cæsar"—what is it? Yes. Well, he fetched up that. A rare 'and at 'itting you over the 'ead with the Bible, was the old man. And so he went on. 'E got to such snacks about me at last I couldn't stand it. I'd promised Jane not to answer 'im back, but it got a bit *too* thick. I—I give it 'im. . . ."

Mr. Brisher, by means of enigmatical facework,

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tried to make me think he had had the best of that argument, but I knew better.

"I went out in a 'uff at last. But not before I was pretty sure I 'ad to lift that treasure by myself. The only thing that kep' me up was thinking 'ow I'd take it out of 'im when I 'ad the cash. . . ."

There was a lengthy pause.

"Now, you'd 'ardly believe it, but all them three days I never 'ad a chance at the blessed treasure, never got out not even a 'arf-crown. There was always a Somethink—always.

"'Stonishing thing it isn't thought of more," said Mr. Brisher. "Finding treasure's no great shakes. It's getting it. I don't suppose I slep' a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow I was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull, it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she says, several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is snacks, but bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I'd got another girl on my mind. Said I wasn't true. Well, we had a bit of a row. But I was that set on the treasure, I didn't seem to mind a bit anything she said.

"They got 'im, though he dodged tremenjous. . . ."

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First, I was going to take all my pockets full of these 'ere 'arf-crowns—see?—and afterwards—as I shall tell.

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I had to go, and then, when everything was still, up I gets and slips down to the back door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail? Up gets 'er father with a gun—'e was a light sleeper, was 'er father, and very suspicious—and there was me: 'ad to explain I'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water-bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."

"And you mean to say——" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I say, I'd made my plan. That put the kibosh on one bit, but it didn't 'urt the general scheme not a bit. I went and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a snack in the world; cemented over the stones, I did, dabbled it green, and everythink. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. They all came and looked at it, and said 'ow nice it was—even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all he said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to do,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says—for I couldn't 'elp it—'I put a lot in that rockery,' I says, like that. See? 'I put a lot in that rockery'—meaning——"

"I see," said I—for Mr. Brisher is apt to overelaborate his jokes.

"'*E* didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then, anyhow.

"'Ar'ever—after all that was over, off I set for London. . . . Orf I set for London. . . ."

Pause.

"On'y I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher, with sudden animation, and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear! What do *you* think?

"I didn't go no further than Colchester—not a yard.

"I'd left the spade just where I could find it. I'd got everything planned and right. I 'ired a little trap in Colchester, and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night, and come back next day, and the chap I 'ired it from made me leave two sovrings on it right away, and off I set.

"I didn't go to no Ipswich neither.

"Midnight the 'orse and trap was 'itched by the little road that ran by the cottage where 'e lived—not sixty yards off, it wasn't—and I was at it like a good 'un. It was jest the night for such games—overcast—but a trifle too 'ot, and all round the sky there was summer lightning and presently a thunderstorm. Down it came. First big drops in a sort of fizzle, then 'ail. I kep' on. I whacked at it—I didn't dream the old man would 'ear. I didn't even trouble to go quiet with the spade, and the thunder and lightning and 'ail seemed to excite me like. I shouldn't wonder if I was singing. I got so 'ard at it I clean forgot the thunder and the 'orse and trap. I precious soon got the box showing, and started to lift it. . . ."

"Heavy?" I said.

"I couldn't no more lift it than fly. I *was* sick. I'd never thought of that! I got regular wild—I tell you, I cursed. I got sort of outrageous. I didn't think of dividing it like for the minute, and even then I couldn't 'ave took money about loose in a trap. I hoisted one end sort of wild like, and over the whole show went with a tremenjous noise. Perfeck smash of

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silver. And then right on the heels of that, Flash! Lightning like the day! And there was the back door open and the old man coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. He wasn't not a 'undred yards away! I tell you, I was that upset—I didn't think what I was doing. I never stopped—not even to fill my pockets. I went over the fence like a shot, and ran like one o'clock for the trap, cussing and swearing as I went. I *was* in a state. . . .

"And will you believe me, when I got to the place where I'd left the 'orse and trap, they'd gone. Orf! When I saw that I 'adn't a cuss left for it. I jest danced on the grass, and when I'd danced enough I started off to London. . . . I was done."

Mr. Brisher was pensive for an interval. "I was done," he repeated, very bitterly.

"Well?" I said.

"That's all," said Mr. Brisher.

"You didn't go back?"

"No fear. I'd 'ad enough of *that* blooming treasure—any'ow, for a bit. Besides, I didn't know what was done to chaps who tried to collar a treasure-trove. I started off for London there and then. . . ."

"And you never went back?"

"Never."

"But about Jane? Did you write?"

"Three times, fishing-like. And no answer. We'd parted in a bit of a 'uff on account of 'er being jealous. So that I couldn't make out for certain what it meant.

"I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know whether the old man knew it was me. I sort of kep' an eye open on papers to see when he'd give up that treasure to the Crown, as I hadn't a doubt 'e would, considering 'ow respectable he'd always been."

"And did he?"

Mr. Brisher pursed his mouth and moved his head slowly from side to side. "Not *'im*," he said.

"Jane was a nice girl," he said, "a thorough nice girl, mind you, *if* jealous, and there's no knowing I mightn't 'ave gone back to 'er after a bit. I thought if he didn't give up the treasure I might 'ave a sort of 'old on 'im. . . . Well, one day I looks as usual under Colchester—and there I saw 'is name. What for d'yer think?" I could not guess.

Mr. Brisher's voice sank to a whisper, and once more he spoke behind his hand. His manner was suddenly suffused with a positive joy. "Issuing counterfeit coins," he said. "Counterfeit coins!"

"You don't mean to say——"

"Yes—It. Bad. Quite a long case they made of it. But they got 'im, though he dodged tremenjous. Traced 'is 'aving passed, oh!—nearly a dozen bad 'arf-crowns."

"And you didn't——?"

"No fear. And it didn't do *'im* much good to say it was treasure-trove."

The Power of Man

THUS DO ALL THINGS preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, What boots it to do well? There is one event to good and evil. If I gain any good, I must pay for it. If I lose any good, I gain some other. All actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation; to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but a whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work; for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. . . .

There is no penalty to virtue, no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am;* in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to men, of the *presence of the soul,* and not of its absence. The brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man, and not less, than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin; that is, by labour which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn; for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods—neither possessions, nor honours, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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Woodcuts by
M. J. Gallagher

"Solemn-Looking Blokes"

By STACY AUMONIER

At midday on August 15 I stood on the pavement in Cockspur Street and watched the first contingent of American troops pass through London.

I had been attracted thither by the lure of a public "show," by the blare of a band, and by a subconscious desire to pay tribute in my small way to a great people. It was a good day for London, intermittently bright, with great scurrying masses of cumuli overhead, and a characteristic threat of rain, which fortunately held off. Cockspur Street, as you know, is a turning off Trafalgar Square, and I chose it because the crowd was less dense there than in the Square itself. By getting behind a group of shortish people and by standing on tip-toe I caught a fleeting view of the faces of nearly every one of the passing soldiers.

London is schooled to shows of this kind. The people gather and wait patiently on the line of route. And then some genial policemen appear and mother the people back into some sort of line. Then mounted police appear, headed by some fat official in a cockade hat and with many ribbons on his chest. And some one in the crowd calls out:

"Hullo, Percy! Mind you don't fall off yer 'orse!"

Then the hearers laugh and begin to be on good terms with themselves, for they know that the "show" is coming. Then follows the inevitable band, and we begin to cheer.

It is very easy and natural for a London crowd to cheer. I have heard the Hohenzollern cheered in the streets of London! We always cheer our guests, and we love a band and a "show" almost as much as our republican friends across the channel. I have seen royal funerals and weddings, processions in honour of visiting presidents and kings, the return of victorious generals, processions of Canadian, Australian, Indian, French, and Italian troops and bands. I wouldn't miss these things for worlds. They give colour to our social life and accent to our every-day emotions. Moreover, it is peculiarly interesting to observe national traits on a march: the French, with their exuberant *élan*, throwing kisses to the women as they pass; our own Tommies, who have surprised the world with their gaiety, and keep up a constant ragging intercourse with the crowd and cannot cease from singing; the Indians, who pass like a splendidly carved frieze; the Canadians, who move with a free and independent swing and grin in a friendly way; the Scotch, who carry it off better than anyone. But I had never seen American troops, and I was anxious to see how they behaved. I said to myself, "The American is volatile and impressionable, like a child." I had met Americans who, within an hour's acquaintance, had told me their life-story, given me their views on religion, politics, and art, and invited me to go out to Iowa or Wisconsin or California and spend the summer with them. Moreover, the American above all things is emotional and—may I say it?—sentimental. It would therefore be extremely interesting to see how he came through this ordeal.

The first band passed, and the people were waving flags and handkerchiefs from the windows. We could hear the cheers go up from the great throng in the square. And there at last, sure enough, was Old Glory, with its silken tassels floating in the London breeze.

And then they came, marching in fours, with their rifles at the slope, the vanguard of Uncle Sam's army. And we in Cockspur Street raised a mighty cheer. They were solemn, bronzed men, loose of limb, hard, and strong, with a curious set expression of purpose about them.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

And they looked neither to the right nor the left; nor did they look up or smile or apparently take any notice of the cheers we raised. We strained forward to see their faces, and we cried out to them our welcome.

They were not all tall; some were short and wiry.

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Some of the officers were rather elderly and wore horn spectacles. But they did not look at us or raise a smile of response. They held themselves very erect, but their eyes were cast down or fixed upon the back of the man in front of them. There came an interval, and another band, and then Old Glory once more, and we cheered the flag even more than the men. Fully a thousand men passed in this solemn procession, not one of them smiling or looking up. It became almost disconcerting. It was a thing we were not used to. A fellow-cockney near me murmured:

"They're solemn-looking blokes, ain't they?"

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

The band blared forth once more, a drum-and-fife corps with a vibrant thrill behind it. We strained forward more eagerly to see the faces of our friends from the New World. We loved it best when the sound of the band had died away and the only music was the steady throb of those friendly boots upon our London streets. And still they did not smile. I had a brief moment of some vague apprehension, as though something could not be quite right. Some such wave, I think, was passing through the crowd.

The cheers died away for a few moments in an exhausted diminuendo. Among those people, racked by three years of strain and suffering, there probably was not one who had not lost some one dear to them. Even the best nerves have their limitation of endurance. Suddenly the ready voice of a woman from the pavement called out:

"God bless you, Yank!"

And then we cheered again in a different key, and I noticed a boy in the ranks throw back his head and look up. On his face was that expression we see only on the faces of those who know the finer sensibilities—a fierce, exultant joy that is very near akin to tears. And gradually I became aware that on the faces of these grim men was written an emotion almost too deep for expression.

As they passed it was easy to detect their ethnological heritage. There was the Anglo-Saxon type, perhaps predominant; the Celt; the Slav; the Latin; and in many cases definitely the Teuton: and yet there was not one of them that had not something else, who was not preëminently a good "United States-man." It was as though upon the anvil of the New World all the troubles of the Old, after being passed through a white-hot furnace, had been forged into something clear and splendid. And they were hurrying on to get this accomplished. For once and all the matter must be settled.

There was a slight congestion, and the body of men near me halted and marked time. A diminutive officer with a pointed beard was walking alone. A woman in the crowd leaned forward and waved an American flag in his face. He saluted, made some kindly remark, and then passed on.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

The world must be made safe for democracy.

And I thought inevitably of the story of the Titan myth, of Prometheus, the first real democrat, who held out against the gods because they despised humanity. And they nailed him to a rock, and cut off his eyelids, and a vulture fed upon his entrails.

But Prometheus held on, his line of reasoning being:

"After Uranus came Cronus. After Cronus came Zeus. After Zeus will come other gods."

It is the finest epic in human life, and all the great teachers and reformers who came after told the same story—Christ, Vishnu, Confucius, Mohammed, Luther, Shakespeare. The fundamental basis of their teaching was love and faith in humanity. And whenever humanity is threatened, the fires which Prometheus stole from the gods will burn more brightly in the heart of man, and they will come from all quarters of the world.

> He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
> He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.

There is no quarter, no mercy, to the enemies of humanity. This is no longer a war; it is a crusade. And as I stood on the flags of Cockspur Street I think I understand the silence of those grim men. They seemed to epitomize not merely a nation, not merely a flag, but the unbreakable sanctity of human rights and human life. And I knew that whatever might happen, whatever the powers of darkness might devise, whatever cunning schemes or diabolical plans, or whatever temporary successes they might attain, they would ultimately go down into the dust before "the fateful lightning." "After Zeus will come other gods."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

Nothing could live and endure against that steady and irresistible progression. And we know how you can do things, America. We have seen your workshops, your factories, and your engines of peace. And we have seen those young men of yours at the Olympic Games, with their loose, supple limbs, their square, strong faces. When the Spartans, lightly clad, but girt for war, ran across the hills to Athens and, finding the Persian hosts defeated, laughed, congratulated the Athenians, and ran back again—since those days there never were such runners, such athletes, as these boys of yours from Yale and Harvard, Princeton and Cornell.

And so on that day, if we cheered the flag more than we cheered the men, it was because the flag was the symbol of the men's hearts, which were too charged with the fires of Prometheus to trust themselves expression.

At least that is how it appeared to me on that forenoon in Cockspur Street, and I know that later in the day, when I met a casual friend, and he addressed me with the usual formula of the day:

"Any news?"

I was able to say:

"Yes, the best news in the world."

And when he replied:

"What news?"

I could say with all conviction and sincerity:

"I have seen a portent. The world is safe for democracy."

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"Mother"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Kathleen Norris.

How the Story Came to Be Written

An Introduction by
CHARLES G. NORRIS

Written especially for the Golden Book Magazine

In the spring of 1911, about two years after our marriage, Mrs. Norris and I were living in New York, up four long flights of stairs.

The *Delineator* had offered a prize of a thousand dollars for a "best" short story, and Mrs. Norris decided to try for it. One of the conditions of the contest was that the manuscript should not be over three thousand words in length. For several weeks Mrs. Norris worked busily over her short story, complaining to me that it was running much too long. Two weeks before the contest closed she laid aside the manuscript in discouragement, saying it was impossible to condense it to the required length. She then wrote another story, one within the prescribed number of words, and sent it in. This was published later in the *Delineator,* but did not receive the prize. After it was mailed, she returned to her first story, completed it, and some ten days later gave it to me to read. This was the original story "Mother," now presented in the Golden Book Magazine.

At that time I was one of the assistant editors of the *American Magazine,* and was daily reading manuscripts submitted for publication. I was deeply impressed by the poignancy of the story which Mrs. Norris had written. I took it down at once to my chief, John S. Phillips, editor of the Magazine, who shared my enthusiasm, and instructed me to include it in our August fiction number, which was at that moment going to press. Mr. Hamlin Garland wrote to Mr. Phillips about it, and a few other letters came in, but personally I felt that so fine a short story should be given a better chance to make a wider appeal. I had tremendous faith in it, so I racked my brain to think of a way to increase its distribution.

Finally I suggested to Mrs. Norris that she write twenty-five thousand words in *advance* of the story. This would bring its length up to about 35,000 words, and would justify some publisher making a book out of it.

I must digress here to describe briefly the conditions under which these twenty-five thousand words were written. We were down in a Long Island boarding-house at Freeport. With our small baby we had one room under the roof. The new addition to the family was an exacting one, and Mrs. Norris had little time, in fact she had none at all, in which to write. Only at night when the baby was asleep was she free. Even then, the noise of her typewriter would wake him, so she was forced to carry her manuscript to the boarding-house living-room. Every night was a sweltering summer one; the "parlour" was filled with people, some playing cards, some at the piano, laughing, talking or singing, everyone eager to ask Mrs. Norris what she was writing, and to give advice.

As soon as the manuscript was finished, I took it to the Macmillan Company. The publisher liked it, and first proposed to bring it out in a slim volume, a Christmas offering, and submitted a dummy with a pale blue cover and gold edges. I felt strongly that the story should be published as a regular trade offering. To this request they finally agreed, and in October, 1911, *Mother* made its appearance. Inside of a week, orders were coming in at the rate of 5,000 a day.

One of the first copies that reached us I sent to our friend Ray Stannard Baker, and begged him to forward it to Theodore Roosevelt, then in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt read it, and immediately became one of its enthusiastic boosters.

There is one last chapter in this history. Mr. Edward Bok, then the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* happened one day to be in New York. I found out by what train he was returning to Philadelphia, and a few minutes before his departure for the station I sent a copy of *Mother* to him, hoping that on the train he might glance at its pages.

My hopes were fully realized. On reaching Philadelphia, he sent me a telegram offering to serialize *Mother* in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* even though at the time it could be purchased in book form.

To date *Mother,* in one form or another, has sold over 950,000 copies.

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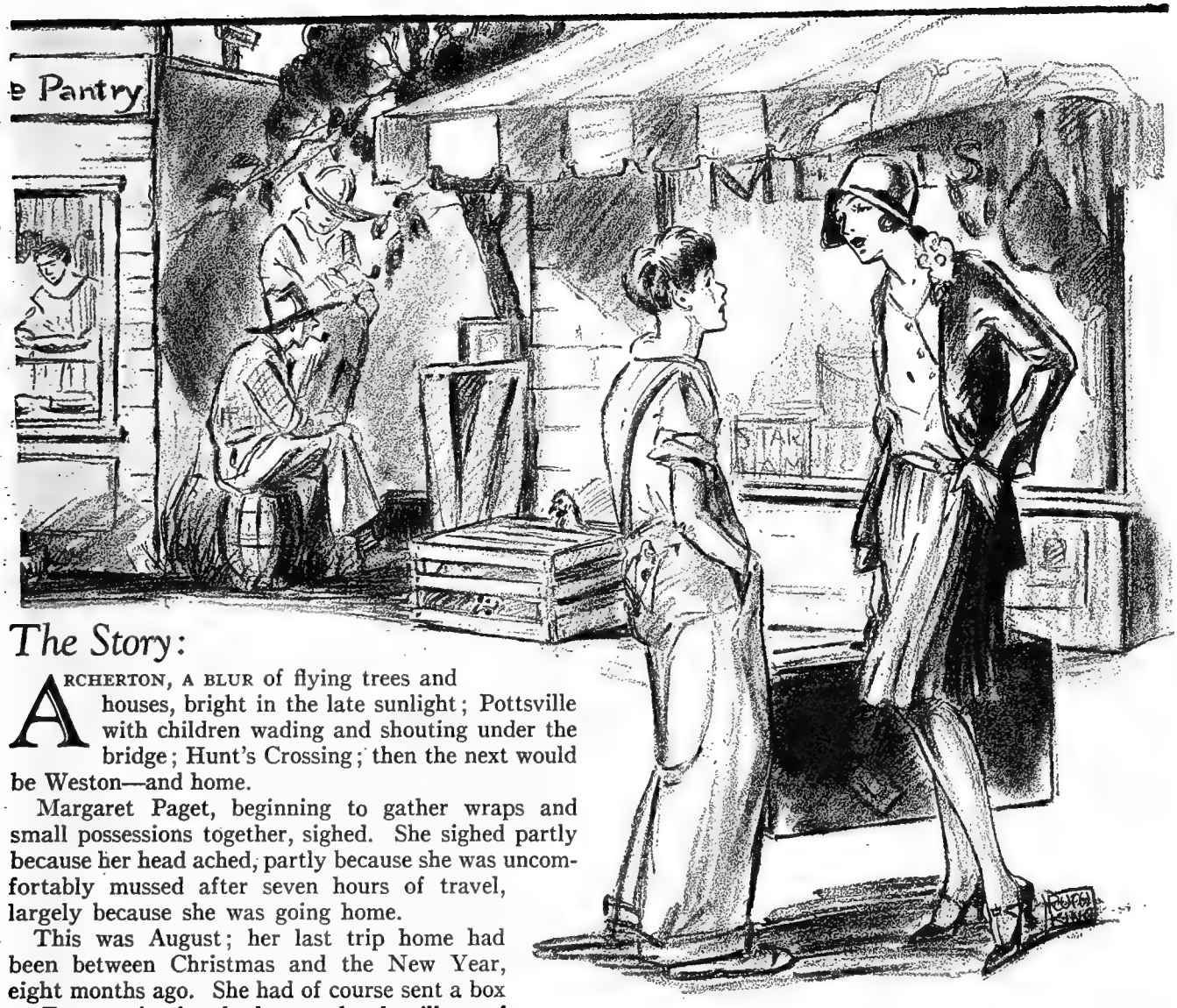

The Story:

ARCHERTON, A BLUR of flying trees and houses, bright in the late sunlight; Pottsville with children wading and shouting under the bridge; Hunt's Crossing; then the next would be Weston—and home.

Margaret Paget, beginning to gather wraps and small possessions together, sighed. She sighed partly because her head ached, partly because she was uncomfortably mussed after seven hours of travel, largely because she was going home.

This was August; her last trip home had been between Christmas and the New Year, eight months ago. She had of course sent a box at Easter: ties for the boys, a lovely silk scarf for Rebecca, books for Dad; and she had written Mother for her birthday in June, and enclosed an exquisite bit of lace in the letter, but somehow it had been "impossible," she wrote them, to come herself. Margaret had paid a great deal for the lace, as a sort of salve to her conscience—not that Mother would ever wear it!

That was just the trouble with Mother, Margaret thought, reviewing the situation with impatience. Lace—why, there was lovely lace on some of Grandma Swann's old things, up attic, and when did Mother ever wear it? She was so busy and so tired and so tied down that she never cared what she wore.

And it was *all wrong*. Even at eighteen, a teacher in the Weston high school, Margaret had protested in her secret heart that the home problem was all wrong, and now when the doors of the great world had opened to her, and she had found herself not alone in her ideas, she was *sure* of it.

Mrs. Carr-Boldt had open the doors of the world to Margaret Paget. Her eyes had fallen upon the pretty, aristocratic-looking little school-teacher with that acquisitiveness so becoming to the wives of multimillionaires. "There's my secretary, Miss Totter," said Mrs. Carr-Boldt to her daughter's governess. And Miss Totter, who had been timidly hinting her own qualifications for that desirable post, had of course agreed. "If you can get her," said Miss Totter. "Oh, I'll *get* her," said Mrs. Carr-Boldt confidently, and get her she did. New York, Newport, London, Rome, everything followed. Margaret was exceptionally pretty, clever, and adaptable. She became a personage in the great Carr-Boldt establishments, and the inseparable companion of their mistress. She spoke French and German and Italian; she could order dinners, and order gowns, and engage and discharge servants. She was quite at home in the Carr-Boldt set, which happened to be the richest and idlest in the rich and idle city. Margaret had grown to feel uncomfortable in underthings that were not of the sheerest silk; she honestly missed finger bowls and butter-spreaders when she was at her mother's table. She was spoiled, perhaps, but there was no affectation about her.

Of course there were things to criticise in the Carr-Boldt set, she admitted. They were very wasteful, and very selfish, and very uncharitable in their speech. Yes, and they thought the world was made for them, and that great wealth, especially in the form of tips, could, and very properly should, get anything they wanted. And they took home ties very lightly.

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Wives dined without husbands, and husbands without wives, and the children—it was more often, the child—was "with his grandmother, don't you know; she loves to have him, and we don't see much of him, anyway." This was of course not the Weston idea, and still less Mother's idea, but——

But, after all, it worked out very well, Margaret thought. And this business of a woman marrying, and immediately having a perfect pack of children, well, "it wasn't fair to herself and it wasn't fair to the children!" Margaret had heard that phrase a hundred times, and used it often herself. One child—or two children—that was the dignified, reasonable way to do. . . . It was time these things were regulated like any other expense. . . .

Margaret sometimes dreamed of what her own home would have been had she and her brother Bruce, say, been the only ones. Bruce was twenty-eight now, and Margaret three years younger. Mother would have had no new responsibilities for a whole quarter-century; Dad's income would have answered very comfortably for four. They could have gone on living in the little brick homestead which they had so quickly outgrown—only six rooms in the whole house, but such quaint, charming rooms! An artist and his wife had the brick house now. It was always pointed out as one of the show places of Weston. Mother and Dad had been in no such pretty place since. They had moved a good deal. The Copley portraits of Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother Paget, the few pieces of old silver, the Canton tea set, these would have helped make an effective setting for four. As it was, they were completely wasted. And Bruce could have had his four years of college, without the alternate years of money-earning, and Margaret could have entertained, traveled perhaps with Mother. . . . Margaret invariably ended these musings with an impatient reiteration that of course Mother was an angel, but it was all wrong!

Here was Weston. Weston looking its very ugliest in the level, pitiless rays of the afternoon sun. The town, like most of its inhabitants, was wilted and grimed after the burden and heat of the long summer day. Margaret carried her heavy suitcase slowly up Main Street. Shop windows were spotted and dusty, and shopkeepers, standing idly in their doorways, looked spotted and dusty too. A cloud of flies fought and surged about the closely guarded door of the butcher shop, a delivery cart was at the curb, the discouraged horse switching an ineffectual tail.

As Margaret passed this cart, a tall boy of fourteen came out of the shop with a bang of the wire-netting door, and slid a basket into the back of the cart.

"Teddy!" said Margaret, irritation evident in her voice, in spite of herself.

"Hello, Mark!" said her brother delightedly. "Say, great to see you! Get in on the four-ten?"

"Ted," said Margaret, kissing him, as the Pagets always quite simply kissed each other when they met, "what are you driving Costello's cart for?"

"Like to," said Theodore simply. "Mother doesn't care. Say, you look swell, Mark!"

"What makes you want to drive this horrid cart, Ted?" protested Margaret. "What does Costello pay you?"

"Pay me?" scowled her brother, gathering up the reins. "Oh, come out of it, Marg'ret! He doesn't pay me anything. Don't you make Mother stop me, either, will you?" he ended anxiously.

"Of course I won't!" Margaret said impatiently.

"Giddap, Ruth!" said Theodore; but departing, he pulled the mare up to add cheerfully, "Say, Dad didn't get his raise."

"Did?" said Margaret brightening.

"*Didn't.*" He grinned affectionately upon her as, with a dislocating jerk, the cart started a ricochetting career down the street, with that abandon known only to butchers' carts. Margaret, changing her heavy suitcase to the rested arm, was still vexedly watching it, when two girls, laughing in the open doorway of the express company's office across the street, caught sight of her. One of them, a little vision of pink hat and ruffles, and dark eyes and hair, came running to join her.

Rebecca was sixteen, and of all the handsome Pagets the best to look upon. She was dressed according to her youthful lights; every separate article of her apparel today, from her rowdyish little hat to her open-work hose, represented a battle with Mrs. Paget's preconceived ideas as to propriety in dress, with the honours largely for Rebecca. Rebecca had grown up, in eight months, her sister thought confusedly; she was no longer the adorable, un-self-conscious tomboy who fought and skated and tobogganed with the boys.

"Hello, darling dear!" said Rebecca. "Too bad no one met you! We all thought you were coming on the six. Crazy about your suit! Here's Maudie Pratt. You know Maudie, don't you, Mark?"

Margaret knew Maudie. Rebecca's infatuation for plain, heavy-featured, complacent Miss Pratt was a standing mystery in the Paget family. Margaret smiled, bowed.

"I think we stumbled upon a pretty little secret of yours today, Miss Margaret," said Maudie, with her best company manner, as they walked along. Margaret raised her eyebrows. "Rebel and I," Maudie went on—Rebecca was at the age that seeks a piquant substitute for an unpoetical family name,—"Rebel and I are wondering if we may ask you who Mr. John Tenison is?"

John Tenison! Margaret's heart stood still with a shock almost sickening, then beat furiously. What—how—who on earth had told them anything of John Tenison? Colouring high, she looked sharply at Rebecca.

"Cheer up, angel," said Rebecca, "he's not dead. He sent a telegram today, and Mother opened it——"

"Naturally," said Margaret, concealing an agony of impatience, as Rebecca paused apologetically.

"He's with his aunt, at Dayton, up the road here," continued Rebecca, "and wants you to wire him if he may come down and spend tomorrow here."

Margaret drew a relieved breath. There was time to turn around, at least.

"Who is he, sis?" asked Rebecca.

"Why, he's an awfully clever professor, honey," Margaret answered serenely. "We heard him lecture

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in Germany last summer, and met him afterward. And since then he's come occasionally to Mrs. Carr-Boldt's. He was there about a month ago, and I said I was coming home this week-end, and we discovered that his old home is near here, at Dayton." She tried to keep out of her voice the thrill that shook at the mere thought of him, of that enchanted week in Berlin, of those wonderful hours—oh, very few! She had in all honesty to admit that they were few!—when he had come to see her. Nothing, obviously, was farther from his thoughts than love for her; she would be very absurd even to dream it. As for her loving him, why, that feeling put her in the ridiculous position of a thousand other girls to whom he was friendly and kind. "But I can't help it—I can't help it—I can't help it!" throbbed her heart, too agitated just now to know whether to be glad or sorry that he wanted to come tomorrow.

"Do you want him to come? Is he old and fussy?" asked Rebecca.

"I don't know," Margaret answered absently. "No, he's only thirty-five or six. How's Mother?" she broke off to ask abruptly.

"Oh, *she's* fine!" Rebecca said, absently in her turn. When Maudie left them at the next corner she said casually:

"Dad didn't get his raise. Isn't that the limit?"

Margaret shrugged wearily. They were in a quiet side street now, lined with shabby, plain old houses well set back under elms and maples. One of these, reached through a weather-peeled gate, and standing beyond bare garden beds and trampled lawns, was the Paget home. A bulging wire netting door made the front entrance undignified. Indoors, the plain square rooms and everything in them shared a look of hard usage. Old-fashioned sofas sagged in the seats, cushions were generally flat and limp, bookcases disgorged odd volumes and magazines upon the floor beside them. The old square piano was half concealed under untidy sheets of music.

A boy of twelve sat on the piano bench now, sullenly sawing at a violoncello. Another boy, of nine, with big teeth missing when he smiled, stood in the bay window, twisting the already limp net curtains into a tight rope. Each boy gave Margaret a kiss that seemed curiously to taste of dust, sunburn, and freckles, before she followed a noise of hissing and voices to the kitchen, to find Mother.

THE KITCHEN, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, was in wild confusion, and insufferably hot. Margaret had a distinct impression that not a movable article therein was in place, and not an available inch of tables or chairs unused, before her eyes reached the tall figure of a woman in a gown of chocolate percale, who was frying cutlets at the big littered range. A woman whose thickly massed black hair was very lightly touched with gray, and whose face, beautiful in outline and expression, was dark with heat, and streaked with perspiration. She turned as Margaret entered, and gave a delighted cry.

"Well, there's my girl! Bless her heart! Look out for this spoon, lovey," she added immediately, giving the girl a guarded embrace. Tears of joy stood frankly in her fine gray eyes. She hesitated for a moment.

"I meant to have all of this out of the way, dear," apologized Mrs. Paget, with a gesture that included cakes in the process of frosting, salad vegetables in the process of cooling, soup in the process of getting strained, great loaves of bread that sent a delicious fragrance over all the other odours. "But we didn't look for you until six."

"Oh, no matter!" Margaret said bravely.

"Rebecca tell you Dad didn't get his raise?" called Mrs. Paget in a voice that rose above the various noises of the kitchen. "Blanche!" she protested, "can't that wait?" For the old negress who was her only servant had begun to crack ice with deafening smashes. But Blanche did not hear, so Mrs. Paget continued loudly: "Dad saw Redman himself; he'll tell you about it! Don't stay in the kitchen in that pretty dress, dear! I'm coming right upstairs."

It was very hot upstairs; the bedrooms smelled faintly of matting, the soap in the bathroom was shriveled in its saucer. In Margaret's own old room, the week's washing had been piled high on the bed. She took off her hat and linen coat, brushed her hair back from her face; flinging her head back and shutting her eyes the better to fight tears, as she did so, and began to assort the collars and shirts and put them away. For Dad's bureau—for Bruce's bureau—for the boys' bureau, tablecloths to go downstairs, towels for the shelves in the bathroom. Two little shirtwaists for Rebecca, with little holes torn through them where collar and belt pins belonged.

Her last journey took her to the big, third-story room where the three younger boys slept. The three narrow beds were still unmade, and the western sunlight poured over tumbled blankets and the scattered small possessions that seem to ooze from the pores of little boys. Margaret set her lips distastefully as she brought order out of the chaos. It was *all wrong*, somehow, she thought, gathering handkerchiefs and matches and "Nick Carters" and the oiled paper that had wrapped caramels from under the pillows that would in a few hours harbour a fresh supply.

She went out on the porch in time to put her arms about her father's shabby shoulders when he came in. Mr. Paget, a broad, gray, fine-looking man in the early fifties, was tired, and he told his wife and daughters that he thought he was a very sick man. Margaret's mother met this statement with an anxious solicitude that was very soothing to the sufferer. She made Mark get Daddy his slippers and loose coat, and suggested that Rebecca shake up the dining-room couch before she established him there, in a rampart of pillows. No outsider would have dreamed that Mrs. Paget had dealt with this exact emergency some hundreds of times in the past twenty years.

Mr. Paget, reclining, shut his eyes, remarked that he had had an "awful, awful day," and wondered faintly if it would be too much trouble to have "somebody" make him just a little milk toast for his supper. He smiled at Margaret when she sat down beside him; they had been chums since her babyhood.

"Getting to be an old, old man, Mark!" said he, and Margaret hated herself because she had to quell an impatient impulse to tell him that he was merely

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hungry and cross before she could say affectionately, "*Don't* talk that way, Dad darling!" She had to listen to a long account of the recent episode of the "raise." Margaret winced every time her father emphasized the difference between his own social position and that of his employer. She had gotten of late years into the way of feeling herself—with her beauty, and her intelligence, and her Mayflower ancestry, and her ready acceptance by the Carr-Boldt set—as quite the equal, if not the superior, of anyone in Weston. Why, a man Dad's age oughtn't to be humbly asking for a raise; he ought to be dictating now. It was just Dad's way of looking at things, and it was *all wrong*.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing!" said Rebecca, who had come in with a brimming soup plate of milk toast. "Joe Redman gave a picnic last month, and he came here with his mother, in the car, to ask me. And I was the scornfullest thing you ever saw, wasn't I, Ted? Not much!"

"Oh, Beck, you oughtn't to mix social and business things that way!" Margaret said helplessly.

"Dinner!" screamed the nine-year-old Robert, breaking into the room at this point, and "Dinner!" said Mrs. Paget, wearily, cheerfully, from the chair into which she had dropped at the head of the table. Mr. Paget, revived by sympathy, milk toast, and Rebecca's attentions, took his place at the foot, and Bruce, oldest of the children, serious, thin-faced, dark, the chair between Margaret and his mother. Like the younger boys, whose almost confluent freckles had been brought into unusual prominence by violently applied soap and water, and whose hair dripped on their collars, he had brushed up for dinner, but his negligée shirt and corduroy trousers were stained and spotted from machine oil. Margaret, comparing him secretly to the men she knew, as daintily groomed as women, in their spotless white, felt a little resentment that Bruce's tired face was so contented, and said to herself again that it was all *wrong!*

Dinner was the same old haphazard meal she knew so well, with Blanche supplying an occasional reproof to the boys, Ted ignoring his vegetables, and ready in an incredibly short time for a second cutlet, and Robert begging for corn syrup immediately after the soup, and spilling it from his bread. Mrs. Paget was flushed, her disappearances kitchenward frequent. She wanted Margaret to tell her all about Mr. Tenison. Margaret laughed and said there was nothing to tell. She said she was going to telegraph him not to come, looking tentatively at her mother the while, lest she resent what might be construed into a reflection upon the home. But Mother agreed cheerfully that perhaps it would be just as well, as Julie (Margaret's married sister) and Harry might come over tomorrow. Margaret had a chance to reflect bitterly that she couldn't ask her friends here; even Mother saw that!

"I am not in a position to have my children squander money on concerts and candy," Margaret heard her father say, loudly and suddenly. She forgot her own grievance. The boys looked resentful and gloomy; Rebecca was flushed, her eyes dropped, her lips trembling with disappointment.

"I had promised to take them to the Elks' concert," Mrs. Paget interpreted hastily, "but now Dad says the Bakers are coming over to play whist." Margaret could not ignore the obvious appeal.

"Let me take them, Dad," she said. "I'll hold Robert by one ear, and Rebecca by another, and if she flirts with Paul or George or Jimmy Barr or Red, I'll——"

"Oh, Jimmy Barr belongs to Louise, now," said Rebecca radiantly. There was a joyous shout of laughter from the light-hearted juniors, and Rebecca, seeing her artless admission too late, turned scarlet while she laughed. Dinner broke up in confusion, as dinner at home always did, and everyone straggled upstairs to dress.

Margaret reflected, while changing her dress in a room that was insufferably hot because the shades must be down, and the gaslights as high as possible, that another forty-eight hours would see her speeding back to the world of cool, awninged interiors, uniformed maids, the clink of iced glasses, the flash of yacht sails on blue water, and a certain sweetness and patience came with the thought. She lifted Rebecca's starched petticoat from the bed to give Mother a seat, when Mother came rather wearily in to watch them.

"Sweet girl to take them, Mark," said Mother appreciatively. "I was going to ask Brucie. But he's gone to bed, poor fellow; he's worn out tonight."

"He had a letter from Ned Gunther this morning," said Rebecca, cheerfully—powdering the tip of her pretty nose, her eyes almost crossed with concentration, "and I think it made him blue all day."

"Ned Gunther?" said Margaret.

"Chum at college," Rebecca elucidated; "a lot of them are going to Honolulu, just for this month, and of course they wanted Bruce. Mark, does that show?"

Margaret's heart ached for the beloved brother's disappointment. There it was again, all *wrong*. Before she left the house with the rioting youngsters, she ran upstairs where he was lying; his lamp at his elbow, scientific magazines scattered about him, to kiss him good night. He was very sweet, very cheerful, but through the long evening, while Rebecca glowed like a little rose among her friends, and the boys tickled her ear with their hot breath and whispered comments, above the heat and dust and noise of the hall she heard his last words:

"Come back and take your old job, Mark. They're crazy to get you, and I miss you. I'm getting into a rut."

After the concert, they strolled back slowly through the inky summer dark, finding the house hot and close when they came in. Margaret went upstairs, hearing her mother's apologetic, "Oh, Dad, why didn't I give you back your club?" as she passed the dining-room door. She knew Mother hated whist, and wondered rather irritably *why* she played it. The Paget family was slow to settle down. Robert became tearful and whining before he was finally bumped protesting into bed. Theodore and Duncan prolonged their ablutions until the noise of shouting, splashing, and thumping in the bathroom brought Mother to the foot of the stairs. Rebecca was conversational. She lay with her slender arms locked behind her head on the pillow, and talked. Margaret, restless in the hot darkness, wondering

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Mother was so gracious and charming behind the urn, and Rebecca was irresistible.

Drawings by Ruth King

whether the maddening little shaft of light from the hall gas was annoying enough to warrant the effort of getting up and extinguishing it, listened and listened.

Rebecca wanted to join the Stage Club, but Mother wouldn't let her unless Bruce did. Rebecca belonged to the Progressive Diners. Did Mark suppose Mother'd think she was crazy if she asked the family *not* to be in evidence when the crowd came to the house for the salad course? And Rebecca wanted to write to Bruce's chum, not regularly, you know, Mark, but just now and then. He was so nice! And Mother didn't like the idea. Margaret was obviously supposed to lend a hand with these interesting tangles.

". . . . and I said, 'Certainly not! I won't unmask at all, if it comes to that!' . . . And imagine that elegant fellow carrying my old books and my skates! So I wrote, and Maudie and I decided. . . . And Mark, if it wasn't a perfectly *gorgeous* box of roses! . . . That old, old dimity, but Mother pressed and freshened it up. . . . Not that I want to marry him, or anyone. . . ."

Margaret wakened from uneasy drowsing with a start. The hall was dark now, the room cooler. Rebecca was asleep. Hands, hands she knew well, were drawing a light covering over her shoulders. She opened her eyes to see her mother.

"I've been wondering if you're disappointed about your friend not coming tomorrow, Mark?" said the tender voice.

"Oh, no-o!" said Margaret hardily. "Mother—why are you up so late?"

"Just going to bed," said the other soothingly. "Blanche forgot to put the oatmeal into the cooker, and I went downstairs again. I'll say my prayers in here."

Margaret went off to sleep again, as she had so many hundred times before, with her mother kneeling beside her. It seemed but a few moments before the blazing Sunday was precipitated upon them, and everybody was late for everything.

THE KITCHEN was filled with the smoke from hot griddles blue in the sunshine, when Margaret went downstairs; and in the dining room the same merciless light fell upon the sticky syrup pitcher, and upon stains on the tablecloth. Cream had been brought in in the bottle, the bread tray was heaped with orange skins, and the rolls piled on the tablecloth. Bruce, who had already been to church with Mother, and was off for a day's sail, was dividing his attention between Robert and his watch. Rebecca, daintily busy with the special cup and plate that were one of her little affectations, was all ready for the day, except as to dress, wearing a thin little kimono over her blue ribbons and starched embroideries. Mother was putting up a little lunch for Bruce. Confusion reigned. The younger boys were urged to hurry, if they wanted to make the "nine." Rebecca was going to wait for the "half-past-ten," because the "kids sang at nine, and it was fierce." Mr. Paget and his sons departed together, and the girls went upstairs for a hot, tiring tussle with beds and dusting before starting for church. They

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left their mother busy with the cream freezer in the kitchen. It was very hot even then.

But it was still hotter, walking home in the burning midday stillness. A group of young people waited lazily for letters, under the trees outside the post-office door. Otherwise the main street was deserted. A languid little breeze brought the far echoes of pianos and phonographs from this direction and that.

"Who's that on the porch?" said Rebecca suddenly, as they neared home, instantly finding the stranger among her father and the boys. Margaret, glancing up sharply, saw, almost with a sensation of sickness, the big, ungainly figure, the beaming smile, and the great shock of tawny hair that belonged to nobody else in the world but John Tenison. A stony chill settled about her heart as she greeted him. Oh, if only he wasn't able to stay for dinner! she prayed. She half-heartedly alluded to dinner. Too late. Her mother had already asked him, and he was delighted to stay, he told her. Her mother was upstairs now with her sister, Mrs.—Mrs. Archibald. So Julie and Harry had come! Well, there was no help for it. And of course Margaret loved her married sister, four years her junior, and loved the clever, successful, rather talkative young doctor who was Julie's husband, too. Only it was a little hard to have this fresh confusing element introduced on the particular Sunday of all Sundays that the great Dr. Tenison came!

Margaret presently slipped away, and went into the kitchen, which presented a scene if possible a little more confused than that of the day before, and was certainly hotter. Mrs. Paget, flushed and hurried, in a fresh but rather unbecoming purple gingham, was hastily putting up a cold supper for the younger boys, who, having attended to their religious duties, were to take a long afternoon tramp, with a possible interval of fishing. Theodore and Duncan themselves were hanging over these preparations, tasting jam and stealing occasional olives. Blanche, heavily moaning "The Palms" with the insistence of one who wishes to show her entire familiarity with a melody, was at the range.

Roast veal, instead of the smothered chickens her mother had so often cooked so deliciously, a mountain of mashed potato, an enormous heavy salad already mantled with thick mayonnaise—Margaret could have wept over the hopelessly plebeian dinner!

"Mother, can't I get down the finger-bowls," Margaret asked, "and mayn't we have black coffee in the silver pot afterward?"

Mrs. Paget looked absently at her for a dubious second. "I *don't* like to ask Blanche to wash all that extra glass," she said guardedly, adding briskly to Theodore, "No, no, Ted! You can't have all that cake! Half that," and to Blanche herself, "Don't leave that door open when you go in, Blanche; I just drove all the flies out of the dining room." Then she returned to Margaret with a cordial: "Why, certainly! Anyone who *wants* coffee, after tea, can have it!"

"Nobody but us ever serves tea with a dinner!" Margaret muttered, but Mrs. Paget didn't hear her. She sent the boys upstairs to wash their hands, and when they were gone, said, with a suddenly radiant face, to Margaret:

"Julie tell you?"

Margaret understood. Her sister had been married a year now, and for at least half that time Mother had been eager for the bit of news that had evidently come today. The older woman's eyes were full of joy.

"Is Ju glad?" Margaret asked slowly, curiously; "she seems so young—just twenty-two! And they've been so free!"

"Glad!" Mrs. Paget echoed delightedly. "Why, Mark, it's the happiest time in a woman's whole life! Or, I don't know, though," she added thoughtfully, "I don't know but what I was happiest when you were all tiny, tumbling about me, and climbing into my lap. . . ."

"I hope Julie won't run herself all down," Margaret began disapprovingly. Her Mother laughed.

"You remind me of Grandma Paget," she said cheerfully, "she lived ten miles away when we were married, but she came in when Bruce was born. She was rather a proud, cold woman herself, but she was very sweet to me. Well, then little Charlie came, fourteen months later, and she took that very seriously. Mother was dead, you know, and she stayed with me again, and worried me half sick telling me that it wasn't fair to Bruce and it wasn't fair to Charlie to divide my time between them that way. Well, then when my third baby was coming, I didn't dare tell her. Dad kept telling me to, and I *couldn't*, because I knew what a calamity a third would seem to her! Finally, she went to visit Aunt Rebecca out West, and it was the very day she got back that the baby came. She came upstairs—she'd come right up from the train, and not seen anyone but Dad; and he wasn't very intelligible, I guess—and she sat down and took the baby in her arms, and, says she, looking at me sort of patiently, yet as if she was exasperated too: 'Well, this is a nice way to do, the minute my back's turned! What are you going to call him, Julia?' And I said: 'I'm going to call her Margaret, for my dear husband's mother, and she's going to be beautiful and good and grow up to marry the President!'" Mrs. Paget's merry laugh rang out. "I never shall forget your grandmother's face."

"Just the same," Mrs. Paget added with a sudden deep sigh, "when little Charlie left us, the next year, and Brucie and Dad were both so ill, she and I agreed that you—you were just talking and trying to walk—were the only comfort we had! I could wish my girls no greater happiness than my children have been to me," finished Mother contentedly.

"I know," Margaret began, half-angrily, "but what about the children?" she was going to add. But somehow the arguments she had used so plausibly did not utter themselves easily to Mother, whose children would carry into their own middle age a wholesome dread of her anger. Margaret faltered, and merely scowled.

"I don't like to see that expression on your face, dearie," her mother said, as she might have said it to an eight-year-old child. "Professor Tenison must take us as he finds us! Run and tell them everything is ready, dear."

More ruffled and angry than she had been for many months, Margaret went out to summon the others to

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dinner. Maudie had joined them on the porch, and had been urged to stay, and was already trying her youthful wiles on the professor. "Well, he'll have to leave on the five o'clock!" Margaret reflected, steeled to bitter endurance until that time. For everything went wrong, and dinner was one long nightmare. Professor Tenison's napkin turned out to be a traycloth, and Blanche cheerfully stated from the kitchen door that there wasn't another clean one that *she* could lay hands on. Even Mother's hurried substitution of her own did not much help matters. The room was very hot, the supply of ice insufficient. There seemed an exhausting amount of passing and repassing of plates. Rebecca and Maudie got "the giggles." Dad dwelt on his favourite grievance that the "old man isn't needed these days. They're getting all young fellows into the bank. The president himself isn't forty. They put young college men in there who are getting pretty nearly the money that I am, after twenty years. . . ." In any pause, Mrs. Paget could be heard patiently dissuading little Robert from his fixed intention to accompany the older boys on their walk, invited or uninvited.

Finally the ice cream, in a melting condition, and the chocolate cake, very sticky, made their appearance, and, although these were regular Sunday treats, the boys felt called upon to cheer. Julie asked her Mother in an audible undertone if she "ought" to eat cake. Professor Tenison produced an enormous box of chocolates, and Margaret was disgusted with the frantic scramble her brothers made to secure them.

Julie, kissing her sister good-by, as Margaret and the professor started for a walk, was duly congratulated, and was gracious in turn.

"We all think Dr. Tenison's so nice, Mark," said Julie, assuming the matron suddenly, "so unassuming, considering who he *is*! Don't fall in love with him, Mark!"

"No danger," said Margaret, carelessly, pinning on her hat.

Where they walked or what they talked of she did not know. She knew her head ached, that the village looked very commonplace, and the day was very hot, and that it was more painful than sweet to be thus strolling beside the big, loose-jointed figure, and to send an occasional side glance at John Tenison's earnest face, which wore its pleasantest expression now. Well, it would be over at five, and she could go home, and lie down in the dark, and dream of what life might have been if today could have been the leisurely, luxurious, delightful Sunday she knew the professor had expected.

It was over too soon, and Margaret walked with her guest to the train.

She came out of a reverie to find him glancing humorously from her to his watch.

"The train was five o'clock, was it?" he said. "I've missed it!"

"Missed it!" echoed Margaret blankly. Then as the horrible possibility dawned upon her, "Oh, impossible!"

"Ten minutes past five," said Dr. Tenison blandly.

Poor Margaret, fighting utter discouragement, struggled for an air of hospitality.

"Then you must come back with me for supper," said she.

"Now, perhaps that's an imposition," said the professor, "perhaps you and I could have a bite at a restaurant?"

For one desperate moment Margaret considered the hotel. But she knew the hotel! And Mother would be angry, too. She laughed philosophically, and was suddenly astonished to find herself in quite a stoically cheerful mood. Things couldn't be any worse than they had been at noon. Professor Tenison was thoroughly disenchanted now, and *let* him be. She couldn't help it! It was cooler now, anyway, and perhaps if they walked up by the graveyard, they could manage to get home a little late, and have just a cold bite *tête-à-tête* when the others were done.

"No, no!" she protested smiling, "we'll take that little walk I told you of, and Mother will give us something to eat later."

Accordingly they turned toward the graveyard, and spent the sunset hour over the old graves. It was almost seven o'clock when they opened the home gate. On the side porch were only Rebecca, enchanting in fresh ruffles, Dad and Mother.

"Well, what luck we waited!" said Rebecca, rising. "Supper's all ready."

"Where are the others?" said Margaret, experiencing the first pleasant sensation in twenty-four hours.

"Ju and Harry went home, boys walking, Rob's at George's," said Rebecca briefly. She gave Margaret a shy, charming little side glance as she presently led the way to the dining room.

It was hardly recognizable now, cool and shady, with a little table set for five in the middle of the room, the old candlesticks and silver teapot presiding over blue bowls of berries and the choicest of Mother's preserved fruits. Some one had found time to put crisp parsley about the old Canton platter of cold meats; some one had made a special trip down to Mrs.

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O'Brien's for the cream that filled the Wedgwood pitcher. Margaret felt tears press suddenly against her eyes.

"Oh, Beck!" she could only stammer when the sisters went to the kitchen for hot water and tea biscuit.

"Mother did it," said Rebecca, returning her hug with fervour, "she called us all down after you left. Then later Paul and I and the others were walking, and we saw that Professor Tenison had missed the five, and I tore home and told Mother you'd be back, and we just *flew!*"

IT WAS ALL like a pleasant awakening after a troubled dream. Mother was so gracious and charming behind the urn, Rebecca irresistible in her open admiration of the famous professor. Dad, his sweetest self—delightfully reminiscent of his boyhood, and his visit to the White House in Lincoln's day with "my uncle, the judge."

And after tea they sat on the porch, and the stars came out, and presently the moon sent silver shafts through the dark trees. Little Rob came home and climbed into his father's lap.

"Sing something, Mark," said Dad then, and Margaret, sitting on the steps, with her head against her mother's knee, found it very simple to begin in the silence one of the old songs he loved:

Don't you cry, ma honey,
Don't you weep no more.

Rebecca, sitting on the rail, one slender arm flung above her head about the pillar, joined her own young voice to Margaret's rich one. The others hummed a little. The professor, sitting, watching them, his locked hands hanging between his knees, saw in the moonlight a sudden glitter on the mother's cheek.

Bruce, tired and happy and sunburned, came through the splashed silver-and-black of the street to sit by Margaret, and put his arm about her, and the younger boys came around the corner of the house; before long all their happy voices rose together on "Believe Me," and "Working on the Railroad," and "Seeing Nellie Home," and half a dozen more of the immortal songs that young people have sung for half a century in the summer moonlight.

It was over too soon, and Margaret walked with her guest to the train at ten o'clock.

"Now I know what makes you what you are," said he. "It's having a mother like that! And now, just now, I've discovered what's been puzzling me all day—I've discovered what *she* gets out of it! This morning, thinking of what such a mother's life is, I couldn't see what *repaid* her, do you see? What made up to her for the unending, *unending* effort, and sacrifice, the pouring out and pouring out of love and sympathy and interest. . . ."

He hesitated, but Margaret did not speak.

"You know," continued John Tenison musingly, "in these days, when a woman thinks she is entitled to entirely ignore the question of children, if she feels that way, or at most to bring up one or two, just the one or two that the family income provides for luxuriously and easily, there's something magnificent in a woman like your mother, who, instead of one destiny, starts eight! Responsibility—that's what people are afraid of! But it seems to me there's no responsibility like that of decreeing that young lives simply *shall not* be. There's a higher tribunal than the social tribunal of this world, Miss Paget, after all, and it seems to me that a woman who stands there, as your mother will, with a forest of new lives about her, and a record like hers, will—will find she has a Friend at court!" he ended whimsically.

They were at a lonely corner, and a garden fence offering Margaret a convenient support, she laid her arms suddenly upon the rose vine that covered it, and her face on her arms, and cried as if her heart were broken.

But coming back from the train, half an hour later, she walked between a new heaven and a new earth. The warm stars seemed just over her head; a thousand little friendly odours came from garden beds and recently watered lawns. She moved through the confusion that always attended the settling-down of the Pagets for the night, like one in a dream, and was glad to find herself lying at last in the darkness beside the sleeping Rebecca again. Now, now she could think!

But it was all too wonderful for reasonable thought. Margaret clasped both her hands over her rising heart. He loved her. She could think of the very words he had used in telling her over and over again. She need not wonder and hope and despair ever again: he had *said* it. He loved her, and had loved her from the very first. His father suspected it, and his chum suspected it, and he had thought Margaret suspected it. And beside him in that career that she had followed so wistfully in her dreams, Margaret saw herself, his wife. Young, and clever, and good to look upon—yes, she was free to admit herself all these good things for his sake!—and his *wife*. Mounting as he mounted, always beside him, the one man in the world she had elected to admire and love! "Dr. and Mrs. John Tenison," so it would be written. "Dr. Tenison's wife." "This is Mrs. Tenison," she seemed already to hear the magical sound of it!

HOW SHE LOVED just being alive tonight! How she loved everything and everybody, Mother and Dad, darling little Beck and old Bruce, all the brothers and sisters! She would see Julie tomorrow, and show her how Mrs. Carr-Boldt's married niece had had her baby's wrappers cut. . . . Dear old Ju! Margaret had a sudden tender memory of the days when Theodore and Duncan and Rob were all babies in turn, how Mother would gather the little daily supply of fresh clothes from bureau and chest every morning, and carry the little bathtub into the sunny nursery window and sit there with only a bobbing downy head and reaching pink fingers visible from the great warm bundle of bath apron. . . . Ju would be doing that now.

Well, suppose she and Bruce had been the only ones. Yes, but it wouldn't have been Bruce and Margaret, it would have been Bruce and Charley. . . . Margaret stirred a little uneasily; frowned in the dark. She thought of all the matrons she knew with only two children, of more who had but one, of most

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who had none at all. It seemed perfectly incredible, it seemed perfectly *impossible* that if Mother had had but the two, she, Margaret—a pronounced and separate entity, traveled, ambitious, and to be the wife of one of the world's great men—might not have been lying here in the summer night, rich in love and youth and beauty and her dreams!

It was all very puzzling. Margaret sighed, and in answer her mother's voice spoke softly from the doorway:

"Awake, dear?"

Margaret locked her young arms tightly about her mother, as the older woman knelt beside her. "Mother—" she stammered, and stopped. Mrs. Paget kissed her.

"Daddy and I thought so," she said simply, and further announcement was not needed between them. "He is very fine, Mark," said Mrs. Paget presently. "I don't know but what I am glad, dear. I lose my girl, but there's no happiness like marriage, Mark."

"But not until June," Margaret whispered shyly. "John—John goes to Germany for a year, in June. And we thought that would be better than interrupting the term, or trying to settle down anywhere before that. And Mother, I'm going to write Mrs. Carr-Boldt—she can get a thousand girls to fill my place!—and I'm going to take the school here for the term. They'll give it to me, I know, for they've only ten days to get some one now. And I want to see something of Bruce, and sort of stand by Beck! We'll talk in the morning. But it's for you, most of all, Mother, I—I've always loved you, but I never realized—" She broke off pitifully, "Ah, MOTHER!"

For her mother's arms had tightened almost convulsively about her, and the face against hers was wet.

"Is Mother there?" said Rebecca drowsily. "You said your prayers on Mark last night. Come over and say them on me tonight, Mother," said she.

The Ring

By KNUT HAMSUN

Translated by Anders Orbeck

I ONCE AT A PARTY SAW a young lady madly in love. There was a double blue and a double sparkle in her eyes, and she was totally unable to conceal her feelings. Whom did she love? The young gentleman over by the window, the son of the host, a man with a uniform and a lion's voice. And oh! how her eyes feasted on the young man, and how restless she sat in her chair.

"What marvelous weather this is!" I remarked, as we went home that night, for I knew her well. "Did you enjoy yourself this evening?"

And in order to anticipate her wish I removed the engagement ring from my finger.

"Do you know," I said to her, "this ring you gave me has grown too small, too tight, for my finger. Do you suppose you could have it made larger?"

She reached out her hand.

"Let me take it, and I'll soon have it made larger."

And I gave her the ring.

A month later I met her again. I wanted to ask her about the ring, but on second thought decided not to. There is no hurry as yet, I said to myself; let her have a little more time—a month is too short.

Then she looked down at the pavement.

"Oh, yes—the ring," she said. "This ring is ill-fated, I'm afraid—I've mislaid it somewhere; I've lost it."

And she waited for my answer.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked uneasily.

"No," I answered.

And oh! how relieved she went away when she discovered that I wasn't angry with her!

A whole year went by. I was once more among the old, well-known places, and strolled one evening down a familiar, familiar path.

Then I saw her coming towards me. There was a treble blue and a treble sparkle in her eyes, but her mouth had grown large and pale.

"Here is your ring—your engagement ring," she called to me, still far off. "I've found it again, my beloved, and I've had it made larger. It will never again be too tight for you."

I looked at the forlorn woman and at her large pale mouth. And I looked at the ring.

"Alas!" I said, as I bowed very low, "this ring is certainly ill-fated! It is now altogether too large."

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Woodcut by Richard Bennett

Part III

Leaves *from the* Autograph Album *of* Mrs. Edwin Booth

Comments by OTIS SKINNER

MANY OF THE LEAVES of this GOLDEN BOOK series were dated in the early eighties. During a part of these years Booth was playing in England and Germany, where honours were showered upon him. A few English acquaintanceships began in previous years. That with Lord Tennyson was connected with a dramatization of "Enoch Arden" at Booth's Theatre, New York, in 1869. The poet wrote a letter flowing

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps & trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles:
With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field & fallow
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed & mallow:
I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come & men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A Tennyson
March 26th
1881.

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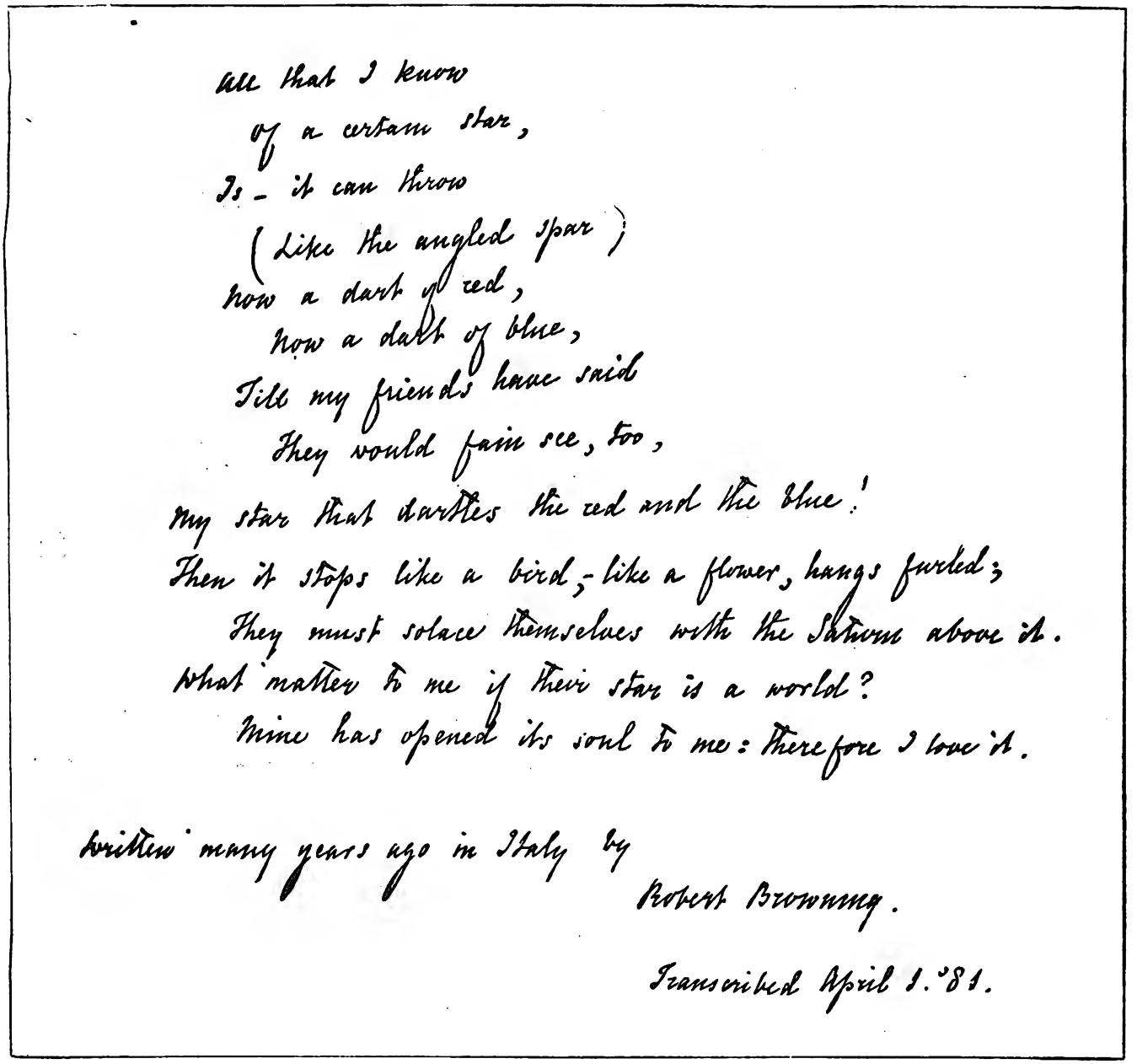

All that I know
Of a certain star,
Is – it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that darts the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me: therefore I love it.

Written many years ago in Italy by
Robert Browning.

Transcribed April 1. '81.

with gratitude to Booth, in which he subscribed himself: "Your obliged and faithful servant." Booth's daughter Edwina, in her correspondence, describes a visit from Tennyson to her father in London, and a subsequent luncheon at the poet's home, where the poet praised above all else Booth's performance of *King Lear* which he had witnessed the night before.

When this poem was transcribed by him for Mrs. Booth, Tennyson had been Poet Laureate of England for thirty-one years—since the death of Wordsworth in 1850. The poet had not yet, however, accepted the offer of a peerage, made to him on several occasions, and did not do so until 1884. It was Tennyson's good fortune to win both popular favour and the high esteem of critics fairly early in his long career, and to hold it unwaveringly until his death in 1892. His unrivaled fame in England during his lifetime dates perhaps from the publication of *In Memoriam* in 1850 and of the *Idylls of the King* in 1859, although his great friend Edward Fitzgerald maintained that Tennyson's name would be remembered by posterity if he had written nothing but the two volumes of *Poems* published in 1842.

There is a significance in the verse by Robert Browning that is given here. Although written, as he says, many years before, in its transcript among these letters one finds its application to the genius of Edwin Booth, who, writing to a friend, described Browning as "a charming man." Browning at this time (1881) was sixty-nine years old, a hearty, active, loud-spoken man, cordial and, upon occasion, peppery. His fame was steadily growing. In the summer of 1881 the "Browning Society," for the interpretation and illustration of his writings, was started. This was a tremendous and somewhat embarrassing honour for a living writer. More and more his name was coupled with that of the Poet Laureate's as the two great poets of the age. "Tennyson and I seem now to be regarded as the two kings of Brentford," Browning laughingly remarked. Browning had suffered much, since the death of his wife in 1861, from feelings of neglect, and these belated honours overwhelmed him.

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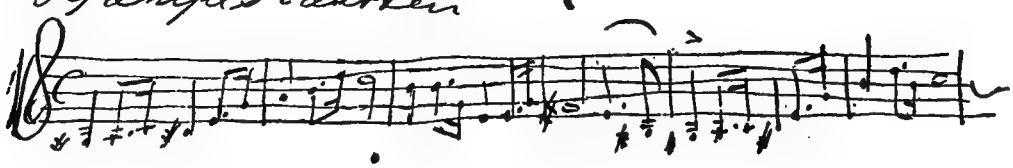
Hast thou found a virtuous woman?
her price is far above rubies. The heart
of her husband doth trust in him. She
will do him good and not evil all the
days of her life

Prov... C. 31 v. 10. 11. 12.

I A Fonda.

Astor Gardens
April 21.

Med Tro og Kjærlighed
Skal Lov og Landet bygges.
I Kampens Laarber



Mrs Edwin Booth

with Sincere regards
her devoted Servant

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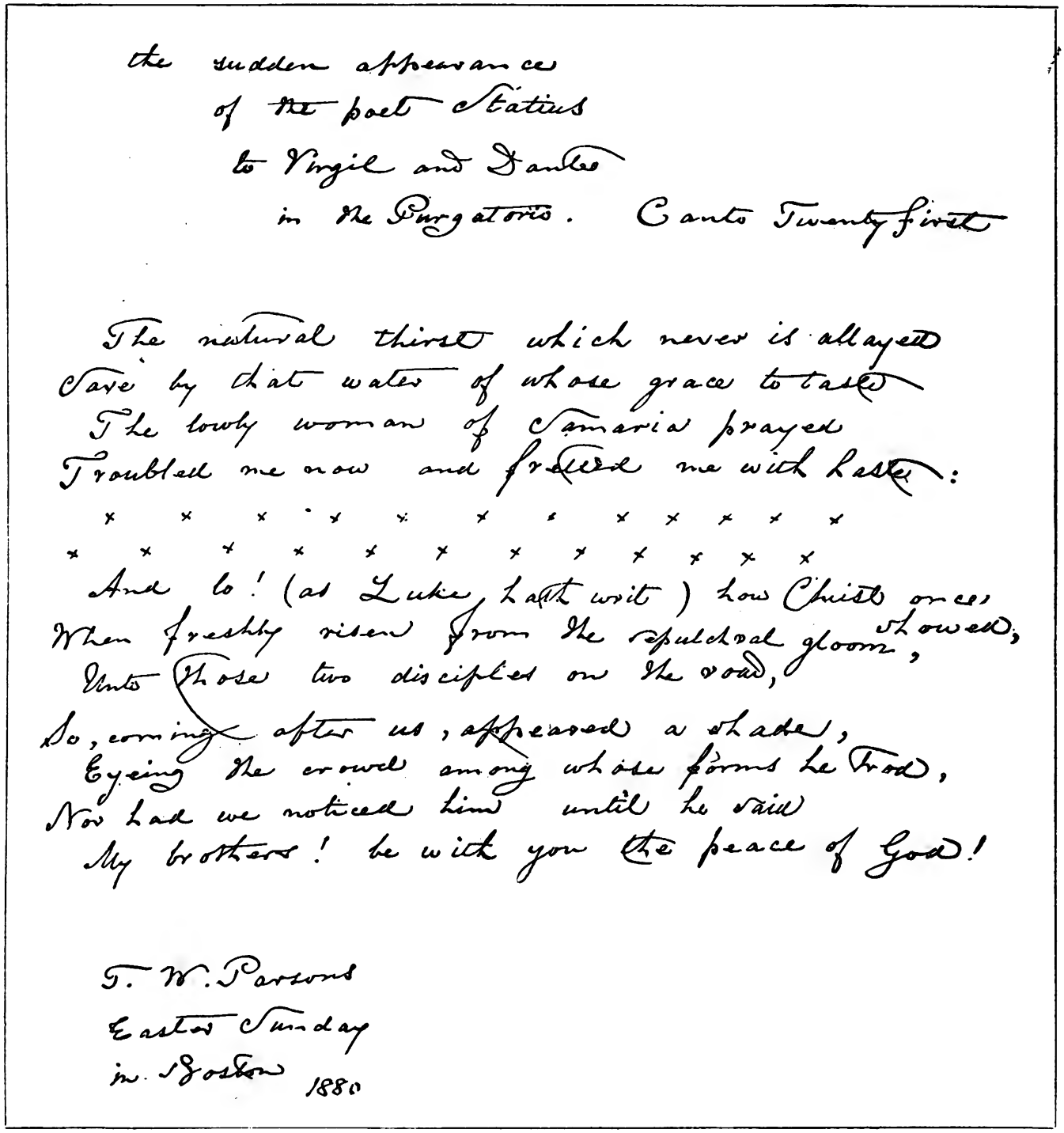

the sudden appearance
of the poet Statius
to Virgil and Dante
in the Purgatorio. Canto Twenty first

The natural thirst which never is allayed
Save by that water of whose grace to taste
The lowly woman of Samaria prayed
Troubled me now and fretted me with haste:

× × × × × × × × × × × ×

× × × × × × × × × × × ×

And lo! (as Luke, hath writ) how Christ once,
When freshly risen from the sepulchral gloom,
Unto those two disciples on the road,
So, coming after us, appeared a shade,
Eyeing the crowd among whose forms he trod,
Nor had we noticed him until he said
My brothers! be with you the peace of God!

T. W. Parsons
Easter Sunday
in Boston 1880

The contribution of James Anthony Froude, English historian and Carlyle's literary executor, was made at a time when all London was paying homage to Booth. I find no mention of Froude among Booth's letters, however.

Concerning the autograph page of the violinist, Ole Bull, I note the following request addressed to him:

"If you have not already written your autograph on the page that my wife left with Mrs. Bull, will you not give a verse or sentiment in your 'birth' tongue, say from some old Norse saga, in addition to the bar of music she asked for? Now then, I've done. Break your fiddlestick over my head. 'Twill serve me right for pestering you so much."

Frequent mention is made in Winter's memoirs and elsewhere of another poet, Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, noted for his translation of Dante. Booth found in him a friend of great sympathy during some of the dark hours of his life. In a letter written in 1884 he apologizes because a rehearsal keeps him from a call upon Parsons. Writing to Edwina six years later he says: "Dr. Parsons has called several times; sent his love to you and babies, and he also left some verses for you." Parsons was born and died near Boston, although he spent much of his life in Italy, pursuing the studies which resulted in his admirable translation of parts of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He is the poet of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

(To be concluded)

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Beyond Sound

Under the January rain that fell perpendicularly from a leaden sky, the Arras-Doullens road seemed to wind to and from desolation: a spectral ribbon of mud with shattered weeping poplars throwing their shadows across its stagnant surface; and all along its woeful route the ghostly cairns of smashed and broken gun-wheels, limbers, remnants of ammunition columns, and gaunt, ferocious-looking horses stiff and grotesque in the posture of a pantomimic death.

Down this road came a long and tortuous centipede; something with two thousand legs that moved with rhythmic tread; something replete with slung rifles, rubber sheets caped over war-weary shoulders, and greatcoats that weighed a ton; something with a thousand tin hats that dripped the January rain; with packs; with knapsacks: the whole, phantomlike as the road it traversed.

A battalion coming out on rest. Not a full complement; for they had been raked by a machine-gun that had taken its toll of them.

Men. Men with life's responsibilities, with love and hate in their hearts, with secrets, with thoughts of home and children, with disappointments, joys and sorrows . . . even as you and I. Men as homogeneous, colourless, gray, as the lice in their shirts.

Coming out from Vimy, on rest.

"Oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Hasn't been kissed in forty years,
Hinky, pinky, par-lee-voo."

They were leaving behind them their dead and a line they had held for three weeks, and they sang because they were happy. They were beyond sound of a machine-gun. Only the rain pattering on their tin hats reminded them of it.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

The cough of a Maxim! An evil, nerve-jarring, hideous, deadly thing of the Vimy mud. Unseen, impregnable behind its concrete hide, it spat death at all the world, and the world could not silence it.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

In the last week it had cost them a total of thirty-one lives. To kill it, crush it under heel and exterminate it, would—so it seemed to the battalion—end war and strife for all time. But the supporting artillery dared not try to locate it; it was too near their front line. Trench mortars failed. Mills bombs merely chipped its concrete emplacement.

Three times the colonel had called for a volunteer. Three times the battalion responded. And thrice a man had gone out, to be seen and heard no more. The weather, the glue-like mud, prohibited anything in the nature of a raid. The Maxim continued to cough with venomous effect. In the dead of night, in the gray of morn, a metallic hate that chilled the spine made men lie face downward in the slime of their sewers.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

To hell with it! Let the relieving battalion do the worrying. The 14th Royal Surreys, through for a week—perhaps longer—were sloughing back to Avesnes-le-Comte. To barns with dry straw in 'em. To hot baths. To clean underclothing. To estaminets. To beer. To girls—such as they were—God bless 'em.

"O-o-oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee——"

"Incline to the left, men!"

A sudden column, going up to Vimy, passed them on the gallop, splashing mud in all directions. Mud! "I've got mud on my soul," muttered the lieutenant. "Lord!" sang the file, "won't it be good to see a gel again?" "And plenty o' beer," said another. "Yus," said the sergeant, "and I hope the blasted war's over afore we get sober."

Laughter! A wave of it, spreading through the platoon. Laugh, men! It's easy on the chest. Laugh a bit of colour into your gizzards.

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By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

# of Machine-Gun

Woodcuts by M. J. Gallagher

In front of them marched the colonel; a tall, grave-faced man. "One in a million, he is!" "Yus! Who gave us an extra rum ration?" "The colonel!" "Who's never down-hearted?" "The colonel!" "And who'll we go through hell for, any time he asks us?" "The colonel!" "Three cheers for the colonel!" Beginning in A company, it ran down the drenched, mud-plastered ranks, through B and C and on to D.

Four paces in the rear of the last file, a rifle-less man trudged between two guards. The 14th was bringing out a prisoner. Not a German. He was one of their own men. His name was Private Hobbs, and dreadful was the thing he had done. For during the night he had left his listening-post, and while he did so two Germans had crawled across the strip of fetid No-Man's-Land and come within an ace of bombing the battalion dugout and killing the colonel; a catastrophe frustrated only by the quick action, the blazing courage of the man responsible for the whole blunder.

"O-o-o-oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Hasn't been ——"

That, however, didn't excuse him. It was bad soldiering, and for the like of it there is a just and sure punishment. Still, the colonel—who dearly loved his men and was cognizant that, after all, he most probably owed his life to the man—was loath to press the maximum penalty.

He should, he knew, call a military board, a court-martial. The finding of that board would certainly not be favourable to Bill 'Obbs. They would order him shot with no more ceremony than they would order their breakfast, and in the strictest military sense their decision would be proper. The man had no vestige of excuse. He had deserted his post for no other reason than a sentimental desire to bid a dying comrade God-speed. This lad, a weak and grudging soldier, was the prisoner's chum. Humbug!

"O-o-o-o-oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armen——"

Now, the battalion liked Bill 'Obbs. They admired his cool, indifferent nerve. They grinned at his square and ugly mug that was ornamented by a broken nose and bracketed by two outstanding ears. But there were whispers that Bill 'Obbs had served time before he joined the army, and although he was none the less a soldier for all of that, he was yet a bloke to keep a fair distance from.

He had one real friend, a lad named Watts; and thereby hangs the story of the post desertion. For Tommy Watts was a sick and weakly youth whom soldiering had not improved. Too long a term in London's slums had done its work, and all the physical training of the universe could not correct it. Many a time Bill 'Obbs carried his pack, many a time lent a helping hand, and last night he had violated orders by taking part of the lad's guard.

A listening-post is no sort of place to desert. Under ordinary circumstances Bill 'Obbs would never have dreamed of it. It was this way. As Tommy came down the trench to take up the remaining hour of his guard, the boche Maxim coughed a little and got him neatly through the chest. He yelled for Bill—as he often had before—and Bill ran frantically to aid him.

So it was that Tommy Watts leaned—even unto death—on a man they were now bringing out under guard, to a place beyond sound of the *taka-taka-taka* that had severed their relationship forever.

What's the idea, Bill? Your feet should be dragging. Your head should hang low, like it did last night. And what's the meaning of that look in your eyes? Steel gray they are; but wistful, Bill, damned wistful. Perhaps you are tired? All right, keep a-marching. You'll rest long enough when they finish with you at Avesnes-le-Comte.

"I know a gel there," piped a lad. "Her kisses are sweet as honey." "What," roared the sergeant, "that there one I seen you with the last time? She's a cow." "Hey, matey, give us a fag, will you?" "Will I? Take

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all you want. I'm happy today. You can 'ave me bloomin' shirt, if you like." "No thanks, mine's just as crummy."

"O-o-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from——"

The 14th Royal Surreys. Coming out from Vimy, headed by their tall, grave-looking colonel. And four paces in the rear of their last file, where a scoundrel properly belongs, they were bringing a man called 'Obbs. For he had done a dreadful thing, had 'Obbs; and when they got him to Avesnes-le-Comte they would haul him before his betters, hear all he had to say, and when he'd done a-talking they would tie a handkerchief over his steel-gray eyes and shoot him like a dog. . . .

"O-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Hasn't been kissed in forty years
Hinky, pinky, par-lee-voo."

They were in a dingy room in a square stone building honoured with the name, Battalion Headquarters. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. Benches lined the damp walls. Behind a solitary table with its confusion of reports and papers, its field-telephone, its military law books, sat an elderly, grave-faced man whose eyes were gentle as a woman's. Dennison was his name—Colonel Dennison. At the door was a sergeant and a khaki phalanx of four men with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

The colonel cleared his throat. When he spoke his voice seemed strained. "You—you appear to take this very casually, Hobbs."

"I lost me mate. I don't give a damn now, sir."

"You understand, exactly, what it means?"

No answer.

"A military board sitting here in the war area would order you shot"—the word seemed to pain him—"at dawn, tomorrow morning."

Bill 'Obbs nodded. It's what I'm expecting, sir."

Colonel Dennison looked at him. "You—you have nothing more to say, Hobbs?"

"There ain't anything I can say, sir. Oh, don't you worry about me, sir. If I've got to be shot, I'm glad to get out of it. Gawd's truth, sir. Fair sick of the blinkin' war, I am." Bill spoke listlessly. His eyes were lifeless. "Been sick of it for years, sir. It's waiting for it that makes a man suffer. Like you, sir, and them chaps over there." He glanced in the direction of the phalanx. "You'll all be going back up the line again. And I'd go with yer, so long as I was free. But——"

He faced his colonel. "I ain't afraid to die, sir. One volley from the old rifles and"—he was pale—"the blinkin' war'll be over for Bill 'Obbs, Esquire. I won't be missed. Now Tommy Watts has gone, there's nobody going to walk behind my coffin."

The colonel was silent for a moment.

"When did you join up, Hobbs?"

"What, me, sir? September, 1914. That's when I took the bloomin' shilling, sir."

"In it since the very beginning?"

"Yes, sir. Wounded four times, as you can see by these stripes on me arm. But they kept sending me back. Oh, there's only one way to get out of it, sir," he advised generally. "Take what's coming to yer, and die to end this 'ere militarism they're gabbing about."

"Well, Hobbs," again the colonel cleared his throat, "I don't know what to do about you. I'm shelving my duty as it is. I ought to call a—"

"Don't worry about me, sir."

"I want to make you see the full seriousness of your crime, to make you realize the punishment which should naturally follow it."

"I understand, sir."

"If I had you shot," the low grave voice went on, "it would automatically stop your pension, and your family or wife—"

"I got no family, sir, or a wife. And as for me blinkin' pension—why, I never even made out me papers for it. I ain't got anybody to leave it to. Not a bloody soul, sir. Never 'ad anybody—as I can remember." He folded his arms across his chest. "So let the bleedin' government keep me pension and buy themselves a bit o' ribbon with it. Gift from Bill 'Obbs, sir—and be damned to 'em!"

There was a silence. Then Colonel Dennison said, "You'll be kept in the guard-house, on bread and water, until I decide what to do with you. All right, sergeant. Take him out."

"Squad! Right turn! Quick march!"

Left, right; left, right; left, right. With Bill 'Obbs in between, the squad marched down the hill toward the guard-house. Before and above them, high in the heavens, the sun poured down on Vimy and the rancid, reeking hogwash that was its network of trenches.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

Two Canadian artillerymen, their backs against a barn, watched the little procession come down the hill.

"Hello! here's a guy they're sticking in the coop. Soft for him, all right."

"Maybe he's going to his funeral."

"G'wan. He ain't worrying." He greeted the prisoner with a shout. "Hey there, feller. How'd you get out of the war?"

Left, right; left, right; left, right——

"One of them 14th fellers."

"Yep. The suicide battalion. They been catching hell lately."

Another shout. "Hey, feller—I guess you know when you're well off, all right. Your battalion's going back in again, tomorrow."

This caused Bill 'Obbs to turn his head.

"It's a fact. I see the orders this morning. The 14th's got to pull off a big raid in a day or so. So ain't you lucky, feller?"

Left, right; left, right; left—— Going back in the line! Why, the battalion had been out only three days! A raid! Up there, in the face of that Maxim! They'd be slaughtered——

When the sun went down, Bill 'Obbs requested to be

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paraded before his colonel. For three days the battalion hadn't given a thought to him. They were not thinking of him now, at seven in the evening. Avesnes-le-Comte occupied all their time and attention, and the estaminets rang with the raucous symphony of their jollifications.

But Bill 'Obbs had been thinking of the battalion, thinking of the mugs he'd never see again; the mugs who, after today, would never look on Avesnes-le-Comte or on England. For they'd be going up to Vimy in the morning, and Bill 'Obbs knew by experience what that would mean to many of 'em. Not until the middle of the night would they be told. And then—in barns, in billets—what an awakening! From the blissful depths of a profound and alcoholic sleep the brass of their N. C. O.'s would startle them into an acute and frozen sobriety. "Parade, 4.30 A.M.! In the square! Full marching kit!"

All afternoon Bill 'Obbs had thought of it, had visualized their white and anxious faces, had heard their whispered questioning. Parade, lads! For Vimy! Your jaunt in Avesnes-le-Comte is over.

So, once again, he faced his colonel.

"I bin thinking, sir."

"Yes, Hobbs."

They were alone. The phalanx and its sergeant had been told to wait outside.

"As I told yer, sir, I'm fair sick of the blinkin' war. I'm glad to get out of it." The lifelessness had left his steel-gray eyes; pin-pricks of brilliant light danced in them, vanished, then danced again. "I hear the old battalion's a-going back in the line, sir? Tomorrow morning."

"Well?"

"Back to face that blasted pillbox, that there Maxim, sir. It got me mate, Tommy Watts. It'll get a lot more of us. I hate to think of the lads what's going to cop it. Now sir, I bin thinking."

Colonel Dennison was very patient.

"I know a way to put that Maxim out of business. Smash it for good and all, sir." And with a funny little chuckle Bill 'Obbs told the colonel of his desperate scheme.

The elderly grave-faced officer heard him through, then gasped and rose to his feet. "Could such a thing be attempted?"

"I can do it, sir." Bill was anxious. "Is it a go?"

"Well, Hobbs,"—he was studying the unmilitary figure, staring fixedly at him—"I really don't know what to say. It's a reckless scheme and—and——" His set features relaxed a little. "Perhaps I should tell you this, Hobbs. I've decided, under the circumstances of your action following your military crime, not to call a court-martial. My present plan is to take the matter up with Brigade and have you shipped back to England, to the military prison at Aldershot."

Bill 'Obbs suppressed a shudder. He had heard of that prison, knew what they did there to crimed men.

"Let me tackle that blasted Maxim, sir," he begged. "That'll be taking all that's coming to me—in one lump. I'm willing to take my punishment. Comes to the same thing in the end, sir, and we'll save the government a hundred wooden crosses. Anything for economy, that's what I say."

Colonel Dennison was graver than ever. "It's a brave, a very brave, a deliberate sacrifice," he stammered. He went to the window, stood there in silence. At length, without turning, he said: "I'll think it over, Hobbs. I'll let you know before morning."

"Very good, sir."

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One hour later, Bill 'Obbs strolled into Avesnes-le-Comte a free man. His boots were cleaned and polished, the buckle on his belt gleamed like gold, his tin hat was oiled and set at a jaunty angle, and in his trousers' pocket was a roll of notes given him by his colonel. "Back pay, Hobbs—and something extra." The back pay amounted to forty francs; the something extra increased it to a hundred. "Enjoy yourself, Hobbs. Have a good time."

"I will, sir."

But much as he desired to join his mates, to treat them to all and everything they wanted, to force them by the elbow of wholesale generosity to take him to their hearts, Bill 'Obbs—under the grim circumstances of his freedom—couldn't make his release known. Somehow, their jollifications, the conviviality of their drunken rowdyism, seemed barred to him. It was as if something, something insurmountable, lay between them.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

Regretfully, he turned away. He wandered aimlessly through the dark streets and took an unfrequented road that led west, toward the Channel, toward England.

Bill 'Obbs grinned as he realized the direction he was headed in. They said the stars were millions of miles away, but England was farther still. Quite suddenly he felt tired, in need of a stimulant. The money in his trousers' pocket burned to be spent.

Turning, he retraced his steps to a small deserted café that stood about half a mile from the town.

A low, dark room received him, a room lit by two tallow candles stuck in dark-green bottles that were mantled by white grease, and a small fire in a preposterously large fireplace. There were a few round tables, some chairs and high-backed benches. Bill 'Obbs had to stoop to avoid the great black cross-beams as he made for the fire.

Accentuating the loneliness of the place, a girl sat at one of the tables. She was a young and pallid little thing, who appeared either starved or consumptive. Here, in the gloom, her lips seemed black. In reality they were a vivid red. Bill 'Obbs could have put all the clothes she wore, including her hat and shoes, in the pocket of his greatcoat. There was something about her eyes, in their misty depths, something that——

But no. Few men would have looked twice at her. Still Bill 'Obbs looked, looked a dozen times and more. Her eyes made him think of London, when the scintillation of its west and east, its mansion, pub and music-hall was screened by a thin transparent fog. Ah! London was beautiful then! Very beautiful!

On impulse he rose and walked over to her.

"You're English, ain't yer?" he asked tentatively.

"None of yer dam' business."

He smiled. "Yus, I thought you was English," he said, sitting down beside her. "London, too, I'll bet five bob. And I wouldn't be so far off if I said the Mile End Road."

A smouldering fire played through the foggy eyes.

"Needn't sit down," she informed him. "I don't want yer bloomin' company."

Bill reddened. "I only thought that perhaps——"

"Oh, you thought, did yer? Well think again, old dear. Slope off!" she ordered. "Fade away, beat it, vamose, and do the conjuring act on yerself!"

Her table was bare of glass. A broken saucer served as ash-tray, and there was one cigarette stub on it.

"Yer wouldn't like a drop of——?"

"No, I wouldn't," she snapped. "I want to be left alone—that's all I want. To be left alone!" And on the instant of this fierce statement, the mist in her eyes evaporated and left the makings of a tear. At least that was the way Bill 'Obbs saw it, and his manner softened.

"I didn't mean to hurt yer feelings," he said. "I'm lonely—like yourself, maybe—and I only thought——"

He sat at another table. The proprietor came in—an old man with a face furrowed like a walnut shell—and stood bent half over in a mild, inquiring posture.

"What about a glass o' beer?" invited Bill, addressing the girl.

A withering glance relegated him to perdition.

Bill drank his beer, then drank another. An hour went by in silence save for the distant roll of war, the drone of passing aeroplane.

"What are yer staring at?" she snapped suddenly.

Bill coughed. "I was just a-trying to figure you out," he replied and chanced a smile at her. "Now then," he coaxed, "come off yer perch. 'Ave a drink with me. You can 'ave anything yer like. I've got the money." And he slapped his trousers' pocket.

She didn't answer.

Another half-hour went by in silence. Then he said: "What I can't understand is this: how's it happen that a girl like you is landed in a dump——?"

"None of yer dam' business." Again two smouldering eyes rebuked him. "Look here, Mr. Nosey," she demanded; "who d'yer think you are? A bloomin' officer, or something? Didn't I tell yer I wanted to be left alone?"

Bill snapped his fingers. "Now I got yer," he said. "So that's it, eh? I thought at first you was stranded here, or something, maybe an ambulance driver, or the likes of that. But *now* I got you."

"Oh, you have, have yer?"

"Yus," said Bill. "And d'you know what I think? I think it's a blinkin' shame. That's what I think. A young gel like you, pretty and——" He straightened. "What in 'ell brought you out to a place like this?"

No answer.

"Why didn't yer stay in London?" asked Bill. "'Cause that's where yer come from, I can tell by the way yer talk. You wasn't forced to come over here, like me. Look here!" he roared; "they ain't keeping you 'ere, against yer will, are they?"

"No."

"Well, don't tell me you like being 'ere?"

Spasmodically, she smote the table with a small clenched fist. "No, I don't!" she cried. "I want to go back . . . I want to go back!"

"What makes yer stay?"

"I dunno."

Bill 'Obbs, in the manner of his kind, then summed up his opinion of her. "You're a blinkin' little idiot," he swore. "That's what. A blinkin' little idiot."

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She glared at him a moment longer, then gave way. Burying her face in her thin arms she sobbed as though her heart would break.

Bill sipped his beer. No use saying any more till she'd finished crying. But he'd got her right, hadn't he? He nodded solemnly. Not that he cared where she came from, nor what she was. Part of the war, of course, but a damn sight less useful than Tommy Watts. A blinkin' shame!

Bill 'Obbs was no moralist. He viewed her as a bit of down, light as gossamer, blown from the daisied cliffs of Merrie England and caught, held, by the brambles on a foreign shore. To Bill, apart from that misfortune, she was as good as the greatest lady in the land, and a hell of a sight more attractive to look at.

LATER, WHEN SHE dried her tears and started chatting, she saw in him a kindred spirit; some one who spoke her language, was commonplace and bred of the same bone. Gradually she composed herself to a keen appreciation of all he did and said. At times the strange dancing lights in his eyes riveted her attention. She drank his beer and liked it better than champagne. He said things that were kindly meant but were roughly delivered, that came straight from the shoulder. His superiors wouldn't have dared talk to her that way, but with Bill 'Obbs she laughed, and her laughter rang a note of music into her starved and pinched soul.

Both were products of a part of London, a warren into which the warmth of social kindness rarely pierced, a locality where tradition taught its denizens to help one another.

When she told him she didn't know how she had ever strayed, Bill 'Obbs believed her. But when she said she'd give an arm to break away and lead a proper life—he kept silent—because he couldn't believe her.

He still hit from the shoulder. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"What about your parents?"

"Dunno," she said quietly. "Dunno anything any more 'cept this place, down the road. I hate it. That's why I come here, now and then, to be by meself a bit. I'm fair sick of hearing 'em talk."

"Reserved for officers," he growled.

She nodded. "So dam' polite." She twirled an imaginary moustache. "'Awfully glad to see you, don't you know.' 'Charmed, charmed.' 'I say! won't you harve a cigarette? Oh, do.'" Maisie sniffed. "They don't talk natural, like you do," she complimented him. "Gawd! the blighters don't even swear, or nothing."

Bill 'Obbs laughed.

"You say you can quit, any time yer want to?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about it?"

She hesitated. "I ain't got the money."

"Money for what?"

"To get me back to London."

He studied her intently.

"Would yer go, tomorrow, if you——?"

"Would I?" she retaliated swiftly. "Give us the chance, that's all."

Bill 'Obbs laid a roll of notes on the table. "Well," he said, "there's yer chance! One hundred francs, almost."

Maisie Taylor didn't move. She glanced at the money, then slowly lifted her eyes. "What's the game?" she asked suspiciously.

"It's yours. If yer mean all yer say."

"If I mean what?"

"You don't need to lose an arm. Keep it, to grab that."

She remained very quiet. Then, all at once, she threw back her head and laughed hysterically. "Well, if you ain't the funny one," she cried. "Giving me all that money, just for that. Want me to reform, do yer?" Her laughter ceased. She leaned forward aggressively. "Yes," she demanded, "and what else d'yer want?"

"Nothing."

For a full minute and more they stared at each other.

"What's the idea?" she almost whispered.

Bill 'Obbs laughed. "Just that I want to do some one a good turn," he said, "afore I go back up the line."

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

"You see, we're going back into Vimy tomorrow," he said, still looking at her. "A good turn. That's all it means. You're young and, to me, a bit o' England." Again he laughed. "Maybe the last bit I'll see. Yer never know. And I'd give me life for England, any old time she wants it." Bill 'Obbs's voice had risen thrillingly. "She's done nothing for me, as yet. Never will, I s'pose. But just the same she's me bloomin' country, and dam' it, I can't 'elp loving her."

The blood left his head and he flicked the money with his fingers. "That's nothing. And I've no use for it. Take it," he said.

Her throat was paining. "To—to go back to London?"

"That's it."

AN EXPRESSION OF infinite tenderness had stolen over her face. There was something about this man that found her out, rode roughshod over all her pretenses, stirred what little self-respect she had to a boiling-point. Had he materialized, even less than a year ago, Maisie Taylor knew they would have been married. He was that sort. She could see it in his eyes. They'd have been happy, too; happier, anyway, than she was at present.

"Lots of jobs you could take," he was advising. "How about a job in a tea-room or something like that? Yer'd look all right in one of them little caps and aprons."

"Yes," she managed. "If—if you——"

"If what?"

"If you'll write to me—and—when you come on leave——"

"Oh, never mind all that. Well," he boomed, "how about it?"

Her eyes were frank. "I'll go tomorrow," she said.

He gazed at her and felt she would keep her word. Possibly, too, she meant something more. Bill 'Obbs didn't dwell on that. But, on a sudden, it elated him, lifted him to heights he'd never known. Something in this salvation thing after all! Then her quiet and

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A little sob escaped her. Pathetically, she tried to hold him back.

simple promise. Nothing better girded him for the task he would face up at Vimy in the intense dark of tomorrow night. Making the blighters pay for Tommy Watts. That's what he wanted. Not to escape a court-martial. To hell with that!

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

"Good Lord!" he said, rising. "It's eleven o'clock. I've got to go." Again he looked at her. "That's a promise, is it?"

"Gawd's truth."

"How'll yer go?"

"Army truck to Calais."

He moved away. "All right."

"You'll write to me?"

He considered it for a moment. "Where'll I write to?" he asked.

She bit her fingers, nervously. "Miss Maisie Taylor," she said. "Care of Mile End Road post-office, London, E."

He grinned. "Didn't I tell yer? I knew you came from somewhere 'round there. All right, Maisie. They say a dead man can't write, but you'll hear from me, if the government don't fall asleep."

She ran after him. Putting a thin, transparent hand on the sleeve of his greatcoat, she looked up into his eyes. "I don't want nothing to happen to you," she said fiercely. "I'd like for to see you again, some day. When you get yer leave. I'll be looking better, then. We could go for a walk. Hyde Park or 'Ampstead 'Eath."

Bill had to laugh. "Gawd!" he said. "You're the first one as ever wanted to see me again. Come off yer perch. You wouldn't walk out with a mug like me, would yer?"

"Yes," said Maisie Taylor. "Anywhere."

Bill reddened. "Um," he said doubtfully.

"You'll come?"

"You never know yer luck." He opened the door. "Staying here?" he asked.

"Yes."

He nodded his approval. "That's the gel. Well, s'long, and get yerself a job."

"I will."

"Mean it?"

"Gawd's truth," said Maisie.

"Well, s'long."

A little sob escaped her. Pathetically, she tried to hold him back. "Don't yer—don't yer want nothing?" she begged, a catch in her voice.

Bill 'Obbs changed his mind. Lifting her up as he would a child, he laughed. "Yus," he roared. "Give us a bloomin' kiss. There you are, bit o' England. Gawd love yer!"

Releasing her, he yanked the door wide open, swung through it, slammed it behind him, and set off down the dark deserted road in the direction of the town.

A SLEETING RAIN drove from the north. Under it a battalion, in marching order, stood paraded in the square.

It was past eight in the morning, and the colonel, his officers and N. C. O.'s were frantic with suspense. Pale and tense of face the men waited leaning on their rifles, the rain dripping from their steel helmets and rubber capes; waited for the word that would set them in motion; waited for the extra tot of rum they hoped to get before starting.

Prior to lining up with them, Bill 'Obbs had stuck his head in at the orderly office window.

"Hey, corporal," he bellowed; "file that there for me."

"What is it?"

"What is it? Why, me blinkin' pension. That's what it is."

"What's the hurry, matey? Getting ready for the burial party?"

"You never know yer luck, do you?" sang Bill.

"Hey, wait a minute." The corporal scrutinized the

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bit of paper. "What's the name on this? Who's this going to benefit, when you're safe in heaven?"

"Can't you read?"

"Miss Togler, Miss Jogler——?"

"Taylor," roared Bill. "Mile End Road post-office, London."

"Ho, ho! Who's the lady? Your sweetheart?"

Bill 'Obbs had a flash of a white little face and a pair of smoky eyes that blazed.

"None of yer dam' business," he grinned.

The battalion got their rum and cheered the colonel for it. Then, in a voice that seemed to come from the leaden sky and had behind it the weight of awful judgment, the command was given.

"Batt-al-ion! Right turn! Forward march!"

"O! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armen——"

Once more they were marching down the Arras-Doullens road, with its smashed and broken gun-wheels, its dead horses; going back into the line, to Vimy and a Maxim that spat defiance against all the world.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka.

Moving down the road in the January rain. Men. A battalion of 'em. A full complement now, for they had been reinforced up to strength. Men with love and hate in their hearts, with thoughts of sweetheart, fame and fortune—even as you and I. Moving up to Vimy.

With them went Bill 'Obbs. Not four paces in the rear of the last file; but up ahead, in A company, in the front rank, right behind his colonel.

"O-o-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from
Armentières——"

And an hour later—just as the 14th, winding east, was clear of Beaumetz—an army truck went west from Avesnes-le-Comte; west toward the Channel, toward England. In it, seated on a pile of empty mailbags, was a young and pallid little thing who appeared to be either starved or consumptive.

She was neither. The bit of down that had blown from grace was going back to the garden to take root and try again.

And a month afterward, in an officers' training camp in Sussex, she was wearing the neat uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps. That is, she was a Waac. Gone was the fog from her eyes. Gone was her pallor. Indeed she was beginning to bloom, as a flower should, and the corporal in charge of the mess had saved much from his pay to court and compliment her.

Her duties—as were those of thousands like her—consisted of waiting on table, removing the dishes and washing and drying them in the kitchen.

She had just completed her breakfast work and now came out of the hut to catch the morning sun. A fellow Waac was seated on the kitchen steps reading a day-old newspaper. It was a tabloid sheet. Covering the whole of the front page was the enlarged reproduction of a photograph of a soldier.

With a savage gesture of possession Maisie Taylor snatched the paper from the girl's hands.

"My Gawd!" she gasped. "It's *him.*"

Under the photograph was a caption: "Private Hobbs, 14th Battalion, Royal Surrey Regiment. Awarded Posthumous V. C. for conspicuous gallantry in action."

"D'you know him?"

"Know him?" was the proud reply. "I should say I do."

"He's a V. C."

"You bet he is," said Maisie fiercely. "I knew he'd do something like this. I could tell, by the light in his eyes, the last time I saw him."

"When was that?"

"None of yer dam' business." Maisie gripped the newspaper as though she never meant to let go of it. "He's coming to London, one of these days," she prattled on. "To take me out walking."

"Ain't you lucky," said the other one, admiringly. "A hero, like him." She rose to take another look at the photograph. "I wonder what that means?" she said. "That word—posthumous?"

Maisie looked at it. "I dunno. Something wonderful, I'll bet."

Destiny

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

Why each is striving, from of old,
To love more deeply than he can?
Still would be true, yet still grows cold?
—Ask of the powers that sport with man!

They yok'd in him, for endless strife,
A heart of ice, a soul of fire;
And hurl'd him on the Field of Life,
An aimless unallay'd Desire.

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So They Say

Professor William Lyon Phelps:
of Yale University

"We look backward too much, and we look forward too much. Thus we miss the passing moment."

College Student:
asked to name the most outstanding contribution of chemistry to the world

"Blondes."

Leon Whipple:
in the "Survey Graphic"

"I think we should have a special vault for books that, like our vintage ginger ales, have aged a year, and still have authentic claim to notice. Some books stand re-discovering."

Professor Paul Monroe:
of Columbia University, returns from a visit to Russia

"The Museum of the Revolution in Moscow, with teachers as guides, presents four or five centuries of Russian history in such a way that it is difficult to go through it without being converted to the necessity for the revolution."

Dr. Bernard Hollander:
British alienist

"Women are less troubled by disturbing dreams than men—probably because they have less work and worry."

T. P. O'Connor:
aged 81, "father of the House of Commons," reviews politics

"When a man gets to be as old as I am he realizes that there is a lot of humbug in politics; that often whole situations would have been changed if there had been enough jobs to go around."

Rev. A. T. Bennett-Haines:
formerly preacher of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London

"Death is no more than the removal of earthly limitations. We will not become angels praying endlessly with harps in all impossible positions, as many neurotic people teach. We will live a robust, healthy, full-blooded life, performing a perfectly balanced work of which we will never tire as in this life."

Congressman Horace B. Frisbie:
a mythical legislator, devises a plan by which all the laws of the country will be observed

"I have been counting laws and citizens . . . and I am happy to state they balance perfectly. Nothing now remains but to assign each law to a citizen who will pledge himself to support it."

Louise Fazenda:
screen star

"A girl with red hair has to live up to it."

Prof. Hulsey Cason:
of the University of Rochester, submits to the Ninth International Congress of Psychology a comparative list of the likes, dislikes, and emotions of men and women

"The average woman's fear is greater than the average man's, but, contrary to popular belief of greater anger as a male characteristic, the average woman has a greater capacity in this emotion than has the average man."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman:
essayist

"To swallow and follow, whether old doctrine or new propaganda, is a weakness still dominating the human mind."

Philip Snowden:
British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who won financial victory for his constituents from the Reparations Commission

"We can no longer be regarded as the milk cow of Europe."

Reverend Dr. Walter A. Maier:
Lutheran clergyman of St. Louis

"Modernism leads to internationalism; internationalism leads to communism; communism leads to anarchism, and anarchism leads to destruction."

President Nicholas Murray Butler:
of Columbia University

"There is today in the world no great poet, no great philosopher, no great religious leader."

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JOHN PALMER GAVIT:
writer and critic, considers the recent election results in Great Britain a factor in world peace

". . . Important is the fact that for the next two years or so the government of Great Britain will be in the hands of persons representing the class which has all to gain by peace. Professional soldiers and naval officers will be relegated to the back seats."

MRS. MARY VAN RENSSELAER COGSWELL:
who, with a Mrs. Ingalls, on tour through Russia, made a side trip into the Caucasus mountains. The ladies returned to Moscow bruised, beaten, and penniless

"We narrowly escaped arrest a second time, because we asked a Red general to bring us a glass of tea. We didn't know he was a general, because all he wore was a pair of pants. The losing of my purse was the final blow. I cried oceans of tears, but I couldn't do anything about it, because even our handkerchiefs had been stolen."

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES:
of Sing Sing Prison, New York

"Most criminal laws are enacted to meet the convenience rather than the conscience of society, which does not really give a whoop about the ethics involved. They are, at best, merely the expressions, put into statutory form, of the opinions, prejudices, hysterics, customs, fears, and selfishness of the people as a mass."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN:
critic and writer

"Man is not made happy, nor does he progress, by realism alone. You've got to delude yourself a little bit. There's a certain deep value in illusion—in pragmatic illusion."

DR. JANET RANKEN AIKEN:
of Columbia University

"No one who has even a bowing acquaintance with the English language in its earlier stages can view our present-day spelling as anything other than a huge joke on somebody, probably on the schoolboy."

PROFESSOR JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM:
of the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, makes a plea for cultural education

"The mind that has been trained simply or predominantly in science is an unconsciously meager and ill-furnished mind. To look into a mind of this type is like looking into a laboratory: it is an excellent workshop, but there are no pictures on the wall, no books, no fireplace, no windows opening on garden, field, and sky."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
addresses the London congress of the World League for Sex reform, and contends that his eminence as playwright qualifies him as an expert on sex appeal

"If you want sex appeal raised to the utmost point, there is only one way of doing it, and that is by clothes. Probably the general adoption of clothing in many climates had for its object sex appeal rather than protection from the weather."

THE NEW YORK "SUN":
explains why men dress as plainly as they do

"Throughout animal life it is agreed—by the males—that the male is the more beautiful. Hence the necessity for the higher adornment of the female."

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES:
writer, attacks the old topic of "starving genius"

"Poverty never 'made' a genius, but it has destroyed many. Genius uses its poverty to create, but the poverty is not the fecundating principle of the artist's genius."

BUFFALO "EVENING NEWS":

"Slang is just sport-model language stripped down to get more speed with less horsepower."

BRIDGET:
after a sermon by the Archbishop on the beauties and joys of married life

"Ah, 'twas a fine sermon his riv'rince is afther tellin' us; and I wish I knew as little about it as he does!"

F. F. VAN DE WATER:
essayist and humourist, refuses to accept the generally worshipful attitude to "wise old Mother Nature"

"Nature is a blowsy, careless, profoundly stupid old lady. . . . Her mystery is nothing more than an amazingly thoughtless fecundity. Nine-tenths of the praise and ecstasy expended upon her is misdirected, and ninety-nine hundredths thereof is written by men and women in studio apartments with electric ice boxes."

MARTIN BORRMANN:
in the "Berliner Tageblatt," speaks up for the woman of forty

"The tiny line of wisdom at the corner of a woman's eye is the heart of her charm, midway between first bloom and old age."

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The Bookkeeper's Wife

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

NOBODY BUT THE JANITOR was stirring about the offices of the Remsen Paper Company, and still Percy Bixby sat at his desk, crouched on his high stool and staring out at the tops of the tall buildings flushed with the winter sunset, at the hundreds of windows, so many rectangles of white electric light, flashing against the broad waves of violet that ebbed across the sky. His ledgers were all in their places, his desk was in order, his office coat on its peg, and yet Percy's smooth, thin face wore the look of anxiety and strain which usually meant that he was behind in his work. He was trying to persuade himself to accept a loan from the company without the company's knowledge. As a matter of fact, he had already accepted it. His books were fixed; the money, in a black-leather bill-book, was already inside his waistcoat pocket.

He had still time to change his mind, to rectify the false figures in his ledger, and to tell Stella Brown that they couldn't possibly get married next month. There he always halted in his reasoning, and went back to the beginning.

The Remsen Paper Company was a very wealthy concern, with easy, old-fashioned working methods. They did a long-time credit business with safe customers, who never thought of paying up very close on their large indebtedness. From the payments on these large accounts Percy had taken a hundred dollars here and two hundred there until he had made up the thousand he needed. So long as he stayed by the books himself and attended to the mail-orders he couldn't possibly be found out. He could move these little shortages about from account to account indefinitely. He could have all the time he needed to pay back the deficit, and more time than he needed.

Although he was so far along in one course of action, his mind still clung resolutely to the other. He did not believe he was going to do it. He was the least of a sharper in the world. Being scrupulously honest even in the most trifling matters was a pleasure to him. He was the sort of young man that Socialists hate more than they hate capitalists. He loved his desk, he loved his books, which had no handwriting in them but his own. He never thought of resenting the fact that he had written away in those books the good red years between twenty-one and twenty-seven. He would have hated to let anyone else put so much as a pen-scratch in them. He liked all the boys about the office; his desk, worn smooth by the sleeves of his alpaca coat; his rulers and inks and pens and calendars. He had a great pride in working economics, and he always got so far ahead when supplies were distributed that he had drawers full of pencils and pens and rubber bands against a rainy day.

Percy liked regularity: to get his work done on time, to have his half-day off every Saturday, to go to the theatre Saturday night, to buy a new necktie twice a month, to appear in a new straw hat on the right day in May, and to know what was going on in New York. He read the morning and evening papers coming and going on the Elevated, and preferred journals of approximate reliability. He got excited about ball-games and elections and business failures, was not above an interest in murders and divorce scandals, and he checked the news off as neatly as he checked his mail-orders. In short, Percy Bixby was like the model pupil who is satisfied with his lessons and his teachers and his holidays, and who would gladly go to school all his life. He had never wanted anything outside his routine until he wanted Stella Brown to marry him, and that had upset everything.

It wasn't, he told himself for the hundredth time, that she was extravagant. Not a bit of it. She was like all girls. Moreover, she made good money, and why should she marry unless she could better herself? The trouble was that he had lied to her about his salary. There were a lot of fellows rushing Mrs. Brown's five daughters, and they all seemed to have fixed on Stella as first choice, and this or that one of the sisters as second. Mrs. Brown thought it proper to drop an occasional hint in the presence of these young men to the effect that she expected Stella to "do well." It went without saying that hair and complexion like Stella's could scarcely be expected to do poorly. Most of the boys who went to the house and took the girls out in a bunch to dances and movies seemed to realize this. They merely wanted a whirl with Stella before they settled down to one of her sisters. It was tacitly understood that she came too high for them. Percy had sensed all this through those slumbering instincts which awake in us all to befriend us in love or in danger.

But there was one of his rivals, he knew, who was a man to be reckoned with. Charley Greengay was a young salesman who wore tailor-made clothes and spotted waistcoats, and had a necktie for every day in the month. His air was that of a young man who is out for things that come high and who is going to get them. Mrs. Brown was ever and again dropping a word before Percy about how the girl that took Charley would have her flat furnished by the best furniture people, and her china-closet stocked with the best ware, and would have nothing to worry about but nicks and scratches. It was because he felt himself

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pitted against this pulling power of Greengay's that Percy had brazenly lied to Mrs. Brown, and told her that his salary had been raised to fifty a week, and that now he wanted to get married.

When he threw out this challenge to Mother Brown, Percy was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and he knew well enough that there were several hundred thousand young men in New York who would do his work as well as he did for thirty.

These were the factors in Percy's present situation. He went over them again and again as he sat stooping on his tall stool. He had quite lost track of time when he heard the janitor call good night to the watchman. Without thinking what he was doing, he slid into his overcoat, caught his hat, and rushed out to the elevator, which was waiting for the janitor. The moment the car dropped, it occurred to him that the thing was decided without his having made up his mind at all. The familiar floors passed him, ten, nine, eight, seven. By the time he reached the fifth, there was no possibility of going back; the click of the drop-lever seemed to settle that. The money was in his pocket. Now, he told himself as he hurried out into the exciting clamour of the street, he was not going to worry about it any more.

When Percy reached the Brown's flat on 123rd Street that evening he felt just the slightest chill in Stella's greeting. He could make that all right, he told himself, as he kissed her lightly in the dark three-by-four entrance-hall. Percy's courting had been prosecuted mainly in the Bronx or in winged pursuit of a Broadway car. When he entered the crowded sitting-room he greeted Mrs. Brown respectfully and the four girls playfully. They were all piled on one couch, reading the continued story in the evening paper, and they didn't think it necessary to assume more formal attitudes for Percy. They looked up over the smeary pink sheets of paper, and handed him, as Percy said, the same old jolly:

"Hullo, Perc'! Come to see me, ain't you? So flattered!"

"Any sweet goods on you, Perc'? Anything doing in the bong-bong line tonight?"

"Look at his new neckwear! Say, Perc', remember me. That tie would go lovely with my new tailored waist."

"Quit your kiddin', girls!" called Mrs. Brown, who was drying shirt-waists on the dining-room radiator. "And, Percy, mind the rugs when you're steppin' round among them gum-drops."

Percy fired his last shot at the recumbent figures, and followed Stella into the dining-room, where the table and two large easy-chairs formed, in Mrs. Brown's estimation, a proper background for a serious suitor.

"I say, Stell'," he began as he walked about the table with his hands in his pockets, "seems to me we ought to begin buying our stuff." She brightened perceptibly. "Ah," Percy thought, "so that *was* the trouble!" "Tomorrow's Saturday; why can't we make an afternoon of it?" he went on cheerfully. "Shop till we're tired, then go to dinner, and end up at the theatre."

As they bent over the lists she had made of things needed, Percy glanced at her face. She was very much out of her sisters' class and out of his, and he kept congratulating himself on his nerve. He was going in for something much too handsome and expensive and distinguished for him, he felt, and it took courage to be a plunger. To begin with, Stella was the sort of girl who had to be well dressed. She had pale primrose hair, with bluish tones in it, very soft and fine, so that it lay smooth however she dressed it, and pale-blue eyes, with blond eyebrows and long, dark lashes. She would have been a little too remote and languid even for the fastidious Percy had it not been for her hard, practical mouth, with lips that always kept their pink even when the rest of her face was pale. Her employers, who at first might be struck by her indifference, understood that anybody with that sort of mouth would get through the work.

After the shopping-lists had been gone over, Percy took up the question of the honeymoon. Stella said she had been thinking of Atlantic City. Percy met her with firmness. Whatever happened, he couldn't leave his books now. That was out of the question.

"I want to do my traveling right here on Forty-second Street, with a high-price show every night," he declared. He made out an itinerary, punctuated by theatres and restaurants, which Stella consented to accept as a substitute for Atlantic City.

"They give you fellows a week off when they're married, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but I'll want to drop into the office every morning to look after my mail. That's only businesslike."

"I'd like to have you treated as well as the others, though." Stella turned the rings about on her pale hand and looked at her polished finger-tips.

"I'll look for that. What do you say to a little walk, Stell'?" Percy put the question coaxingly. When Stella was pleased with him she went to walk with him, since that was the only way in which Percy could ever see her alone. When she was displeased, she said she was too tired to go

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out. Tonight she smiled at him incredulously, and went to put on her hat and gray fur-piece.

Once they were outside, Percy turned into a shadowy side street that was only partly built up, a dreary waste of derricks and foundation holes, but comparatively solitary. Stella liked Percy's steady, sympathetic silences; she was not a chatterbox herself. She often wondered why she was going to marry Bixby instead of Charley Greengay. She knew that Charley would go farther in the world. Indeed, she had often coolly told herself that Percy would never go very far. But, as she admitted with a shrug, she was "weak to Percy." In the capable New York stenographer, who estimated values coldly and got the most for the least outlay, there was something left that belonged to another kind of woman—something that liked the very things in Percy that were not good business assets. However much she dwelt upon the effectiveness of Greengay's dash and colour and assurance, her mind always came back to Percy's neat little head, his clean-cut face, and warm, clear, gray eyes, and she liked them better than Charley's fullness and blurred floridness. Having reckoned up their respective chances with no doubtful result, she opposed a mild obstinacy to her own good sense. "I guess I'll take Percy, *anyway,*" she said simply, and that was all the good her clever business brain did her.

Percy spent a night of torment, lying tense on his bed in the dark, and figuring out how long it would take him to pay back the money he was advancing to himself. Any fool could do it in five years, he reasoned, but he was going to do it in three. The trouble was that his expensive courtship had taken every penny of his salary. With competitors like Charley Greengay, you had to spend money or drop out. Certain birds, he reflected ruefully, are supplied with more attractive plumage when they are courting, but nature hadn't been so thoughtful for men. When Percy reached the office in the morning he climbed on his tall stool and leaned his arms on his ledger. He was so glad to feel it there that he was faint and weak-kneed.

OLIVER REMSEN, JUNIOR, had brought new blood into the Remsen Paper Company. He married shortly after Percy Bixby did, and in the five succeeding years he had considerably enlarged the company's business and profits. He had been particularly successful in encouraging efficiency and loyalty in the employes. From the time he came into the office he had stood for shorter hours, longer holidays, and a generous consideration of men's necessities. He came out of college on the wave of economic reform, and he continued to read and think a good deal about how the machinery of labour is operated. He knew more about the men who worked for him than their mere office records.

Young Remsen was troubled about Percy Bixby, because he took no summer vacations—always asked for the two weeks' extra pay instead. Other men in the office had skipped a vacation now and then, but Percy had stuck to his desk for five years, had tottered to his stool through attacks of grippe and tonsilitis. He seemed to have grown fast to his ledger, and it was to this that Oliver objected. He liked his men to stay men, to look like men and live like men. He remembered how alert and wide-awake Bixby had seemed to him when he himself first came into the office. He had picked Bixby out as the most intelligent and interested of his father's employes, and since then had often wondered why he never seemed to see chances to forge ahead. Promotions, of course, went to the men who went after them. When Percy's baby died, he went to the funeral, and asked Percy to call on him if he needed money. Once, when he chanced to sit down by Bixby on the Elevated and found him reading Bryce's *American Commonwealth,* he asked him to make use of his own large office library. Percy thanked him, but he never came for any books. Oliver wondered whether his bookkeeper really tried to avoid him.

One evening Oliver met the Bixbys in the lobby of a theatre. He introduced Mrs. Remsen to them, and held them for some moments in conversation. When they got into their motor, Mrs. Remsen said:

"Is that little man afraid of you, Oliver? He looked like a scared rabbit."

Oliver snapped the door, and said with a shade of irritation:

"I don't know what's the matter with him. He's the fellow I've told you about who never takes a vacation. I half believe it's his wife. She looks pitiless enough for anything."

"She's very pretty of her kind," mused Mrs. Remsen, "but rather chilling. One can see that she has ideas about elegance."

"Rather unfortunate ones for a bookkeeper's wife. I surmise that Percy felt she was overdressed, and that made him awkward with me. I've always suspected that fellow of good taste."

After that, when Remsen passed the counting-room and saw Percy screwed up over his ledger, he often remembered Mrs. Bixby, with her cold, pale eyes and long lashes, and her expression that was something between indifference and discontent. She rose behind Percy's bent shoulders like an apparition.

One spring afternoon Remsen was closeted in his private office with his lawyer until a late hour. As he came down the long hall in the dusk he glanced through the glass partition into the counting-room, and saw Percy Bixby huddled up on his tall stool, though it was too dark to work. Indeed, Bixby's ledger was closed, and he sat with his two arms resting on the brown cover. He did not move a muscle when young Remsen entered.

"You are late, Bixby, and so am I," Oliver began genially as he crossed to the front of the room and looked out at the lighted windows of other tall buildings. "The fact is, I've been doing something that men have a foolish way of putting off. I've been making my will."

"Yes, sir." Percy brought it out with a deep breath.

"Glad to be through with it," Oliver went on. "Mr. Melton will bring the paper back tomorrow, and I'd like to ask you to be one of the witnesses."

"I'd be very proud, Mr. Remsen."

"Thank you, Bixby. Good night." Remsen took up his hat just as Percy slid down from his stool.

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"Mr. Remsen, I'm told you're going to have the books gone over."

"Why, yes, Bixby. Don't let that trouble you. I'm taking in a new partner, you know, an old college friend. Just because he is a friend, I insist upon all the usual formalities. But it is a formality, and I'll guarantee the expert won't make a scratch on your books. Good night. You'd better be coming, too." Remsen had reached the door when he heard "Mr. Remsen!" in a desperate voice behind him. He turned, and saw Bixby standing uncertainly at one end of the desk, his hand still on his ledger, his uneven shoulders drooping forward and his head hanging as if he were seasick. Remsen came back and stood at the other end of the long desk. It was too dark to see Bixby's face clearly.

"What is it, Bixby?"

"Mr. Remsen, five years ago, just before I was married, I falsified the books a thousand dollars, and I used the money." Percy leaned forward against his desk, which took him just across the chest.

"What's that, Bixby?" Young Remsen spoke in a tone of polite surprise. He felt painfully embarrassed.

"Yes, sir. I thought I'd get it all paid back before this. I've put back three hundred, but the books are still seven hundred out of true. I've played the shortages about from account to account these five years, but an expert would find 'em in twenty-four hours."

"I don't just understand how——" Oliver stopped and shook his head.

"I held it out of the Western remittances, Mr. Remsen. They were coming in heavy just then. I was up against it. I hadn't saved anything to marry on, and my wife thought I was getting more money than I was. Since we've been married, I've never had the nerve to tell her. I could have paid it all back if it hadn't been for the unforeseen expenses that kept cropping up."

Remsen sighed, and looked sympathetically at Bixby's broken figure.

"Being married is largely unforeseen expenses, Percy. There's only one way to fix this up: I'll give you seven hundred dollars in cash tomorrow, and you can give me your personal note, with the understanding that I hold ten dollars a week out of your pay-check until it is paid. I think you ought to tell your wife exactly how you are fixed, though. You can't expect her to help you much when she doesn't know."

That night Mrs. Bixby was sitting in their flat, waiting for her husband. She was dressed for a bridge party, and often looked with impatience from her paper to the Mission clock, as big as a coffin and with nothing but two weights dangling in its hollow framework. Percy had been loath to buy the clock when they got their furniture, and he had hated it ever since. Stella had changed very little since she came into the flat a bride. Then she wore her hair in a Floradora pompadour; now she wore it hooded close about her head like a scarf, in a rather smeary manner, like an Impressionist's brushwork. She heard her husband come in and close the door softly. While he was taking off his hat in the narrow tunnel of a hall, she called to him:

"I hope you've had something to eat downtown. You'll have to dress right away." Percy came in and sat down. She looked up from the evening paper she was reading. "You've no time to sit down. We must start in fifteen minutes."

He shaded his eyes from the glaring overhead light.

"I'm afraid I can't go anywhere tonight. I'm all in."

Mrs. Bixby rattled her paper, and turned from the theatrical page to the fashions.

"You'll feel better after you dress. We won't stay late."

Her even persistence usually conquered her husband. She never forgot anything she had once decided to do. Her manner of following it up grew more chilly, but never weaker. Tonight there was no spring in Percy.

"I can't go. You had better telephone the Burks we aren't coming. I have to tell you something disagreeable."

Stella rose.

"I certainly am not going to disappoint the Burks and stay at home to talk about anything disagreeable."

"You're not very sympathetic, Stella."

She turned away.

"If I were, you'd soon settle down into a pretty dull proposition. We'd have no social life now if I didn't keep at you."

Percy roused himself.

"Social life? Well, we'll have to trim that pretty close for a while. I'm in debt to the company. We've been living beyond our means ever since we were married."

"We can't live on less than we do," Stella said quietly. "No use in taking that up again."

Percy clutched the arms of his chair.

"We'll have to take it up. I'm seven hundred dollars short, and the books are to be audited tomorrow. I told young Remsen, and he's going to take my note and hold the money out of my pay-checks. He could send me to jail, of course."

Drawings by Carroll Holliday

"You've been playing solitaire with the books, have you?"

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Stella turned and looked down at him with a gleam of interest.

"Oh, you've been playing solitaire with the books, have you? And he's found you out! I hope I'll never see that man again. Sugar face!" She said this with intense acrimony. Her forehead flushed delicately, and her eyes were full of hate. Young Remsen was not her idea of a "business man."

Stella went into the other room. When she came back she wore her evening coat and carried long gloves and a black scarf. This she began to arrange over her hair before the mirror above the false fireplace. Percy lay inert in the Morris chair and watched her. Yes, he understood; it was very difficult for a woman with hair like that to be shabby and to go without things. Her hair made her conspicuous, and it had to be lived up to. It had been the deciding factor in his fate.

Stella caught the lace over one ear with a large gold hairpin. She repeated this until she got a good effect. Then, turning to Percy, she began to draw on her gloves.

"I'm not worrying any, because I'm going back into business," she said firmly. "I meant to, anyway, if you didn't get a raise the first of the year. I have the offer of a good position, and we can live in an apartment hotel."

Percy was on his feet in an instant.

"I won't have you grinding in any office. That's flat."

Stella's lower lip quivered in a commiserating smile. "Oh, I won't lose my health. Charley Greengay's a partner in his concern now, and he wants a private secretary."

Percy drew back.

"You can't work for Greengay. He's got too bad a reputation. You've more pride than that, Stella."

A thin sweep of colour went over Stella's face.

"His business reputation seems to be all right," she commented, working the kid on with her left hand.

"What if it is?" Percy broke out. "He's the cheapest kind of a skate. He gets into scrapes with the girls in his own office. The last one got into the newspapers, and he had to pay the girl a wad."

"He don't get into scrapes with his books, anyway, and he seems to be able to stand getting into the papers. I excuse Charley. His wife's a pill."

"I suppose you think he'd have been all right if he'd married you," said Percy, bitterly.

"Yes, I do." Stella buttoned her glove with an air of finishing something, and then looked at Percy without animosity. "Charley and I both have sporty tastes, and we like excitement. You might as well live in Newark if you're going to sit at home in the evening. You oughtn't to have married a business woman; you need somebody domestic. There's nothing in this sort of life for either of us."

"That means, I suppose, that you're going around with Greengay and his crowd?"

"Yes, that's my sort of crowd, and you never did fit into it. You're too intellectual. I've always been proud of you, Percy. You're better style than Charley, but that gets tiresome. You will never burn much red fire in New York, now, will you?"

Percy did not reply. He sat looking at the minute-hand of the eviscerated Mission clock.

"You're old style, Percy," she went on. "Of course everybody marries and wishes they hadn't, but nowadays people get over it. Some women go ahead on the quiet, but I'm giving it to you straight. I'm going to work for Greengay. I like his line of business. . . . And now I'm going to the Burks'."

Percy dropped his hands limply between his knees.

"I suppose," he brought out, "the real trouble is that you've decided my earning power is not very great."

"That's part of it, and part of it is you're old-fashioned." Stella paused at the door and looked back. "What made you rush me, anyway, Percy?" she asked indulgently. "What did you go and pretend to be a spender and get tied up with me for?"

"I guess everybody wants to be a spender when he's in love," Percy replied.

Stella shook her head mournfully.

"No, you're a spender or you're not. Greengay has been broke three times, fired, down and out, blacklisted. But he's always come back, and he always will. You will never be fired, but you'll always be poor." She turned and looked back again before she went out.

SIX MONTHS LATER Bixby came to young Oliver Remsen one afternoon and said he would like to have twenty dollars a week held out of his pay until his debt was cleared off.

Oliver looked up at his sallow employe and asked him how he could spare as much as that.

"My expenses are lighter," Bixby replied. "My wife has gone into business with a ready-to-wear firm. She is not living with me any more."

Oliver looked annoyed, and asked him if nothing could be done to readjust his domestic affairs. Bixby said no; they would probably remain as they were.

"But where are you living, Bixby? How have you arranged things?" the young man asked impatiently.

"I'm very comfortable. I live in a boarding-house and have my own furniture. There are several fellows there who are fixed the same way. Their wives went back into business, and they drifted apart."

With a baffled expression Remsen stared at the uneven shoulders under the skin-fitting alpaca desk coat as his bookkeeper went out. He had meant to do something for Percy, but somehow, he reflected, one never did do anything for a fellow who had been stung as hard as that.

SPRING LOVE is a tremour, laughter, and a little ecstasy. An autumn love is a deeper love; it is enriched with memories; fear of the lean winter exalts it; and in autumn, at the fall of the leaf, a man kneels at the bedside of his beloved like a Saint at the Sacred Table.

GEORGE MOORE.

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Robert Louis Stevenson Gives Away His Birthday

A little girl who regretted that her birthday came on Christmas Day received word from a friend that he would give her his birthday, which occurred in November. Her friend was Robert Louis Stevenson, and these were the documents in the case.

I Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems*, stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when we never mention it, and that I have no now further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

Have transferred, and do hereby transfer, to the said Annie H. Ide, all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, *et tamquam bona filia familiæ*, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being:

In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Robert Louis Stevenson

(Seal)
Witness, Lloyd Osbourne
Witness, Harold Watts.

Several months passed before a reply from the little girl reached him at his South Seas home. He wrote back:

Vailima, Samoa, November 1891.

My dear Louisa,—

Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter, came all in a bundle, and made me feel I had my money's worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other, I do not know; I doubt if the case has ever happened before—your papa ought to know, and I don't believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw; by the letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw too, or

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Vailima, Samoa, November 1891.

My dear Louisa,—

Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter, came all in a bundle, and made me feel I had my money's worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other, I do not know; I doubt if the case has ever happened before—your papa ought to know, and I don't believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw; by the letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw too, or

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Woodcut by Stevenson to illustrate his poem, "The Disputatious Pines."

rather I mean to say I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you see we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad, also, that you are older than your sister; so should I have been, if I had had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already surprising.

I wish you would tell your father—not that I like to encourage my rival—that we have had a wonderful time here of late, and that they are having a cold day on Mulinuu, and the consuls are writing reports, and I am writing to the *Times,* and if we don't get rid of our friends this time I shall begin to despair of everything but my name-daughter.

You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was registered (as it was in the public press, with every solemnity), the 13th of November became your own *and only* birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas Day. Ask your father; I am sure he will tell you this is sound law. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will go on growing older for the future in the regular and human manner, from one 13th November to the next. The effect on me is more doubtful; I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces, like the one-horse shay, at a moment's notice; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not the least regret that which enables me to sign myself your revered and delighted name-father,

Robert Louis Stevenson

My Shadow

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Drawing by Jessie Willcox Smith
Permission Charles Scribner's Sons

I HAVE A LITTLE SHADOW that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

•

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

•

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

•

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

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By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

The Blue Chamber

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Translated by Louise Paul and Emily Mary Waller

A YOUNG MAN was walking up and down the waiting-room of a railway station, in an agitated condition. He wore blue spectacles, and, although he had not a cold, he used his pocket-handkerchief incessantly. He held in his left hand a little black bag which, as I learned later, contained a silk dressing-gown and a pair of Turkish pantaloons.

Every now and again he went to the door and looked into the street, then he drew out his watch and consulted the station clock. The train did not leave for an hour; but there are people who always imagine they will be late. This train was not for people in a pressing hurry; there were very few first-class carriages on it. It was an hour at which stock-brokers left, after business was finished, to go to their country homes for dinner. When travelers began to appear, a Parisian would have recognized from their bearing that they were either farmers or small suburban tradesmen. Nevertheless, every time anyone came into the station, or a carriage drew up at the door, the heart of the young man with the blue spectacles became inflated like a balloon, his knees trembled, his bag almost fell from his hands, and his glasses off his nose, where, we may mention in passing, they were seated crookedly.

His agitation increased when, after a long wait, a woman appeared by a side door, from precisely the direction in which he had not kept a constant lookout. She was dressed in black, with a thick veil over her face, and she held a brown morocco leather bag in her hand, containing, as I subsequently discovered, a wondrous morning-gown and blue satin slippers. The woman and the young man advanced towards each other, looking to right and left, but never in front of them. They came up to one another, shook hands, and stood several minutes without speaking a word, trembling and gasping, a prey to one of those intense emotions for which I would give in exchange a hundred years of a philosopher's life.

"Léon," said the young woman, when she had summoned up courage to speak (I had forgotten to say that she was both young and pretty)—"Léon, what a happy thought! I should never have recognized you with those blue spectacles."

"What a happy thought!" said Léon. "I should never have known you under that black veil."

"What a happy thought!" she repeated. "Let us be quick and take our seats; suppose the train were to start without us! . . ." (and she squeezed his arm tight). "No one will suspect us. I am now with Clara and her husband, on the way to their country house, where, *tomorrow*, I must say good-by to her . . . and," she added, laughing and lowering her head, "she left an hour ago; and tomorrow . . . after passing *the last evening* with her . . ." (again she pressed his arm), "tomorrow, in the morning, she will leave me at the station, where I shall meet Ursula, whom I sent on ahead to my aunt's. . . . Oh! I have arranged everything. Let us take our tickets. . . . They cannot possibly guess who we are. Oh! suppose they ask our names at the inn? I have forgotten them already. . . ."

"Monsieur and Madame Duru."

"Oh, no! Not Duru. There was a shoemaker called that at the *pension*."

"Dumont, then?"

"Daumont."

"Very well. But no one will ask us."

The bell rang, the door of the waiting-room opened, and the carefully veiled young woman rushed into a carriage with her youthful companion. The bell rang a second time, and the door of their compartment was closed.

"We are alone!" they exclaimed delightedly.

But, almost at the same moment, a man of about fifty, dressed completely in black, with a grave and bored expression, entered the carriage and settled himself in a corner. The engine whistled, and the train began to move. The two young people drew back as far as they could from their unwelcome neighbour and began to whisper in English as an added precaution.

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"Monsieur," said the other traveler, in the same tongue, and with a much purer British accent, "if you have secrets to tell to each other, you had better not tell them in English before me, for I am an Englishman. I am extremely sorry to annoy you; but there was only a single man in the other compartment, and I make it a rule never to travel alone with one man only. . . . He had the face of a Judas, and this might have tempted him."

He pointed to his traveling-bag, which he had thrown in before him on the cushion.

"But I shall read if I do not go to sleep."

And, indeed, he did make a gallant effort to sleep. He opened his bag, drew out a comfortable cap, put it on his head, and kept his eyes shut for several minutes; then he reopened them with a gesture of impatience, searched in his bag for his spectacles, then for a Greek book. At length he settled himself to read, with an air of deep attention. While getting his book out of the bag he displaced many things piled up haphazard. Among others, he drew out of the depths of the bag a large bundle of Bank of England notes, placed it on the seat opposite him, and, before putting it back in the bag, he showed it to the young man, and asked him if there was a place in N—— where he could change bank-notes.

"Probably, as it is on the route to England."

N—— was the place to which the young people were going. There is quite a tidy little hotel at N——, where people seldom stop except on Saturday evenings. It is held out that the rooms are good, but the host and his helpers are far enough away from Paris to indulge in this provincial vice. The young man whom I have already called by the name of Léon, had been recommended to this hotel some time previously, when he was minus his blue spectacles, and, upon his recommendation, his companion and friend had seemed desirous of visiting it.

She was, moreover, at that time in such a condition of mind that the walls of a prison would have seemed delightful, if they had enclosed Léon with her.

In the meantime the train journeyed on; the Englishman read his Greek book, without looking towards his companions, who conversed in that low tone that only lovers can hear. Perhaps I shall not astonish my readers when I tell them that these two were lovers in the fullest acceptation of the term, and, what was still more deplorable, they were not married, because there were reasons which placed an obstacle in the way of their desire.

They reached N——, and the Englishman got out first. Whilst Léon helped his friend to descend from the carriage without showing her legs, a man jumped on to the platform from the next compartment. He was pale, even sallow; his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and his beard unkempt, a sign by which great criminals are often detected. His dress was clean, but worn almost threadbare. His coat, once black, but now gray at the back and at the elbows, was buttoned up to his chin, probably to hide a waistcoat still more shabby. He went up to the Englishman and put on a deferential tone.

"Uncle!" he said, and paused in evident uncertainty.

"Leave me alone, you wretch!" cried the Englishman, whose gray eyes flashed with anger; and he took a step forward to leave the station.

"Don't drive me to despair," replied the other, with a piteous and yet at the same time menacing accent.

"Will you be good enough to hold my bag for a moment?" said the old Englishman, throwing his traveling-bag at Léon's feet.

He then took the man who had accosted him by the arm, and led, or rather pushed, him into a corner, where he hoped they would not be overheard, and there he seemed to address him roughly for a moment. He then drew some papers from his pocket, crumpled them up, and put them in the hand of the man who had called him uncle. The latter took the papers without offering any thanks, and almost immediately took himself off and disappeared.

As there is but the one hotel in N——, it was not surprising that, after a short interval, all the characters of this veracious story met together there. In France every traveler who has the good fortune to have a well-dressed wife on his arm is certain to obtain the best room in any hotel; so firmly is it believed that we are the politest nation in Europe.

If the bedroom that was assigned to Léon was the best, it would be rash to conclude that it was perfect. It had a great walnut bedstead, with chintz curtains, on which was printed in violet the magic story of Pyramis and Thisbe. The walls were covered with a coloured paper representing a view of Naples and a multitude of people; unfortunately, idle and impertinent visitors had drawn mustaches and pipes to all the figures, both male and female, and many silly things had been scribbled in lead-pencil in rhyme and prose on the sky and ocean. Upon this background hung several engravings: "Louis Philippe Taking the Oath of the Charter of 1830," "The first Interview between Julia and Saint-Preux," "Waiting for Happiness," and "Regrets," after M. Dubuffe. This room was called the Blue Chamber, because the two armchairs to left and right of the fireplace were upholstered in Utrecht velvet of that colour; but for a number of years they had been covered with wrappers of gray glazed calico edged with red braid.

Whilst the hotel servants crowded round the new arrival and offered their services, Léon, who, although in love, was not destitute of common sense, went to order dinner. It required all his eloquence and various kinds of bribes to extract the promise of a dinner by themselves alone. Great was his dismay when he learned that in the principal dining-room, which was next his room, the officers of the 3rd Hussars, who were about to relieve the officers of the 3rd Chasseurs at N——, were going to join in a farewell dinner that very day, which would be a lively affair. The host swore by all his gods that, except a certain amount of gaiety which was natural to every French soldier, the officers of the Hussars and Chasseurs were known throughout the town for their gentlemanly and discreet behaviour, and that their proximity would not inconvenience madam in the least; the officers were in the habit of rising from table before midnight.

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As Léon went back to the Blue Chamber but slightly reassured, he noticed that the Englishman occupied the other room next his. The door was open, and the Englishman sat at a table upon which were a glass and a bottle. He was looking at the ceiling with profound attention, as though he were counting the flies walking on it.

"What matter if they are so near," said Léon to himself. "The Englishman will soon be tipsy, and the Hussars will leave before midnight."

On entering the Blue Chamber his first care was to make sure that the communicating doors were tightly locked, and that they had bolts to them. There were double doors on the Englishman's side, and the walls were thick. The partition was thinner on the Hussars' side, but the door had a lock and a bolt. After all, this was a more effectual barrier to curiosity than the blinds of a carriage, and how many people think they are hidden from the world in a hackney carriage!

Assuredly the most opulent imagination could certainly never have pictured a more complete state of happiness than that of these two young lovers, who, after waiting so long, found themselves alone and far away from jealous and prying eyes, preparing to relate their past sufferings at their ease and to taste the delights of a perfect reunion. But the devil always finds out a way to pour his drop of wormwood into the cup of happiness.

JOHNSON WAS NOT the first who wrote—he took it from a Greek writer—that no man could say, "today I shall be happy." This truth was recognized at a very remote period by the greatest philosophers, and yet is ignored by a certain number of mortals, and especially by most lovers.

Whilst taking a poorly served dinner in the Blue Chamber from some dishes filched from the Hussars' and the Chasseurs' banquet, Léon and his lover were much disturbed by the conversation in which the gentlemen in the neighbouring room were engaged. They held forth on an abstruse subject concerning strategy and tactics, which I shall refrain from repeating.

There were a succession of wild stories—nearly all of them broad and accompanied by shrieks of laughter, in which it was often difficult for our lovers not to join. Léon's friend was no prude; but there are things one prefers not to hear, particularly during a *tête-à-tête* with the man one loves. The situation became more and more embarrassing, and when they were taking in the officers' dessert, Léon felt he must go downstairs to beg the host to tell the gentlemen that he had an invalid wife in the room adjoining theirs, and they would deem it a matter of courtesy if a little less noise were made.

The noise was nothing out of the way for a regimental dinner, and the host was taken aback and did not know what to reply. Just when Léon gave his message for the officers, a waiter asked for champagne for the Hussars, and a maidservant for port wine for the Englishman.

"I told him there was none," she added.

"You are a fool. I have every kind of wine. I will go and find him some. Port, is it? Bring me the bottle of ratafia, a bottle of quince and some brandy."

When the host had concocted the port in a trice, he went into the large dining-room to execute Léon's commission, which at first roused a furious storm of discussion and remonstrance.

Then a deep voice, which dominated all the others, asked what kind of a woman their neighbour was. There was a brief silence before the host replied——

"Really, gentlemen, I do not know how to answer you. She is very pretty and very shy. Marie-Jeanne says she has a wedding-ring on her finger. She is probably a bride come here on her honeymoon, as so many others come here."

"A bride?" exclaimed forty voices. "She must come and clink glasses with us! We will drink to her health, and teach the husband his conjugal duties!"

At these words there was a great jingling of spurs, and our lovers trembled, fearing that their room was about to be taken by storm. All at once a voice was raised which stopped the maneuver. It evidently belonged to a commanding officer. He reproached the officers with their want of politeness, ordered them to sit down again and to talk decently, without shouting. Then he added some words too low to be heard in the Blue Chamber. He was listened to with deference, but, nevertheless, not without exciting a certain amount of covert hilarity. From that moment there was comparative quiet in the officers' room; and our lovers, blessing the salutary reign of discipline, began to talk together with more freedom. . . . But after such confusion it was a little time before they regained that peace of mind which anxiety, the worries of traveling, and, worse than all, the loud merriment of their neighbours, had so greatly agitated. This was not very difficult to accomplish, however, at their age, and they had very soon forgotten all the troubles of their adventurous expedition in thinking of its more important consequences.

They thought peace was declared with the Hussars. Alas! it was but a truce. Just when they expected it least, when they were a thousand leagues away from this sublunary world, twenty-four trumpets, supported by several trombones, struck up the air well known to French soldiers, "La victoire est nous!" How could anyone withstand such a tempest? The poor lovers might well complain.

BUT THEY HAD NOT much longer to complain, for at the end the officers left the dining-room, filed past the door of the Blue Chamber with a great clattering of spurs and sabres, and shouted, one after the other——

"Good night, madam bride!"

Then all noise stopped. No, I am mistaken; the Englishman came out into the passage and cried out——

"Waiter! bring me another bottle of the same port."

Quiet was restored in the hotel of N——. The night was fine and the moon at the full. From time immemorial lovers had been pleased to gaze at our satellite. Léon and his lover opened their window, which looked on a small garden, and breathed with delight the fresh air, which was filled with the scent of a bower of clematis.

They had not looked out long, however, before a

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man came to walk in the garden. His head was bowed, his arms crossed, and he had a cigar in his mouth. Léon thought he recognized the nephew of the Englishman with the unusual fondness for good port wine.

I DISLIKE USELESS DETAILS, and, besides, I do not feel called upon to tell the reader things he can readily imagine, nor to relate all that happened hour by hour in the inn at N——. I will merely say that the candle which burned on the fireless mantelpiece of the Blue Chamber was more than half consumed when a strange sound issued from the Englishman's room, in which there had been silence until now; it was like the fall of a heavy body. To this noise was added a kind of cracking, quite as odd, followed by a smothered cry and several inarticulate words like an oath. The two young occupants of the Blue Chamber shuddered. Perhaps they had been waked up suddenly by it. The noise seemed a sinister one to both of them, for they could not explain it.

"Our friend the Englishman is dreaming," said Léon, trying to force a smile.

But although he wanted to reassure his companion, he shivered involuntarily. Two or three minutes afterwards a door in the corridor opened cautiously, as it seemed, then closed very quietly. They heard a slow and unsteady footstep which appeared to be trying to disguise its gait.

"What a cursed inn!" exclaimed Léon.

"Ah, it is a paradise!" replied the young woman, letting her head fall on Léon's shoulder. "I am dead with sleep. . . ."

She sighed, and was very soon fast asleep again.

A famous moralist has said that men are never garrulous when they have all their heart's desire. It is not surprising, therefore, that Léon made no further attempt to renew the conversation or to discourse upon the noises in the hotel at N——. Nevertheless, he was preoccupied, and his imagination pieced together many events to which in another mood he would have paid no attention. The evil countenance of the Englishman's nephew returned to his memory. There was hatred in the look that he threw at his uncle even while he spoke humbly to him, doubtless because he was asking for money.

What would be easier than for a man, still young and vigorous, and desperate besides, to climb from the garden to the window of the next room? Moreover, he was staying at the hotel, and would walk in the garden after dark, perhaps . . . quite possibly . . . undoubtedly, he knew that his uncle's black bag contained a thick bundle of bank-notes. . . . And that heavy blow, like the blow of a club on a bald head! . . . that stifled cry! . . . that fearful oath! and those steps afterwards! That nephew looked like an assassin. . . . But people do not assassinate in a hotel full of officers. Surely the Englishman, like a wise man, had locked himself in, specially knowing the rogue was about. . . . He evidently mistrusted him, since he had not wished to accost him bag in hand. . . . But why allow such hideous thoughts when one is so happy?

Thus did Léon cogitate to nimself. In the midst of his thoughts, which I will refrain from analyzing at greater length, and which passed in his mind like so many confused dreams, he fixed his eyes mechanically on the door of communication between the Blue Chamber and the Englishman's room.

In France, doors fit badly. Between this one and the floor there was a space of nearly an inch. Suddenly, from this space, which was hardly lighted by the reflection from the polished floor, there appeared something blackish and flat, like a knife blade, for the edge which the candlelight caught showed a thin line which shone brightly. It moved slowly in the direction of a little blue satin slipper, which had been carelessly thrown close to this door. Was it some insect like a centipede? . . . No, it was no insect. It had no definite shape. . . . Two or three brown streams, each with its line of light on its edges, had come through into the room. Their pace quickened, for the floor was a sloping one. . . . They came on rapidly and touched the little slipper. There was no longer any doubt! It was a liquid, and that liquid, the colour of which could now be distinctly seen by the candlelight, was blood! While Léon, paralyzed with horror, watched these frightful streams, the young woman slept on peacefully, her regular breathing warming her lover's neck and shoulder, her bosom rising and falling gently.

THE CARE which Léon had taken in ordering the dinner on their arrival at the inn of N—— adequately proved that he had a pretty level head, a high degree of intelligence and that he could look ahead. He did not in this emergency belie the character we have already indicated. He did not stir, and the whole strength of his mind was strained to keep this resolve in the presence of the frightful disaster which threatened him.

I can imagine that most of my readers, and, above all, my lady readers, filled with heroic sentiments, will blame the conduct of Léon on this occasion, for he remained motionless. They will tell me he ought to have rushed to the Englishman's room and arrested the murderer, or, at least, to have pulled his bell and rung up the people of the hotel. To this I reply that, in the first case, the bells in French inns are only room ornaments, and their cords do not correspond to any metallic apparatus. I would add respectfully, but decidedly, that, if it is wrong to leave an Englishman to die close by one, it is not praiseworthy to sacrifice for him a woman who is sleeping with her head on your shoulder. What would have happened if Léon had made an uproar and roused the hotel? The police, the inspector and his assistant would have come at once. These gentlemen are by profession so curious, that, before asking him what he had seen or heard, they would have questioned him as follows:

"What is your name? Where are your papers? And what about Madam? What were you doing together in the Blue Chamber? You will have to appear at the Assizes to explain the exact month, at what hour in the night, you were witnesses of this deed."

Now it was precisely this thought of the inspector and officers of the law which first occurred to Léon's mind. Everywhere throughout life there are questions

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of conscience difficult to solve. Is it better to allow an unknown traveler to have his throat cut, or to disgrace and lose the woman one loves?

It is unpleasant to have to propose such a problem. I defy the cleverest person to solve it.

Léon did then what probably most would have done in his place. He never moved.

He remained fascinated for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the blue slipper and the little red stream which touched it. A cold sweat moistened his temples, and his heart beat in his breast as though it would burst.

A HOST OF THOUGHTS and strange and horrible fancies took possession of him, and an inward voice cried out all the time, "In an hour all will be known, and it is your own fault!" Nevertheless, by dint of repeating to himself *"Qu'allais-je faire dans cette galère?"* he finished up by perceiving some few rays of hope. "If we leave this accursed hotel," he said to himself at last, "before the discovery of what has happened in the adjoining room, perhaps they may lose trace of us. No one knows of us here. I have been seen in blue spectacles only, and she has been seen only in a veil. We are only two steps from the station, and should be far away from it in an hour."

Then, as he had studied the time-table at great length to make out his journey, he recollected that a train for Paris stopped at eight o'clock. Very soon afterwards they would be lost in the vastness of that town, where so many guilty persons are concealed. Who could discover two innocent people there? But would anyone enter the Englishman's room before eight o'clock? That was the vital question.

Quite convinced that there was no other course before him, he made a desperate effort to shake off the torpor which had taken possession of him for so long, but at the first movement he made his young companion woke up and kissed him half-consciously. At the touch of his icy cheek she uttered a little cry.

"What is the matter?" she said to him anxiously. "Your forehead is as cold as marble."

"It is nothing," he replied in a voice which belied his words. "I heard a noise in the next room. . . ."

He freed himself from her arms, then he moved the blue slipper and put an armchair in front of the door of communication, so as to hide the horrid liquid from his lover's eyes. It had stopped flowing, and had now collected into quite a big pool on the floor. Then he half opened the door which led to the passage, and listened attentively. He even ventured to go up to the Englishman's door, which was closed. There were already stirrings in the hotel, for day had begun. The stablemen were grooming the horses in the yard, and an officer came downstairs from the second story, clinking his spurs. He was on his way to preside at that interesting piece of work, more agreeable to horses than to men, which is technically known as *la botte.*

Léon re-entered the Blue Chamber, and, with every precaution that love could invent, with the help of much circumlocution and many euphemisms, he revealed their situation to his friend.

It was dangerous to stay and dangerous to leave too precipitately; still much more dangerous to wait at the hotel until the catastrophe in the next room was discovered.

There is no need to describe the terror caused by this communication, or the tears which followed it, the senseless suggestions which were advanced, or how many times the two unhappy young people flung themselves into each other's arms, saying, "Forgive me! forgive me!" Each took the blame. They vowed to die together, for the young woman did not doubt that the law would find them guilty of the murder of the Englishman, and as they were not sure that they would be allowed to embrace each other again on the scaffold they did it now to suffocation, and vied with each other in watering themselves with tears. At length, after having talked much rubbish and exchanged many tender and harrowing words, they decided, in the midst of a thousand kisses, that the plan thought out by Léon, to leave by the eight o'clock train, was really the only one practicable, and the best to follow. But there were still two mortal hours to get through. At each step in the corridor they trembled in every limb. Each creak of boots proclaimed the arrival of the inspector.

Their small packing was done in a flash. The young woman wanted to burn the blue slipper in the fireplace; but Léon picked it up and, after wiping it by the bedside, he kissed it and put it in his pocket. He was astonished to find that it smelled of vanilla, though his lover's perfume was "Bouquet de l'impératrice Eugénie."

Everybody in the hotel was now awake. They heard the laughing of waiters, servant-girls singing at their work, and soldiers brushing their officers' clothes. Seven o'clock had just struck. Léon wanted to make his friend drink a cup of coffee, but she declared that hér throat was so choked up that she should die if she tried to drink anything.

Léon, armed with the blue spectacles, went down to pay the bill. The host begged his pardon for the noise that had been made; he could not at all understand it, for the officers were always so quiet! Léon assured him that he had heard nothing, but had slept profoundly.

"I didn't think your neighbour on the other side would inconvenience you," continued the landlord; "he did not make much noise. I bet he is still sleeping soundly."

LÉON LEANED HARD against the desk to keep from falling, and the young woman, who had followed him closely, clutched at his arm and tightened the veil over her face.

"He is a swell," added the pitiless host. "He will have the best of everything. Ah! he is a good sort. But all the English are not like him. There was one here who was a skinflint. He thought everything too dear: his room, his dinner. He wanted me to take a five-pound Bank of England note in settlement of his bill for one hundred and eighty-five francs . . . and to risk whether it was a good one! But stop, Monsieur; perhaps you will know, for I heard you talking English with Madam. . . . Is it a good one?"

With these words he showed Léon a five-pound

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bank-note. On one of its corners there was a little spot of red which Léon could readily explain to himself.

"I think it is quite good," he said in a stifled voice.

"Oh, you have plenty of time," replied the host; "the train is not due here till eight o'clock, and it is always late. Will you not sit down, Madam? You seem tired. . . ."

At this moment a fat servant-girl came up.

"Hot water, quick," she said, "for milord's tea. Give me a sponge too. He has broken a bottle of wine, and the whole room is flooded."

At these words Léon fell into a chair, and his companion did the same. An intense desire to laugh overtook them both, and they had the greatest difficulty in restraining themselves. The young woman squeezed his hand joyfully.

"I think we will not go until the two o'clock train," said Léon to the landlord. "Let us have a good meal at midday."

The Legend of the First Cam-u-el

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Across the sands of Syria,
Or, possibly, Algeria,
Or some benighted neighbourhood of barrenness and drouth,
There came the Prophet Sam-u-el
Upon the Only Cam-u-el—
A bumpy, grumpy Quadruped of discontented mouth.

The atmosphere was glutinous;
The Cam-u-el was mutinous;
He dumped the pack from off his back; with horrid grunts and squeals
He made the desert hideous;
With strategy perfidious
He tied his neck in curlicues, he kicked his paddy heels.

Then quoth the gentle Sam-u-el,
"You rogue, I ought to lam you well!
Though zealously I've shielded you from every grief and woe,
It seems, to voice a platitude,
You haven't any gratitude.
I'd like to hear what cause you have for doing thus and so!"

To him replied the Cam-u-el,
"I beg your pardon, Sam-u-el.
I know that I'm a Reprobate, I know that I'm a Freak;
But, oh! this utter loneliness!
My too-distinguished Onliness!
Were there but other Cam-u-els I wouldn't be Unique."

The Prophet beamed beguilingly.
"Aha," he answered, smilingly,
"You feel the need of company? I clearly understand.
We'll speedily create for you
The corresponding mate for you—
Ho! presto, change-o, dinglebat!"—he waved a potent hand,

And, lo! from out Vacuity
A second Incongruity
To wit, a Lady Cam-u-el, was born through magic art,
Her structure anatomical,
Her form and face were comical;
She was, in short, a Cam-u-el, the other's counterpart.

As Spaniards gaze on Aragon,
Upon that Female Paragon,
So gazed the Prophet's Cam-u-el, that primal Desert Ship.
A connoisseur meticulous,
He found her that ridiculous
He grinned from ear to auricle *until he split his lip!*

Because of his temerity
That Cam-u-el's posterity
Must wear divided upper lips through all their solemn lives!
A prodigy astonishing
Reproachfully admonishing
Those wicked, heartless married men who ridicule their wives.

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By THEODORE DREISER

The Lost Phœbe

Theodore Dreiser

THEY LIVED TOGETHER in a part of the country which was not so prosperous as it had once been, about three miles from one of those small towns that, instead of increasing in population, is steadily decreasing. The territory was not very thickly settled; perhaps a house every other mile or so, with large areas of corn- and wheat-land, and fallow fields that at odd seasons had been sown to timothy and clover. Their particular house was part log and part frame, the log portion being the old, original home of Henry's grandfather. The new portion, of now rain-beaten, time-worn slabs, through which the wind squeaked in the chinks at times, and which several overshadowing elms and a butter-nut tree made picturesque and reminiscently pathetic, but a little damp, was erected by Henry when he was twenty-one and just married.

That was forty-eight years before. The furniture inside, like the house outside, was old and mildewy and reminiscent of an earlier day. You have seen the what-not of cherry wood, perhaps, with spiral legs and fluted top. It was there. The old-fashioned four-poster bed, with its ball-like protuberances and deep, curving incisions, was there also, a sadly alienated descendant of an early Jacobean ancestor. The bureau of cherry was also high and wide and solidly built, but faded-looking, and with a musty odour. The rag carpet that underlay all these sturdy examples of enduring furniture was a weak, faded, lead-and-pink-coloured affair woven by Phœbe Ann's own hands, when she was fifteen years younger than she was when she died. The creaky wooden loom on which it had been done now stood like a dusty, bony skeleton, along with a broken rocking-chair, a worm-eaten clothes-press—Heaven knows how old—a lime-stained bench that had been used to keep flowers on outside the door, and other decrepit factors of household utility, in an east room that was a lean-to against this so-called main portion. All sorts of other broken-down furniture were about this place; an antiquated clothes-horse, cracked in two of its ribs, a broken mirror in an old cherry frame, which had fallen from a nail and cracked itself three days before their youngest son, Jerry, died; an extension hat-rack, which once had had porcelain knobs on the ends of its pegs; and a sewing-machine, long since outdone in its clumsy mechanism by rivals of a newer generation.

The orchard to the east of the house was full of gnarled old apple-trees, worm-eaten as to trunks and branches, and fully ornamented with green and white lichens, so that it had a sad, greenish-white, silvery effect in moonlight. The low outhouses, which had once housed chickens, a horse or two, a cow, and several pigs, were covered with patches of moss as to their roofs, and the sides had been free of paint for so long that they were blackish-gray as to colour, and a little spongy. The picket-fence in front, with its gate squeaky and askew, and the side fences of the stake-and-rider type, were in an equally run-down condition. As a matter of fact, they had aged synchronously with the persons who lived here, old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phœbe Ann.

They had lived here, these two, ever since their marriage, forty-eight years before, and Henry had lived here before that from his childhood up. His father and mother, well along in years when he was a boy, had invited him to bring his wife here when he had first fallen in love and decided to marry; and he had done so. His father and mother were the companions of himself and his wife for ten years after they were married, when both died; and then Henry and Phœbe were left with their five children growing lustly apace. But all sorts of things had happened since then. Of the seven children, all told, that had been born to them, three had died; one

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girl had gone to Kansas; one boy had gone to Sioux Falls, never even to be heard of after; another boy had gone to Washington; and the last girl lived five counties away in the same State, but was so burdened with cares of her own that she rarely gave them a thought. Time and a commonplace home life that had never been attractive had weaned them thoroughly, so that, wherever they were, they gave little thought as to how it might be with their father and mother.

OLD HENRY REIFSNEIDER and his wife Phœbe were a loving couple. You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion. The great world sounds widely, but it has no call for them. They have no soaring intellect. The orchard, the meadow, the cornfield, the pig-pen, and the chicken-lot measure the range of their human activities. When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed; when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked; when the timothy is in full head it is cut, and the hay-cock erected. After that comes winter, with the hauling of grain to market, the sawing and splitting of wood, the simple chores of fire-building, meal-getting, occasional repairing, and visiting. Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows, the rains, and the fair days—there are no immediate, significant things. All the rest of life is a far-off, clamorous phantasmagoria, flickering like Northern lights in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance.

Old Henry and his wife Phœbe were as fond of each other as it is possible for two old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of. He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and beard, quite straggly and unkempt. He looked at you out of dull, fishy, watery eyes that had deep-brown crow's-feet at the sides. His clothes, like the clothes of many farmers, were aged and angular and baggy, standing out at the pockets, not fitting about the neck, protuberant and worn at elbow and knee. Phœbe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear. As time had passed, and they had only themselves to look after, their movements had become slower and slower, their activities fewer and fewer. The annual keep of pigs had been reduced from five to one grunting porker, and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal, not over-nourished and not very clean. The chickens, of which formerly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease. The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself, and the vines and flower-beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets. A will had been made which divided the small tax-eaten property equally among the remaining four, so that it was really of no interest to any of them. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy, only that now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky, complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance at all.

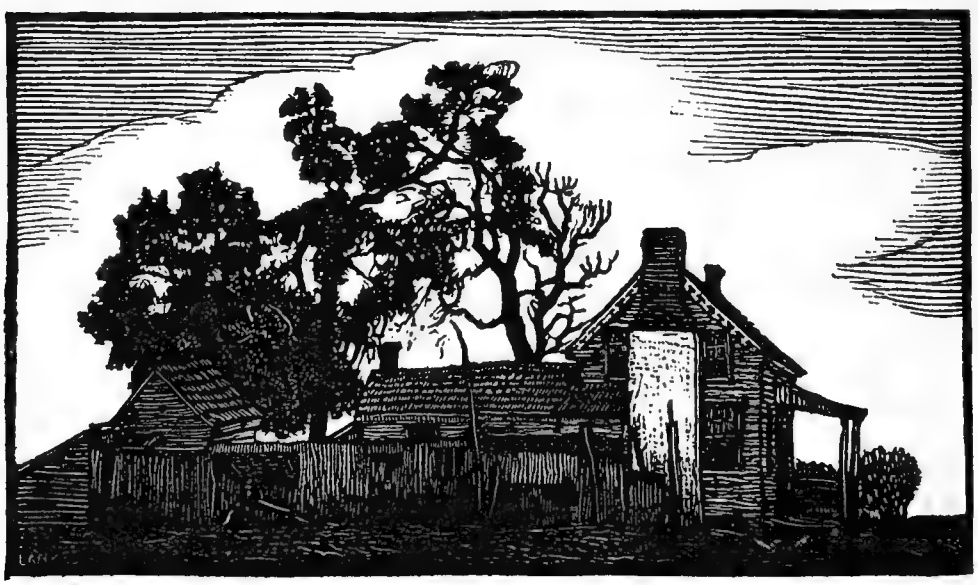
"Phœbe, where's my corn-knife? You ain't never minded to let my things alone no more."

"Now you hush, Henry," his wife would caution him in a cracked and squeaky voice. "If yuh don't, I'll leave yuh. I'll git up and walk out of here some day, and then where would y' be? Y' ain't got anybody but me to look after yuh, so yuh just behave yourself. Your corn-knife's on the mantel where it's allus been, unless you've gone an' put it summers else."

Old Henry, who knew his wife would never leave him under any circumstances, used to speculate at times as to what he would do if she were to die. That was the one leaving that he really feared. As he climbed on the chair at night to wind the old, long-pendulumed, double-weighted clock, or went finally to the front and the back door to see that they were safely shut in, it was a comfort to know that Phœbe was there, properly ensconced on her side of the bed, and that if he stirred restlessly in the night, she would be there to ask what he wanted.

"Now, Henry, do lie still! You're as restless as a chicken."

"Well, I can't sleep, Phœbe."



"Well, yuh needn't roll so, anyhow. Yuh kin let me sleep."

This usually reduced him to a state of somnolent ease. If she wanted a pail of water, it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it; and if she did rise first to build the fires, he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach. They divided this simple world nicely between them.

As the years had gone on, however, fewer and fewer people had called. They were well-known for a distance of as much as ten square miles as old Mr. and

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Mrs. Reifsneider, honest, moderately Christian, but too old to be really interesting any longer. The writing of letters had become an almost impossible burden, too difficult to continue, or even negotiate, via others, although an occasional letter still did arrive from the daughter in Pemberton County. Now and then some old friend stopped with a pie or cake or a roasted chicken or duck, or merely to see that they were well; but even these kindly-minded visits were no longer frequent.

One day in the early spring of her sixty-fourth year Mrs. Reifsneider took sick, and from a low fever passed into some indefinable ailment which, because of her age, was no longer curable. Old Henry drove to Swinnerton, the neighbouring town, and procured a doctor. Some friends called, and the immediate care of her was taken off his hands. Then one chill spring night she died, and old Henry, in a fog of sorrow and uncertainty, followed her body to the nearest graveyard, an unattractive space with a few pines growing in it. Although he might have gone to the daughter in Pemberton or sent for her, it was really too much trouble and he was too weary and fixed. It was suggested to him at once by one friend and another that he come to stay with them a while, but he did not see fit. He was so old and so fixed in his notions and so accustomed to the exact surroundings he had known all his days, that he could not think of leaving. He wanted to remain near where they had put his Phœbe; and the fact that he would have to live alone did not trouble him in the least. The living children were notified and the care of him offered if he would leave, but he would not.

"I KIN MAKE a shift for myself," he continually announced to old Dr. Morrow, who had attended his wife in this case.

"I kin cook a little, and, besides, it don't take much more'n coffee an' bread in the mornin's to satisfy me. I'll get along now well enough. Yuh just let me be." And after many pleadings and proffers of advice, with supplies of coffee and bacon and baked bread duly offered and accepted, he was left to himself. For a while he sat idly outside his door brooding in the spring sun. He tried to revive his interest in farming, and to keep himself busy and free from thought by looking after the fields, which of late had been much neglected. It was a gloomy thing to come in of an evening, however, or in the afternoon, and find no shadow of Phœbe where everything suggested her. By degrees he put a few of her things away. At night he sat beside his lamp and read in the papers that were left him occasionally or in a Bible that he had neglected for years, but he could get little solace from these things. Mostly he held his hand over his mouth and looked at the floor as he sat and thought of what had become of her, and how soon he himself would die. He made a great business of making his coffee in the morning and frying himself a little bacon at night; but his appetite was gone. The shell in which he had been housed so long seemed vacant, and its shadows were suggestive of immedicable griefs. So he lived quite dolefully for five long months, and then a change began.

It was one night, after he had looked after the front and the back door, wound the clock, blown out the light, and gone through all the selfsame motions that he had indulged in for years, that he went to bed not so much to sleep as to think. It was a moonlight night. The green-lichen-covered orchard just outside and to be seen from his bed where he now lay was a silvery affair, sweetly spectral. The moon shone through the east windows, throwing the pattern of the panes on the wooden floor, and making the old furniture to which he was accustomed stand out dimly in the room. As usual, he had been thinking of Phœbe and the years when they had been young together, and of the children who had gone, and the poor shift he was making of his present days. The house was coming to be in a very bad state indeed. The bedclothes were in disorder and not clean, for he made a wretched shift of washing. It was a terror to him. The roof leaked, causing things, some of them, to remain damp for weeks at a time, but he was getting into that brooding state where he would accept anything rather than exert himself. He preferred to pace slowly to and fro or to sit and think.

BY TWELVE O'CLOCK of this particular night he was asleep, however, and by two had waked again. The moon by this time had shifted to a position on the western side of the house, and it now shone in through the windows of the living-room and those of the kitchen beyond. A certain combination of furniture—a chair near a table with his coat on it, the half-open kitchen door casting a shadow, and the position of a lamp near a paper—gave him an exact representation of Phœbe leaning over the table as he had often seen her do in life. It gave him a great start. Could it be she—or her ghost? He had scarcely ever believed in spirits; and still— He looked at her fixedly in the feeble half-light, his old hair tingling oddly at the roots, and then sat up. The figure did not move. He put his thin legs out of the bed and sat looking at her, wondering if this could really be Phœbe. They had talked of ghosts often in their lifetime, of apparitions and omens; but they had never agreed that such things could be. It had never been a part of his wife's creed that she could have a spirit that could return to walk the earth. Her after-world was quite a different affair, a vague heaven, no less, from which the righteous did not trouble to return. Yet here she was now, bending over the table in her black skirt and gray shawl, her pale profile outlined against the moonlight.

"Phœbe," he called, thrilling from head to toe, and putting out one bony hand, "have yuh come back?"

The figure did not stir, and he arose and walked uncertainly to the door, looking at it fixedly the while. As he drew near, however, the apparition resolved itself into its primal content—his old coat over the high-backed chair, the lamp by the paper, the half-open door.

"Well," he said to himself, his mouth open, "I thought shore I saw her." And he ran his hand strangely and vaguely through his hair, the while his nervous tension relaxed. Vanished as it had, it gave him the idea that she might return.

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because his mind was constantly on her and he was old, he looked out of the window that was nearest his bed and commanded a hen-coop and pig-pen and a part of the wagon-shed, and there, a faint mist exuding from the damp of the ground, he thought he saw her again. It was one of those little wisps of mist, one of those faint exhalations of the earth that rise in a cool night after a warm day, and flicker like small white cypresses of fog before they disappear. In life it had been a custom of hers to cross this lot from the kitchen door to the pig-pen to throw in any scrap that was left from her cooking, and here she was again. He sat up and watched it strangely, doubtfully, because of his previous experience, but inclined, because of the nervous titillation that passed over his body, to believe that spirits really were, and that Phœbe, who would be concerned because of his lonely state, must be thinking about him, and hence returning. What other way would she have? How otherwise could she express herself? It would be within the province of her charity so to do, and like her loving interest in him. He quivered and watched it eagerly; but, a faint breath of air stirring, it wound away toward the fence and disappeared.

A third night, as he was actually dreaming, some ten days later, she came to his bedside and put her hand on his head.

"Poor Henry!" she said. "It's too bad."

He roused out of his sleep, actually to see her, he thought, moving from his bed-room into the one living-room, her figure a shadowy mass of black. The weak straining of his eyes caused little points of light to flicker about the outlines of her form. He arose, greatly astonished, walked the floor in the cool room, convinced that Phœbe was coming back to him. If he only thought sufficiently, if he made it perfectly clear by his feeling that he needed her greatly, she would come back, this kindly wife, and tell him what to do. She would perhaps be with him much of the time, in the night, anyhow; and that would make him less lonely, his state more endurable.

In age and with the feeble it is not such a far cry from the subtleties of illusion to actual hallucination, and in due time this transition was made for Henry. Night after night he waited, expecting her return. Once in his weird mood he thought he saw a pale light moving about the room, and another time he thought he saw her walking in the orchard after dark. It was one morning when the details of his lonely state were virtually unendurable that he woke with the thought that she was not dead. How he had arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say. His mind had gone. In its place was a fixed illusion. He and Phœbe had had a senseless quarrel. He had reproached her for not leaving his pipe where he was accustomed to find it, and she had left. It was an aberrated fulfillment of her old jesting threat that if he did not behave himself she would leave him.

"I guess I could find yuh ag'in," he had always said. But her cackling threat had always been:

"Yuh'll not find me if I ever leave yuh. I guess I kin git some place where yuh can't find me."

This morning when he arose he did not think to build the fire in the customary way or to grind his coffee and cut his bread, as was his wont, but solely to meditate as to where he should search for her and how he should induce her to come back. Recently the one horse had been dispensed with because he found it cumbersome and beyond his needs. He took down his soft crush hat after he had dressed himself, a new glint of interest and determination in his eye, and taking his black crook cane from behind the door, where he had always placed it, started out briskly to look for her among the nearest neighbours. His old shoes clumped soundly in the dust as he walked, and his gray-black locks, now grown rather long, straggled out in a dramatic fringe or halo from under his hat. His short coat stirred busily as he walked, and his hands and face were peaked and pale.

"Why, hello, Henry! Where're yuh goin' this mornin'?" inquired Farmer Dodge, who, hauling a load of wheat to market, encountered him on the public road. He had not seen the aged farmer in months, not since his wife's death, and he wondered now, seeing him looking so spry.

"Yuh ain't seen Phœbe, have yuh?" inquired the old man, looking up quizzically.

"Phœbe who?" inquired Farmer Dodge, not for the moment connecting the name with Henry's dead wife.

"Why, my wife Phœbe, o' course. Who do yuh s'pose I mean?" He stared up with a pathetic sharpness of glance from under his shaggy, gray eyebrows.

"Wall, I'll swan, Henry, yuh ain't jokin,' are yuh?" said the solid Dodge, a pursy man, with a smooth, hard, red face. "It can't be your wife yuh're talkin' about. She's dead."

"Dead! Shucks!" retorted the demented Reifsneider. "She left me early this mornin' while I was sleepin'. She allus got up to build the fire, but she's gone now. We had a little spat last night, an' I guess that's the reason. But I guess I kin find her. She's gone over to Matilda Race's, that's where she's gone."

He started briskly up the road, leaving the amazed Dodge to stare in wonder after him.

"Wall, I'll be switched!" he said aloud to himself. "He's clean out'n his head. That poor old feller's been livin' down there till he's gone out'n his mind. I'll have to notify the authorities." And he flicked his whip with great enthusiasm. "Geddap!" he said, and was off.

Reifsneider met no one else in this poorly populated region until he reached the whitewashed fence of Matilda Race and her husband, three miles away. He had passed several other houses en route, but these not being within the range of his illusion were not considered. His wife, who had known Matilda well, must be here. He opened the picket-gate which guarded the walk, and stamped briskly up to the door.

"Why, Mr. Reifsneider," exclaimed old Matilda herself, a stout woman, looking out of the door in answer to his knock, "what brings yuh here this mornin'?"

"Is Phœbe here?" he demanded eagerly.

"Phœbe who? What Phœbe?" replied Mrs. Race, curious as to this sudden development of energy on his part.

"Why, my Phœbe, o' course. My wife Phœbe. Who do yuh s'pose? Ain't she here now?"

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Woodcuts by
J. J. Lankes

. . . An odd figure in the sun and rain . . . pursuing his endless search.

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Race, opening her mouth. "Yuh pore man! So you're clean out'n your mind now. Yuh come right in and sit down. I'll git yuh a cup o' coffee. O' course your wife ain't here; but yuh come in an' sit down. I'll find her fer yuh after a while. I know where she is."

The old farmer's eyes softened, and he entered. He was so thin and pale a specimen, pantalooned and patriarchal, that he aroused Mrs. Race's extremest sympathy as he took off his hat and laid it on his knees quite softly and mildly.

"We had a quarrel last night, an' she left me," he volunteered.

"Laws! laws!" sighed Mrs. Race, there being no one present with whom to share her astonishment as she went to her kitchen. "The pore man! Now somebody's just got to look after him. He can't be allowed to run around the country this way lookin' for his dead wife. It's turrible."

She boiled him a pot of coffee and brought in some of her new-baked bread and fresh butter. She set out some of her best jam and put a couple of eggs to boil, lying whole-heartedly the while.

"Now yuh stay right there, Uncle Henry, till Jake comes in, an' I'll send him to look for Phœbe. I think it's more'n likely she's over to Swinnerton with some o' her friends. Anyhow, we'll find out. Now yuh just drink this coffee an' eat this bread. Yuh must be tired. Yuh've had a long walk this mornin'." Her idea was to take counsel with Jake, "her man," and perhaps have him notify the authorities.

She bustled about, meditating on the uncertainties of life, while old Reifsneider thrummed on the rim of his hat with his pale fingers and later ate abstractedly of what she offered. His mind was on his wife, however, and since she was not here, or did not appear, it wandered vaguely away to a family by the name of Murray, miles away in another direction. He decided after a time that he would not wait for Jake Race to hunt his wife, but would seek her for himself. He must be on, and urge her to come back.

"Well, I'll be goin'," he said, getting up and looking strangely about him. "I guess she didn't come here after all. She went over to the Murrays, I guess. I'll not wait any longer, Mis' Race. There's a lot to do over to the house today." And out he marched in the face of her protests, taking to the dusty road again in the warm spring sun, his cane striking the earth as he went.

It was two hours later that this pale figure of a man appeared in the Murrays' doorway, dusty, perspiring, eager. He had tramped all of five miles, and it was noon. An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad. They begged him to stay to dinner, intending to notify the authorities later and see what could be done; but though he stayed to partake of a little something, he did not stay long, and was off again to another distant farmhouse, his idea of many things to do and his need of Phœbe impelling him. So it went for that day and the next and the next, the circle of his inquiry ever widening.

The process by which a character assumes the significance of being peculiar, his antics weird, yet harmless, in such a community is often involute and pathetic. This day, as has been said, saw Reifsneider at other doors, eagerly asking his unnatural question, and leaving a trail of amazement, sympathy, and pity in his wake. Although the authorities were informed—the county sheriff, no less—it was not deemed advisable to take him into custody; for when those who knew old Henry, and had for so long, reflected on the condition of the county insane asylum, a place which, because of the poverty of the district, was of staggering aberration and sickening environment, it was decided to let him remain at large; for, strange to relate, it was found on investigation that at night he returned peaceably enough to his lonesome domicile, there to discover whether his wife had returned, and to brood in loneliness until the morning. Who would lock up a thin, eager, seeking old man with iron-gray hair and

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an attitude of kindly, innocent inquiry, particularly when he was well known for a past of only kindly servitude and reliability? Those who had known him best rather agreed that he should be allowed to roam at large. He could do no harm. There were many who were willing to help him as to food, old clothes, the odds and ends of his daily life—at least at first. His figure after a time became not so much a commonplace as an accepted curiosity, and the replies, "Why, no, Henry; I ain't see her," or "No Henry; she ain't been here today," more customary.

For several years thereafter he was an odd figure in the sun and rain, on dusty roads and muddy ones, encountered occasionally in strange and unexpected places, pursuing his endless search. Undernourishment, after a time, although the neighbours and those who knew his history gladly contributed from their store, affected his body; for he walked much and ate little. The longer he roamed the public highway in this manner, the deeper became his strange hallucination; and finding it harder and harder to return from his more and more distant pilgrimages, he finally began taking a few utensils with him from his home, making a small package of them, in order that he might not be compelled to return. In an old tin coffee-pot of large size he placed a small tin cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, some salt and pepper, and to the outside of it, by a string forced through a pierced hole, he fastened a plate, which could be released, and which was his woodland table. It was no trouble for him to secure the little food that he needed, and with a strange, almost religious dignity, he had no hesitation in asking for that much. By degrees his hair became longer and longer, his once black hat became an earthen brown, and his clothes threadbare and dusty.

For all of three years he walked, and none knew how wide were his perambulations, nor how he survived the storms and cold. They could not see him, with homely rural understanding and forethought, sheltering himself in haycocks, or by the sides of cattle, whose warm bodies protected him from the cold, and whose dull understandings were not opposed to his harmless presence. Overhanging rocks and trees kept him at times from the rain, and a friendly hayloft or corn-crib was not above his humble consideration.

The involute progression of hallucination is strange. From asking at doors and being constantly rebuffed or denied, he finally came to the conclusion that although his Phœbe might not be in any of the houses at the doors of which he inquired, she might nevertheless be within the sound of his voice. And so, from patient inquiry, he began to call sad, occasional cries, that ever and anon waked the quiet landscapes and ragged hill regions, and set to echoing his thin "O-o-o, Phœbe! O-o-o, Phœbe!" It had a pathetic albeit insane, ring, and many a farmer or plowboy came to know it even from afar and say, "There goes old Reifsneider."

Another thing that puzzled him greatly after a time and after many hundreds of inquiries was, when he no longer had any particular dooryard in view and no special inquiry to make, which way to go. These cross-roads, which occasionally led in four or even six directions, came after a time to puzzle him. But to solve this knotty problem, which became more and more strange and puzzling, there came to his aid another hallucination. Phœbe's spirit or some power of the air or wind or nature would tell him. If he stood at the centre of the parting of the ways, closed his eyes, turned thrice about, and called "O-o-o, Phœbe!" twice, and then threw his cane straight before him, that would surely indicate which way to go, for Phœbe, or one of these mystic powers would surely govern its direction and fall! In whichever direction it went, even though, as was not infrequently the case, it took him back along the path he had already come, or across fields, he was not so far gone in his mind but that he gave himself ample time to search before he called again. Also, the hallucination seemed to persist that at some time he would surely find her. There were hours when his feet were sore, and his limbs weary, when he would stop in the heat to wipe his seamed brow, or in the cold to beat his arms. Sometimes, after throwing away his cane, and finding it indicating the direction from which he had just come, he would shake his head wearily and philosophically, as if contemplating the unbelievable or an untoward fate, and then start briskly off. His strange figure came finally to be known in the farthest reaches of three or four counties. Old Reifsneider was a pathetic character. His fame was wide.

Near a little town called Watersville, in Green County, perhaps four miles from that minor centre of human activity, there was a place or precipice locally known as the Red Cliff, a sheer wall of red sandstone, perhaps a hundred feet high, which raised its sharp face for half a mile or more above the fruitful cornfields and orchards that lay beneath, and which was surmounted by a thick grove of trees. The slope that slowly led up to it from the opposite side was covered by a rank growth of beech, hickory, and ash, through which threaded a number of wagon tracks crossing at various angles. In fair weather it had become old Reifsneider's habit, so inured was he by now to the open, to make his bed in some such patch of trees as this, to fry his bacon or boil his eggs at the foot of some tree, before laying himself down for the night. Occasionally, so light and inconsequential was his sleep, he would walk at night. More often, the moonlight or some sudden wind stirring in the trees or a reconnoitering animal arousing him, he would sit up and think, or pursue his quest in the moonlight or the dark, a strange, unnatural, half wild, half savage-looking but utterly harmless creature, calling at lonely road crossings, staring at dark and shuttered houses, and wondering where, where Phœbe could really be.

That particular lull that comes in the systole-diastole of this earthly ball at two o'clock in the morning invariably aroused him, and though he might not go any farther he would sit up and contemplate the darkness or the stars, wondering. Sometimes in the strange processes of his mind he would fancy that he saw moving among the trees the figure of his lost wife, and then he would get up to follow, taking his utensils, always on a string, and his cane. If she seemed to

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evade him too easily he would run, or plead, or, suddenly losing track of the fancied figure, stand awed or disappointed, grieving for the moment over the almost insurmountable difficulties of his search.

It was in the seventh year of these hopeless peregrinations, in the dawn of a similar springtime to that in which his wife had died, that he came at last one night to the vicinity of this self-same patch that crowned the rise to the Red Cliff. His far-flung cane, used as a divining-rod at the last cross-roads, had brought him hither. He had walked many, many miles. It was after ten o'clock at night, and he was very weary. Long wandering and little eating had left him but a shadow of his former self. It was a question now not so much of physical strength but of spiritual endurance which kept him up. He had scarcely eaten this day, and now, exhausted, he set himself down in the dark to rest and possibly to sleep.

Curiously, on this occasion a strange suggestion of the presence of his wife surrounded him. It would not be long now, he counseled with himself, although the long months had brought him nothing, until he should see her, talk to her. He fell asleep after a time, his head on his knees. At midnight the moon began to rise, and at two in the morning, his wakeful hour, was a large silver disk shining through the trees to the east. He opened his eyes when the radiance became strong, making a silver pattern at his feet and lighting the woods with strange lustres and silvery, shadowy forms. As usual, his old notion that his wife must be near occurred to him on this occasion, and he looked about him with a speculative, anticipatory eye. What was it that moved in the distant shadows along the path by which he had entered—a pale, flickering will-o'-the-wisp that bobbed gracefully among the trees and riveted his expectant gaze? Moonlight and shadows combined to give it a strange form and a strange reality, this fluttering of bog-fire or dancing of wandering fire-flies. Was it truly his lost Phœbe? By a circuitous route it passed about him, and in his fevered state he fancied that he could see the very eyes of her, not as she was when he last saw her in the black dress and shawl, but now a strangely younger Phœbe, gayer, sweeter, the one whom he had known years before as a girl. The old man got up blindly. He had been expecting and dreaming of this hour all these years, and now as he saw the feeble light dancing lightly before him he peered at it questioningly, one thin hand in his gray hair.

Of a sudden there came to him now for the first time in many years the full charm of her girlish figure as he had known it in boyhood, the pleasing, sympathetic smile, the brown hair, the blue sash she had once worn about her waist at a picnic, her gay, graceful movements. He walked around the base of the tree, straining with his eyes, forgetting for once his cane and utensils, and following eagerly after. On she moved before him, a will-o'-the-wisp of the spring, a little flame above her head, and it seemed as though among the small saplings of ash and beech and the thick trunks of hickory and elm that she signaled with a young, a lightsome hand.

"O Phœbe! Phœbe!" he called. "Have yuh really come? Have yuh really answered me?" And hurrying faster, he fell once, scrambling lamely to his feet, only to see the light in the distance dancing illusively on. On and on he hurried until he was fairly running, brushing his ragged arms against the trees, striking his hands and face against impeding twigs. His hat was gone, his lungs were breathless, his reason quite astray, when, coming to the edge of the cliff, he saw her below among a silvery bed of apple-trees now blooming in the spring.

"O Phœbe!" he called. "O Phœbe! Oh, no, don't leave me!" And feeling the lure of a world where love was young, and Phœbe, as this vision presented her, a delightful epitome of their quondam youth, he gave a gay cry of "Oh, wait, Phœbe!" and leaped. . . .

Some farmer-boys, reconnoitering this region of bounty and prospect some few days afterward, found first the tin utensils tied together under the tree where he had left them, and then later, at the foot of the cliff, pale, broken, but elate, a moulded smile of peace and delight upon his lips, his body. His battered and disreputable old hat was discovered lying under some low-growing saplings, the twigs of which had held it back. No one of all the simple population knew how eagerly and joyously he had at last found his lost mate.

Requiem for a Modern Croesus

To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
Was a gleaming golden coin—
His to purloin;
The freshly minted stars were dimes of delight
Flung out upon the counter of the night.

In yonder room he lies,
With pennies on his eyes.

Lew Sarett.

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By
NATHANIEL
HAWTHORNE

The Great Stone Face

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Linoleum Cuts by
Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbours.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapour of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

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Now at length the mountain visage had found its human counterpart.

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobstrusive boy, and sun-browned with labour in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time, there went a rumour throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls; the wide ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth,

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yielded her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumoured in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,——

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of the sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labour of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighbourly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the

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defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honour him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangour of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbours and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An *aide-de-camp* of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other good people of the valley, left their work, and went to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honour they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he

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now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapours that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he laboured for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbour. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbour and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that, whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war—the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favourable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

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The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighbourhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers, and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbours to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountainside. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbour was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbour; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an

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ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

THE EFFECT WAS NO LESS high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labour in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen, too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived

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—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

An Artist's Confession

Translated by Stuart Merrill

By
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Woodcut by Helen West Heller

How penetrating are the dying days of autumn! Ah! penetrating unto pain! For there are certain delicious sensations whose vagueness does not prevent their intensity, and there is no point sharper than that of the Infinite.

Great delight, that of drowning one's gaze in the immensity of sky and sea! Solitude, silence, incomparable chastity of the azure; a remote sail that trembles on the horizon, and imitates, by its remoteness and isolation, my irremediable existence; the monotonous melody of the tide—all these things think through me, or I think through them (for in the grandeur of reverie the Ego soon loses itself); they think, I say, but musically and picturesquely, without arguments, without syllogisms, without deductions.

But these thoughts, whether they come from me or spring from things, become soon too intense. Energy in pleasure creates uneasiness and positive suffering. My nerves, too tightly strung, give out only discordant and painful vibrations.

And now the depth of the sky dismays me, its limpidity exasperates me. The insensibility of the sea, the immutability of the spectacle revolts me. . . . Ah! must I eternally suffer, or fly eternally from the beautiful? Nature, enchantress without pity, rival ever victorious, leave me! Cease from tempting my desires and my pride! The study of the beautiful is a duel in which the artist cries out with terror before he is vanquished.

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By ARTHUR HOPKINS

Moonshine

Drawing by M. J. Gallagher

CHARACTERS

LUKE HAZY, *Moonshiner.*
A REVENUE OFFICER.

SCENE: *Moonshiner's Hut.*

TIME: *The Present.*

Hut of a moonshiner in the mountain wilds of North Carolina. Door back left. Window back right centre. Old deal table right centre. Kitchen chair at either side of the table, not close to it. Old cupboard in left corner. Rude stone fireplace left side. On back wall near door is a rough pencil sketch of a man hanging from a tree.

At rise of curtain a commotion is heard outside of hut.

LUKE (*off stage*)—It's all right, boys. . . . Jist leave him to me. . . . Git in there, Mister Revenue. (REVENUE, *a Northerner in city attire, without hat, clothes dusty, is pushed through doorway.* LUKE, *a lanky, ill-dressed Southerner, following, closes door.* REVENUE'S *hands are tied behind him.*) You must excuse the boys for makin' a demonstration over you, Mr. Revenue, but, you see, they don't come across you fellows very frequent, and they allus gits excited.

REVENUE—I appreciate that I'm welcome.

LUKE—'Deed you is, and I'm just a-goin' to untie your hands long 'nuff fer you to take a sociable drink. (*Goes to stranger, feels in all pockets for weapons.*) Reckon ye're travelin' peaceable. (*Unties hands.*) Won't yer sit down?

REVENUE (*drawing over chair and sitting*)—Thank you. (*Rubs wrists to get back circulation.*)

LUKE (*going over to cupboard and taking out jug*)—Yessa, Mister, the boys ain't seen one o' you fellers fer near two years. Began to think you wuz goin' to neglect us. I wuz hopin' you might be Jim Dunn. Have a drink?

REVENUE (*starts slightly at mention of* JIM DUNN)—No, thank you, your make is too strong for me.

LUKE—It hain't no luck to drink alone when you got company. Better have some.

REVENUE—Very well, my friend, I suffer willingly. (*Drinks a little and chokes.*)

LUKE (*draining cup*)—I reckon ye all don't like the flavour of liquor that hain't been stamped.

REVENUE—It's not so bad.

LUKE—The last Revenue that sit in that chair got drunk on my make.

REVENUE—That wouldn't be difficult.

LUKE—No, but it wuz awkward.

REVENUE—Awkward? Why so?

LUKE—I had to wait till he sobered up before I give him his ticket. I didn't feel like sendin' him to Heaven drunk. He'd 'a' found it awkward climbin' that golden ladder.

REVENUE—Thoughtful executioner.

LUKE—So you see, mebbe you kin delay things a little by dallyin' around a bit with the licker.

REVENUE (*picking up cup, getting it as far as his lips, slowly puts it down*)—The price is too great.

LUKE—I'm mighty sorry you ain't Jim Dunn. But I reckon you ain't. You don't answer his likeness.

REVENUE—Who's Jim Dunn?

LUKE—You ought to know who Jim Dunn is. He's just about the worst one of your revenue critters that ever hit these parts. He's got four of the boys in jail. We got a little reception all ready for him. See that? (*pointing to sketch on back wall*).

REVENUE (*looking at sketch*)—Yes.

LUKE—That's Jim Dunn.

REVENUE (*rising, examining picture*)—Doesn't look much like anyone.

LUKE—Well, that's what Jim Dunn'll look like when we git 'im. I'm mighty sorry you hain't Jim Dunn.

REVENUE—I'm sorry to disappoint you.

LUKE (*turning to cupboard and filling pipe*)—Oh, it's all right. I reckon one Revenue's about as good as another, after all.

REVENUE—Are you sure I'm a revenue officer?

LUKE (*rising*)—Well, since we ketched ye climbin' trees an' snoopin' round the stills, I reckon we won't take no chances that you hain't.

REVENUE—Oh.

LUKE—Say, mebbe you'd like a seegar. Here's one I have been savin' fer quite a spell back, thinkin' mebbe I'd have company some day. (*Brings out dried-up cigar, hands it to him.*)

REVENUE—No, thank you.

LUKE—It hain't no luck to smoke alone when ye got company. (*Striking match and holding it to* REVENUE.) Ye better smoke. (REVENUE *bites off end and mouth is filled with dust; spits out dust.* LUKE *holds match to cigar. With difficulty* REVENUE *lights it.*) That's as good a five-cent seegar as ye can git in Henderson.

REVENUE (*after two puffs, makes wry face, throws cigar on table*)—You make death very easy, Mister.

LUKE—Call me Luke. Make you feel as though you had a friend near you at the end—Luke Hazy.

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REVENUE (*starting as though interested, rising*)—Not the Luke Hazy that cleaned out the Crosby family?

LUKE (*startled*)—How'd you hear about it?

REVENUE—Hear about it? Why, your name's been in every newspaper in the United States. Every time you killed another Crosby the whole feud was told all over again. Why, I've seen your picture in the papers twenty times.

LUKE—Hain't never had one took.

REVENUE—That don't stop them from printing it. Don't you ever read the newspapers?

LUKE—Me read? I hain't read nothin' fer thirty years. Reckon I couldn't read two lines in a hour.

REVENUE—You've missed a lot of information about yourself.

LUKE—How many Crosbys did they say I killed?

REVENUE—I think the last report said you had just removed the twelfth.

LUKE—It's a lie! I only killed six . . . that's all they wuz—growed up. I'm a-waitin' fer one now that's only thirteen.

REVENUE—When'll he be ripe?

LUKE—Jes' as soon as he comes a-lookin' fer me.

REVENUE—Will he come?

LUKE—He'll come if he's a Crosby.

REVENUE—A brave family?

LUKE—They don't make 'em any braver—they'd be first-rate folks if they wuzn't Crosbys.

REVENUE—If you feel that way why did you start fighting them?

LUKE—I never started no fight. My granddad had some misunderstandin' with their granddad. I don't know jes what it wuz about, but I reckon my granddad wuz right, and I'll see it through.

REVENUE—You must think a lot of your grandfather.

LUKE—Never seen 'im, but it ain't no luck goin' again yer own kin. Won't ye have a drink?

REVENUE—No—no—thank you.

LUKE—Well, Mr. Revenue, I reckon we might as well have this over.

REVENUE—What?

LUKE—Well, you won't get drunk, and I can't be put to the trouble o' having somebody guard you.

REVENUE—That'll not be necessary.

LUKE—Oh, I know yer like this yer place now, but this evenin' you might decide to walk out.

REVENUE—I'll not walk out unless you make me.

LUKE—'Tain't like I'll let yer, but I wouldn't blame yer none if yu tried.

REVENUE—But I'll not.

LUKE (*rising*)—Say, Mistah Revenue, I wonder if you know what you're up against?

REVENUE—What do you mean?

LUKE—I mean, I gotta kill you.

REVENUE (*rising, pauses*)—Well, that let's me out.

LUKE—What do yu mean?

REVENUE—I mean that I've been trying to commit suicide for the last two months, but I haven't had the nerve.

LUKE (*startled*)—Suicide?

REVENUE—Yes. Now that you're willing to kill me, the problem is solved.

LUKE—Why, what d'ye want to commit suicide fer?

REVENUE—I just want to stop living, that's all.

LUKE—Well, yu must have a reason.

REVENUE—No special reason—I find life dull and I'd like to get out of it.

LUKE—Dull?

REVENUE—Yes—I hate to go to bed—I hate to get up—I don't care for food—I can't drink liquor—I find people either malicious or dull—I see by the fate of my acquaintances, both men and women, that love is a farce. I have seen fame and preference come to those who least deserved them, while the whole world kicked and cuffed the worthy ones. The craftiest schemer gets the most money and glory, while the fair-minded dealer is humiliated in the bankruptcy court. In the name of the law every crime is committed; in the name of religion every vice is indulged; in the name of education the greatest ignorance is rampant.

LUKE—I don't git all of that, but I reckon you're some put out.

REVENUE—I am. The world's a failure . . . what's more, it's a farce. I don't like it, but I can't change it, so I'm just aching for a chance to get out of it. . . . (*Approaching* LUKE) And you, my dear friend, are going to present me the opportunity.

LUKE—Yes, I reckon you'll get your wish now.

REVENUE—Good . . . if you only knew how I've tried to get killed.

LUKE—Well, why didn't you kill yerself?

REVENUE—I was afraid.

LUKE—Afeered o' what—hurtin' yourself?

REVENUE—No, afraid of the consequences.

LUKE—Whad d'ye mean?

REVENUE—Do you believe in another life after this one?

LUKE—I can't say ez I ever give it much thought.

REVENUE—Well, don't—because if you do you'll never kill another Crosby . . . not even a revenue officer.

LUKE—'Tain't that bad, is it?

REVENUE—Worse. Twenty times I've had a revolver to my head—crazy to die—and then as my finger pressed the trigger I'd get a terrible dread—a dread that I was plunging into worse terrors than this world ever knew. If killing were the end it would be easy, but what if it's only the beginning of something worse?

LUKE—Well, you gotta take some chances.

REVENUE—I'll not take that one. You know, Mr. Luke, life was given to us by some one who probably never intended that we should take it, and that some one has something ready for people who destroy his property. That's what frightens me.

LUKE—You do too much worryin' to be a regular suicide.

REVENUE—Yes, I do. That's why I changed my plan.

LUKE—What plan?

REVENUE—My plan for dying.

LUKE—Oh, then you didn't give up the idea?

REVENUE—No, indeed—I'm still determined to die, but I'm going to make some one else responsible.

LUKE—Oh—so you hain't willing to pay fer yer own funeral music?

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REVENUE—No, sir—I'll furnish the passenger, but some one else must buy the ticket. You see, when I finally decided I'd be killed I immediately exposed myself to every danger I knew.

LUKE—How?

REVENUE—In a thousand ways. . . . (*Pause.*) Did you ever see an automobile?

LUKE—No.

REVENUE—They go faster than steam engines, and they don't *stay* on tracks. Did you ever hear of Fifth Avenue, New York?

LUKE—No.

REVENUE—Fifth Avenue is jammed with automobiles, eight deep all day long. People being killed every day. I crossed Fifth Avenue a thousand times a day, every day for weeks, never once trying to get out of the way, and always praying I'd be hit.

LUKE—And couldn't you git hit?

REVENUE (*in disgust*)—No. Automobiles only hit people who try to get out of the way. (*Pause.*) When that failed I frequented the lowest dives on the Bowery, flashing a roll of money and wearing diamonds, hoping they'd kill me for them. They stole the money and diamonds, but never touched me.

LUKE—Couldn't you pick a fight?

REVENUE—I'm coming to that. You know, up North they believe that a man can be killed in the South for calling another man a liar.

LUKE—That's right.

REVENUE—It is, is it? Well, I've called men liars from Washington to Atlanta, and I'm here to tell you about it.

LUKE—They must a-took pity on ye.

REVENUE—Do you know Two-Gun Jake that keeps the dive down in Henderson?

LUKE—I should think I do. . . . Jake's killed enough of 'em.

REVENUE—He's a bad man, ain't he?

LUKE—He's no trifler.

REVENUE—I wound up in Jake's place two nights ago, pretending to be drunk. Jake was cursing niggers.

LUKE—He's allus doin' that.

REVENUE—So I elbowed my way up to the bar and announced that I was an expert in the discovery of nigger blood . . . could tell a nigger who was 63-64ths white.

LUKE—Ye kin?

REVENUE—No, I can't, but I made them believe it. I then offered to look them over and tell them if they had any nigger blood in them. A few of them sneaked away, but the rest stood for it. I passed them all until I got to Two-Gun Jake. I examined his eyeballs, looked at his finger-nails, and said, "You're a nigger."

LUKE—An' what did Jake do?

REVENUE—He turned pale, took me into the back room, and said: "Honest to God, Mister, can ye see nigger blood in me?" I said: "Yes." "There's no mistake about it?" "Not a bit," I answered. "Good God," he said, "I always suspected it." Then he pulled out his gun. . . .

LUKE—Eh . . . eh?

REVENUE—And shot *himself.*

LUKE—Jake shot hisself! . . . is he dead?

REVENUE—I don't know—I was too disgusted to wait. I wandered around until I thought of you moonshiners . . . scrambled around in the mountains until I found your still. I *sat* on it and waited until you boys showed up, and here I am, and you're going to kill me.

LUKE (*pause*)—Ah, so ye want us to do yer killin' fer ye, do ye?

REVENUE—You're my last hope. If I fail this time I may as well give it up.

LUKE (*takes out revolver, turns sidewise and secretly removes cartridges from chamber. Rises*)—What wuz that noise? (*Lays revolver on table and steps outside of door.* REVENUE *looks at revolver apparently without interest.* LUKE *cautiously enters doorway and expresses surprise at seeing* REVENUE *making no attempt to secure revolver. Feigning excitement, goes to table, picks up gun.*)

LUKE—I reckon I'm gettin' careless, leavin' a gun layin' around here that-a-way. Didn't you see it?

REVENUE—Yes.

LUKE—Well, why didn't ye grab it?

REVENUE—What for?

LUKE—To git the drop on me.

REVENUE—Can't you understand what I've been telling you, Mister? I don't *want* the drop on you.

LUKE—Well, doggone if I don't believe ye're tellin' me the truth. Thought I'd just see what ye'd do. Ye see, I emptied it first. (*Opens up gun.*)

REVENUE—That wasn't necessary.

LUKE—Well, I reckon ye better git along out o' here, Mister.

REVENUE—You don't mean you're weakening?

LUKE—I ain't got no call to do your killin' fer you. If ye hain't sport enough to do it yerself, I reckon ye kin go on sufferin'.

REVENUE—But I told you why I don't want to do it. One murder more or less means nothing to you. You don't care anything about the hereafter.

LUKE—Mebbe I don't, but there ain't no use my takin' any more chances than I have to. And what's more, Mister, from what you been tellin' me I reckon there's a charm on you, and I ain't goin' to take no chances goin' agin charms.

REVENUE—So *you're* going to go back on me?

LUKE—Yes, siree.

REVENUE—Well, maybe some of the other boys will be willing. I'll wait till they come.

LUKE—The other boys ain't goin' to see you. You're a-leavin' this yer place right now—now! It won't do no good. You may as well go peaceable; ye ain't got no right to expect us to bear yer burdens.

REVENUE—Damn it all! I've spoiled it again.

LUKE—I reckon you better make up yer mind to go on livin'.

REVENUE—That looks like the only way out.

LUKE—Come on, I'll let you ride my horse to town. It's the only one we got, so yu can leave it at Two-Gun Jake's, and one o' the boys'll go git it, or I reckon I'll go over myself and see if Jake made a good job of it.

REVENUE—I suppose it's no use arguing with you.

LUKE—Not a bit. Come on, you.

REVENUE—Well, I'd like to leave my address so if you ever come to New York you can look me up.

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LUKE—'Taint likely I'll ever come to New York.

REVENUE—Well, I'll leave it, anyhow. Have you a piece of paper?

LUKE—Paper what you write on? Never had none, Mister.

REVENUE (*looking about room, sees Jim Dunn's picture on wall, goes to it, takes it down*)—If you don't mind, I'll put it on the back of Jim Dunn's picture. (*Placing picture on table, begins to print.*) I'll print it for you, so it'll be easy to read. My address is here, so if you change your mind you can send for me.

LUKE—'Taint likely—come on. (*Both go to doorway*—LUKE *extends hand,* REVENUE *takes it.*) Good-by, Mister—cheer up . . . there's the horse.

REVENUE—Good-by. (*Shaking* LUKE's *hand.*)

LUKE—Don't be so glum, Mister. Lemme hear you laff jist once before yu go. (REVENUE *begins to laugh weakly.*) Aw, come on, laff out with it hearty. (REVENUE *laughs louder.*) Heartier yit. (REVENUE *is now shouting his laughter, and is heard laughing until hoof beats of his horse die down in the distance.* LUKE *watches for a moment, then returns to table—takes a drink—picks up picture—turns it around several times before getting it right—then begins to study. In attempting to make out the name he slowly traces in the air with his index finger a capital "J"—then mutters "J-J-J," then describes a letter "I"—mutters "I-I-I," then a letter "M"—muttering "M-M-M, J-I-M—J-I-M—J-I-M." In the same way describes and mutters "D-U-N-N."*)

LUKE—Jim Dunn! By God! (*He rushes to corner, grabs shot-gun, runs to doorway, raises gun in direction stranger has gone—looks intently—then slowly lets gun fall to his side, and scans the distance with his hand shadowing his eyes—steps inside—slowly puts gun in corner—seats himself at table.*) Jim Dunn! —and he begged me to kill 'im!!

CURTAIN

Marpessa; or Any Woman

By ROSELLE M. MONTGOMERY

Marpessa, loved by the god Apollo, and by Idas, a mortal man, chose the man, fearing the god would not prove faithful to her.

THAT SHE HAD chosen well
She always knew. . . .
Was ever god to mortal woman true?

But Idas, now——
Oh, he was faithful, good,
And he provided well, as husbands should.

Fine food, soft raiment,
Jewels, had she not?
Women, she knew, were envious of her lot.

And yet . . . and yet . . .
Beside her always trod
A splendid shadow, a remembered god.

Now and again were days
When in the press
Of solid living she knew wistfulness. . . .

Each day they brought to her
Some whispered story
Of maids bedazzled by the young god's glory.

And, hearing, she would say,
"Oh, I was wise!"
Then, suddenly, the tears would blind her eyes.

Above the gossip's
Eager whisperings
She seemed to hear the beat, the beat of wings!

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

"Abe Martin" Says—

It don't make no difference what it is, a woman'll buy anything she thinks a store is losin' money on.

Worryin' over when the children'll turn in has jest about done away with the ole anxiety over how they'll turn out.

Bees are not as busy as we think they are. They jest can't buzz any slower.

Fate is the only thing left that money can't fix.

I don't know how much Germany owes us, but if I had the account I'd turn it over to the book agent who sold me a set o' Washin'ton Irvin' a few years ago.

My idee o' dry humour is the Congress thinkin' it kin enforce the Volstead Act with $250,000,000.

It must be fine to live in a country where the inhabitants can't read an' write—especially write.

Abe Martin's Town Pump. Kin Hubbard.

The "Umpire of Italy" at Home

Lorenzo took ever increasing pleasure in the accomplishments of his children. He exhibited them with paternal shamelessness, and the honour of dining in the Via Larga carried with it the penalty of listening to little Piero recite poetry. The father was extremely undignified at home. Ambassadors who came to see him on momentous affairs of state were horrified to discover the umpire of Italy rolling on the floor completely hidden under a swarm of screaming infants. The great man did not have the grace to be ashamed, nor did he make allowance for the embarrassment of those who intruded on him. He acted as if such conduct were quite natural. His visitors spread the scandal widely, and years later Machiavelli gravely deplored such lack of dignity in one who was in many other respects the model of a perfect ruler.

Lorenzo the Magnificent. David Loth.

When Gladstone Turned Dentist

An amusing incident may here be recorded in all propriety. Lady Salisbury asked me on one occasion to an intimate tea-party in Arlington Street, where the only other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. John Murray, grandson of the founder of the great publishing firm. Lord Salisbury, who was also present, sat apart, with a gray Shetland shawl wound round his bearded face and shaggy head, the picture of silent misery. He had a bad toothache, it seemed. Mr. Gladstone asked anxiously what he was doing about it. "Nothing," said Lord Salisbury. "Nothing: hope it will pass."

"But surely," enquired Mr. Gladstone, "you've tried Bunter's Nervine?" No, Lord Salisbury had never heard of it. Mr. Gladstone at once proposed to run out and get some, and in spite of our attempts to stop him and send a servant, he bolted from the room and speedily returned in triumph with a bottle of Nervine. Nor would he stop there. He insisted on applying the cure himself. He made Lord Salisbury sit back in his chair and open his mouth. I was reminded irresistibly of a woodcut of the fox and the crane in an old volume of Æsop as, fascinated, I watched Mr. Gladstone peer into the open jaw of his great political adversary. The offending tooth was located, Mr. Gladstone carefully applied cotton wool soaked in Nervine to the tender place. In five minutes Lord Salisbury had to own that the pain was gone, and he then, to my inexpressible relief, unwound the gray shawl from his enormous head. In what other country in the world, at that time at any rate, would it have been possible for two such giant political public foes to meet in private in such intimate and friendly association?

Life's Ebb and Flow.

Frances, Countess of Warwick.

[The Golden Book *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]

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The Second of Two Parts

The Cracking Knee

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

The Story So Far:

IN THE LAST YEAR of the World War Davy Binns, a young British secret service agent, is ordered by his government to investigate the activities of Chu Loong, an aged and crafty Chinese who is suspected of distributing German bribes and weapons among Chinese Mohammedans.

Loong lives in seclusion in a mansion perched high above the bank of a branch of the Han River, in Hupeh Province, six days' journey by riverboat from Pekin. It is Binns's idea to take the long, hazardous trip to Loong's stronghold in the guise of an idling tourist. He impulsively discloses his mission and plan to a young American newspaper woman, Dora Smith, whose acquaintance he has made only a week before. She suggests that his pose of tourist would be greatly helped by the presence of a woman, thus giving the venture the semblance of a honeymoon trip. On the spur of the moment, Binns asks Dora to marry him and be his companion on the trip to the enemy's fastness. Herself filled with the spirit of adventure, Dora agrees, and immediately after their marriage the couple set out up the Han. They arrive at their destination, and are graciously welcomed by the suave Loong, who invites them to dine with him.

As they enter the supper room, Loong disappears, and the door closes behind Dora and Davy with a dull thud.

THIS SOUND WAS THE SIGNAL for the opening of another sliding door in the opposite wall through which Chu Loong stepped with cushion-sole slippers, moving noiselessly toward them.

"It is sorrowful that I cannot provide for you here some European delicacies," he said in his measured diction. "Perhaps you will not regret this tomorrow—since new mornings wipe away old evenings. I will be honoured if you will partake of a dinner in Chinese style—though no doubt you have tasted better in Canton or Pekin, where rareities from all the corners of the earth may be had in the markets."

"I think we are the ones who are honoured," Dora remarked, looking about as if she wished to take in all the details of the room in one glance. "I found it cold and damp outside. Here it is warm, and there is the delicious spicy smell of tea leaves."

"From the old dry cellars below us," said Loong. "There are still some packages of tea stored there."

Binns, who had noticed the tight-fitting wooden shutters which filled the window spaces and which, except for a single quaint portrait of an ancestor painted on silk, were the only interruptions to the bare walls of soft stone carved with tiny figures and characters, felt behind him for the handle of the sliding door which had closed after them, and was relieved to find that it had not been fastened. He felt humiliated that Dora's apprehension had been contagious; in his better judgment he knew that Loong could not afford to remain as a great spider in the centre of German intrigue in China if he were to allow harm to come to foreigners within his citadel or have a disappearance of a British agent and a young American girl traced to his compound gate. Besides, the old Chinese had put on a pair of spectacles with heavy silver rims; they gave his long philosopher's countenance a benevolence which matched the quiet smile on his thin, dust-dry lips.

"Here there is quiet," Loong was saying as he motioned to his guests to take seats upon the carved benches beneath the native oil lamp pendent from the painted ceiling. "We must think well of this quiet—this peace—this humble meal. Somewhere men are

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falling like grain reaped down by the sweep of the scythe; most of the world is drunk with war madness; over great territories humanity squirms and dies for lack of a day's ration of bread. But here it is all different, and you are welcome at the table of one whose ancestors and whose gods are opposed to the taking of life."

He had raised a china spoon filled with the aromatic broth to his lips, but he put it back into the bowl with a decisive click and, resting his yellow, bony fingers upon the dark wood of the table, stared at Davy with as noncommittal and peaceful gaze as comes from the painted eyes of a wooden Buddha looking out of the door of an ancient temple.

"I HAVE HEARD that in Occidental countries there are also individuals and sects who are opposed to taking life," Loong went on, half closing his eyes and almost chanting his words as a Taoist priest might chant them. "But I do not think there are in America from which you come Mr.—Mr. George Davy, any men of strong bodies and sound spirits and courage who could stand the test which we, of my faith, know is the final test which will prove whether or not a man will kill."

"I know what you mean," said Dora, with a new light in her brown eyes. "It is the test of fear."

Old Chu Loong glanced at her with an expression of anxiety.

"Ah, you have hit the nail upon the head—as Americans say," he admitted with a cackling laugh. "It is fear. Suppose an armed man came to my house and, being my enemy, I believed he was seeking my life. Would I not be tempted to place a poison in his food? It is when my life is placed against his that there comes the final test of my belief. And war itself is always an expression of fear, for war is often brought about by the distrust and fear of two peoples, or sets of peoples for each other, and always at least one side fights because of fear. So with men, too. Men kill for fear—fear of loss—fear of loss of property, a loss of freedom, fear of imprisonment, fear of loss of a woman, fear of loss of life. Fear alone makes deliberate. And here your western civilizations break down in the test of principle—you kill—at least you kill in fear—in self-defense."

Davy Binns had leaned forward over the table. The light from the floating wicks of the swinging oil lamp shining down upon his tanned face brought out the strong young features and the lines of firmness about his eyes and around the corners of his mouth.

"I would not kill—even in self-defense," he said with a sharp, cold tone. "Neither in peace—nor in war, neither as a soldier nor as a man."

Dora turned quickly toward him.

"Davy!" she exclaimed.

"I know," he replied. "I should have told you. For several generations it has been a part of the religion of a deeply religious family. I am not different."

The girl stared at him in surprise and horror. Something of an impulsive loathing came into her eyes.

"A conscientious objector?" she said with scorn.

"Quite right," he answered firmly, and met the challenge of contempt in her eyes with an unflinching, unwinking gaze. "It is your habit to rag me about my British characteristic of standing forever on a principle. Well, I did not wish to talk about principles. This one—well, I stand upon it."

An oily smile came upon the face of Loong. He locked his bony fingers and rubbed his dry palms together so that a noise like the hiss of a snake came from his hands.

"Ah, I would not be the cause of contention," he said. "Perhaps a beautiful young woman could be made to see that it is better not to kill even in fear, and perhaps an honourable young man, with his principles against inflicting death, would not meet the test of fear. Who knows? Who knows how soon human views will change? Who knows?"

"I know," said Dora angrily. "There is something flabby about those who will not defend, even to killing, their honour, their love, and their lives—call it principle if you will."

Davy shut his lips closer and turned away.

From the garden, beyond the closed shutters, came a wild scream.

"You need not be alarmed," said Loong to Dora. "It is only a coolie—a miserable, dirty native of the hills."

"And why does he scream?" asked Davy.

"He screams for fear," Loong answered, rising. "Ignorant animal—a beast in man's form. He screams from fear. He screams like a thing of the night. And would you like to see why this water carrier—this gibbering beast of burden has screamed? Come!"

Rising to his full lank height, he pulled at the shutters.

"Come!"

"No!" cried Dora, shrinking back.

"Look!" said Loong with his dry laugh which ended with the sound of fallen leaves rustling in the cold wind. "Look! Nothing but the dark night and the wind eternally blowing down the river!"

He flung open the shutters.

From the black night outside, a great rush of air poured into the chamber. The floating wicks in the pendent oil lamp sputtered; their light, flickering wildly, sent shadows chasing about the walls like a frantic, hysterical mob of ghosts which had come tumbling in from the dark. With a moan rising into a final wail the night wind gave its final puff through the aperture. The last flame was snuffed out. As if the world of vision had suddenly exploded and total blindness had come, the two guests of Chu Chien Loong were left in the black mud of utter darkness. They heard the slam of the shutters and a low, soft laugh, and the sound of a sliding door.

Davy was about to rise when he heard Dora's one sudden scream and the muffling of it which came as suddenly, ending with two short gasps as if her soft throat had been throttled by two giant hands.

He had leaped forward, and the dishes of the overturned table were already crashing into bits upon the stone floor when other hands from the dark seized his neck, his wrists, his arms, his legs. He struggled viciously, but the force of many, silent except for the panting of their hot breath, bore him backward, and he felt the bite of a rope bound about his ankles, and

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the agony of pain in his arms, which had been twisted behind him and were being bound together with a strap. The weight of half-naked bodies and their warmth and smothering pressure were upon him until he had been trussed like a fowl ready for the spit. His collar was torn from his neck by coarse fingers, a sharp blade ripped the sleeves of his coat and his shirt. The shoes upon his feet were drawn swiftly off and his socks cut away. And at last, panting with the fight he had offered in vain, he was lifted up and seated upon the bench where ten minutes before he had been Loong's guest.

He had not uttered a cry or an imprecation: all breath and energy he had saved for his futile struggle. Now, however, he said one word.

"Dora!"

There was no answer.

In his desperation he struggled again with the bonds which held his limbs, but at last he leaned back and when his bare skin touched the surface of the wall, which was as cold as the stone flooring upon which the bare soles of his feet rested, he realized that he had been stripped to the waist.

He could hear, he thought, his assailants withdraw; but it was not until the flare of a match was touched to an oil wick once more, and the enlarging circle of radiance had spread outward, that he could know that the grave, philosophical and crafty face of Loong had fixed upon him its benevolent smile, above which the bead-like eyes in contradiction sent toward him their evil gleam.

"Behold your companion in fear," said the Chinese calmly. With the long, pointed nail of the first finger of his yellow hand he indicated the figure which had taken Dora's place across the table. The three were alone in the closed room.

The coolie, a man of the hills, as was indicated by his long black matted hair which fell almost to his shoulders, had also been stripped to the waist. His forehead was low, his two slanting eyes were set close together, his coarse yellow skin, pock-marked by contagion, was drawn into shining tightness over high cheek-bones, but his body was alive with admirable muscle and sinew; his shoulders, at the top of wiry, long arms, were meaty from the labour of a beast of burden, and the front of his bare chest was divided into two great flat muscles which lay under a surface of brassy skin, like two metal breastplates of polished armour. Beneath these two plates, as the water-carrier strained against the bindings which restrained him, smaller chest muscles, ovoid and hard like English walnuts beneath the skin, appeared and disappeared just as the welts of sinew in his lean arms leaped into sight and faded out as their stress was called into action and released again. Binns thought this miserable creature, whose low, concave forehead and broad nostrils and protruding teeth thrust forward from the gums, was indeed, as Loong had described him, an animal—something more of an animal than a dog, something less hopeful than a wild beast, less decent and more a monster than the devil whose face grinned out from the background of the portrait of Loong's ancestor, painted on silk and hanging on the opposite wall.

Davy turned his dripping body toward the old Chinese. He said, "You are mistaken if you think I am afraid. What have you done with her?"

"Be calm, my friend," Loong answered. "She is quite safely provided for. She awaits the result of our trial—of our test."

"Test of what?"

"Test of philosophies and principles—my dear friend, Mr. Davy Binns of Gallingsgate, England, whose father wrote so estimable a work upon astronomy, and yet who failed to find in all the heavens the star of destiny of his son which I have found so soon."

"No doubt you realize that at this moment not only the British office in Pekin but the Japanese and French as well know exactly where I am."

Loong thrust his hands into his sleeves and bowed.

"Of this I am aware—of this I have been informed," he said. "Your coming, my dear spying friend, is disturbing to me. It will give you satisfaction to know that the very fact that you have suspected me of being an agent of German plans for China is quite enough to cause me to vacate my pleasant isolated residence upon this rock. You have found the nest you sought, my friend. Am I not frank with you? And if you had not talked indiscreetly and forgotten that China is a land of listening ears and unseen, watchful eyes, you would have found many things to see here upon my rock—in the nest of the old gray hawk."

Binns stared, his lips pressed together.

"But the old gray hawk must migrate now. And for this he is not grateful to you, Mr. Davy Binns. But, as you have said, he is not foolish enough to kill you. Indeed, how could he do so? His religious beliefs forbid it. And they are well founded through a long line of ancestors who worshiped the same principles and the same gods. No, I will not kill you."

He thrust forth the tip of his tongue to wet his powdery dry lips. Davy thought the thrust of this tongue and the expressionless gleam of his lacquer-surfaced eyes were like the attributes of a poisonous snake.

"However, when I leave tonight for flight into the mountains toward Mongolia, I will leave the evidence that a philosopher has dwelt here, my young friend. You belong to a new civilization, impulsive and child-like—I, to an old civilization, calm and ingenious. Accordingly, I have invented a little game—a little game for Principle and Destiny."

He put before him on the table two pointed knives of dull steel and rough wooden handles, carved with corrugations to fit grasping fingers. The double edges of the blades were waved, and the brightness of the metal at the tips and along these edges indicated that the knives had been newly ground to razor delicacy of cutting power.

"I show you these, my friend, because one of them is my parting gift to you and the other shall be my parting gift to your new acquaintance there. Depending upon the pranks of fate, and upon the reformation of your conscientious convictions, the one or the

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other may some day thank me for my gift—since it is the gift of life itself."

"Say what you have to say," growled Davy. "I have no use for your palaver."

"Below us, my friend, is a stone cellar. There are masonry supports in it, and a few chests of tea, and a few lead containers within their outer casing of woven grass. Otherwise there is nothing—not even light. There is adequate ventilation provided by small apertures in the upper corners where walls meet ceiling, but I assure you that the night is dark, the openings small, and when you are within you will see nothing, and if you remain quiet you will hear no sound."

Loong pointed again to the half-naked beast-like coolie who sat across the table.

"You will admire that which you will call Oriental ingenuity," he said quietly. "I shall put you and him into the cellar together. Your bonds shall be severed. Upon the floor in front of each of you will be placed one of these pretty, long, graceful knives. And then you will be left alone. By morning, I and my servants will have traveled many miles. And here—below us in the old storeroom—who knows?"

"The girl——" began Davy.

Loong smiled. "I have thought that I would send her back to see what the outcome of our game would be. If she finds you here alive and well you have my congratulations upon renewing your affectionate companionship in a quiet and isolated place. On the other hand, if she finds our friend yonder—such is destiny."

Davy ground his teeth and strained at the thongs which bound him. The old Chinese scholar laughed.

"I wish to call your attention to your rival," he said. "Look at his face. Consider his importance and the importance of his existence. It is nothing. His life is nothing. He is like millions of a degenerated humanity. Plague kills them in hundreds of thousands. No one is missed. Famine sweeps them away and the dead go uncounted. Flood swallows up hordes and it is mentioned by a passing word. And here is only one—an animal of the dirt, an atom of less than no value, a creature in the mud of ignorance, wallowing through existence, a mouth to stuff with rice—that is all. No family leans upon him. No mark is made when his life is ended. If you could speak a word he could understand, or if he could speak a word you could understand—which neither of you can do—there would be nothing more in common between you and him than between you and the pig wallowing in the moat of Nankin."

"And what have you told him of me?" asked Binns.

"I have told him that you seek his heart to make a soup which will bring you vast riches," replied the Chinese. "I have said that the foreigner must only get such a heart by stealth, by the speaking of fair words or the making of signs. I have said that you have paid a great reward to me for bringing him here, but that your tribe kills no unarmed man. Look at his face! It is livid with fear, my friend, and it is fear which gives desire and cunning to the killing hand."

Binns turned slowly toward the terrible being across the table, and saw in the bestial face the wild look of an animal at bay.

"You will find him skilful in hunting his game," said Loong. "He will know that strategy forbids making a sound. He will creep noiselessly upon soles of feet and palms of hands like a cat. He will come silently out of the dark. He is lean and powerful, and the thrust of his knife will be clean and long. He will listen for your breathing as you listen for his, and his ears are keen. He will smell for you like a beast and slide over the stones as softly as a snake. But you will stick to your British principles, as the lady has said. Neither fear nor reason will allow you to take knife in hand—to kill, to kill, to kill."

Loong threw back his head and indulged in a long, cackling laugh. The cords of his lean and wrinkled neck fell away from his windpipe, which stood out like the support of a skeleton's skull. With a long hand he waved at the lighted wick in the bowl of the oil lamp. The flickering sent the shadows dancing like fiends around the room, and then once more, like the oblivion which follows an explosion, darkness came.

BINNS HEARD the sound of soft feet, he felt the rough hands which came out of the dark and lifted him by shoulders and feet, swinging him across spaces toward a faint rectangle of light which for a second showed the position of the door. Then a cloth was thrown over his face and he could only know that he was being borne forward, calves of bare legs striking against his bare skin as they moved forward.

At last these moving legs halted and the sound of a single native word spoken in the back of the throat of one of the men was a signal for a descent of steps. At the bottom, with grunts of exertion, he was thrown forward against a bale, and when he twisted himself into a sitting posture he found that his legs and arms had been freed of their thongs by a deft slash of a knife. He heard a heavy bulkhead close above him and then all was as still and black as if the cellar were a vault under a mountain.

The dry air was heavy with the aroma of tea; an almost imperceptible current of thin air stirred softly the tea dust and stray bits of the dried leaves which covered the flat stones of the floor. Binns cautiously drew in a breath, filling his lungs and holding it in so that his ears, straining open to listen, could hear the faintest sound. When, at last, he could keep in the breath no longer, he measured it out cautiously, so that in his nose or on his hot lips it should make no stir. He wondered whether he was alone in this cellar or whether the other man, knife in hand, already was coming toward him, cat-like, through the dark.

As the last of the exhalation slipped between his parted teeth he heard one faint sound from a distant corner—the sound which would have been made by the contact of a blade of metal with the stone flags.

At once into the plush-heavy blackness before his aching, staring eyes sprang a picture of his imagination's own painting; the vivid details of a thrust of pointed razor-edged steel through neatly parting flesh, into his heart or lungs, made his fingers clutch cautiously in the moments of pause as they crawled along the floor in front of him. His hands were moving as if exercising their own wills to find and seize the

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other knife which he had been told would be put there.

It was there. He felt his grip close over the rough handle, and though he recalled the scruples of his family beliefs, he drew the blade in his lap and ran his fingers softly along its keen, waving, undulating edge.

He would not use the knife. But his fingers would not relax as he sat listening. He could hear the pounding of his own heart; it was loud in his breast, loud in his temples, loud behind his eardrums. It thumped against him as loudly as a great fat fist beating monotonously upon a heavy door; he could not believe that the listening ears of the half-naked, fright-maddened coolie would not hear this thumping and gain the knowledge of Davy's position.

The dark was the dark of an opaque so thick, so liquid, so heavy, so aromatic that the blackness seemed to be a black syrup, and there was an instinctive wonder why the body was not carried to its top like a cork; it was so thick that it was not only sightless except for the visions of the imagination projected into it and hung in its folds, but it was so thick that it seemed impenetrable even to noise. Binns's ear openings ached as if they had tried to stretch and had burst the channels leading from the outer world to the recording sense; but he could hear only the faint microscopic noises of tiny bits of tea moved on the stone by the faint stir of the spicy air. There was this sound and the sound of his thumping heart.

For a time, the length of which he could not gauge because the blankness before all his senses had wiped out all measure of time, he sat motionless until, by immobility, every sinew, muscle, and nerve in his body throbbed with the pain of inaction. His neck craned forward as he listened, his legs in alert stillness tightened beneath him as he crouched, his hand squeezed harder and harder the handle of his weapon as if a cramp had seized him and was holding him as inert as marble but in an agony of straining nerves.

His vision conjured for him a thousand swift thrusts from the dark, until the black plush of the night was stabbed through in a thousand places with the glitters of knife-points shot forward at his breast, his heaving side, his bare back, his throbbing neck. When one of these ghostly thrusts appeared coming toward him to make its silent, deadly, cleaving way home through the soft flesh below his ribs, he twisted his face with a sudden burst of instinct and shot his own knife point outward into the bosom of the dark. It met no resistance, and he drew it back out of the velvety meat of the blackness, still unmoistened.

"Fear did that!" he said to himself, suddenly gaining possession of himself. "That was a paroxysm of fear. Nothing but blind, wild fear, and I am no better than that beast of a man."

He told himself that he must not merely weaken. He must kill, if kill he would, not because fear drove him to kill, as Loong had said it would, but because killing had become a worthier act than not killing. If he were to kill, it must be for the safety of Dora, for the cause he served, for an obligation and not for an emotion, least of all the failure of courage.

He had allowed himself to fall into the arms of fear. The tentacles of fear had intertwined with the nerves of his body. The skin upon his frame crept and quailed with fear of sharp steel; the terror had entered his veins and pounded a chill through his arteries. He shook with fear, and as he shook, his mad hands both at one time contended for a hold upon the handle of his knife so that they might strike wildly—to kill—to be free of fear of this other living thing, whose presence was revealed in no sound, no sight, no address to the senses.

He must use his head in any case, he told himself. If advantage were his it was in the use of a sharper mentality, not only superior because intellectual, but superior because of a better constructed and more delicately accurate piece of machinery. He had crouched on one knee motionless by instinct alone. He knew now why he had done so; it had been because, subconsciously, he had feared, with a fear impossible to describe, the haunting, terrible notion that his knee —the knee which had been hit by a cricket ball—would crack and give out to the hideous blackness the fatal knowledge of his position there.

He leaned forward after many minutes of careful calculation, then taking the knife blade between his teeth, he put both his palms upon the stone and, lying close to the floor, pushed with his bare toes until his weight had been thrust forward. Then he cautiously advanced his hands once more.

Suddenly across the spicy odour of the tea came another warm and sickish odour of Chinese greasy kitchens. Binns paused motionless. One hand, without direction from him, went up again, and, as if it could understand fear, without aid from the brain, grasped the handle of the weapon upon which his teeth were fastened.

Davy could see nothing through the thick mud of the blackness. The new, strange smell faded out; but it left the impression that another man crawling on the noiseless cushions of soles and palms had passed and had left a hole in the darkness through which he had wormed his evil, silent journey.

With a new degree of pains Binns drew up his legs and, crouching, pushed his weight forward again. He wanted to continue this until he had reached a wall, because with a wall at his back there was a diminished arc from which an attack could come. If a struggle came it would come with a sense of a nearing presence of another living being. Or perhaps it would come with the sharp pain of a blade thrust through the spaces between the ribs. In any case, there would be a struggle and, with a wall behind, the direction of that struggle would be located. Without turning he could leap forward whether or not the thrust had reached him. He would leap with all the power left in his young, strong body and throw himself upon the other. There would be grunts, the thud of blows, the sounds of wrestling, roaring, screaming, squealing men. The thick folds of the silence would be torn into shreds. The depths of this bottomless stillness would rise up like the bottom of a volcanic crater, long at rest, in a nerve-racking swirl of terrible noises—the involuntary grunt of exertion, the groan and gasp of death.

In his slow, painstaking progress he never moved

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his cracking knee without a chill of dread of its wilful sound—that snap of cartilage and bone which came so unaccountably and with such startling suddenness, and which he knew might bring his enemy scuttling toward him through the sightless black. It was a relief to him when, after a long lapse of time and infinite effort, creeping silently into new spaces in the plushy darkness, expecting every moment to feel the contact of human flesh, or to meet the needle point of the adversary's knife, he at last felt the hair on the top of his head give warning that his skull must not be thrust forward again. He raised one palm and felt the flat, cold, vertical surface of rough stone.

WHEN HE HAD TURNED cautiously with his back to the wall, he pushed his body upward until for the first time in an hour—or was it hours?—he was standing upright once more. The knife was still between his teeth. He took it in one of his hands, his fingers feeling around the handle for the firmest grip.

The dark gave forth no sound; its velvet thickness held no vision. For a long time he stood there, the sound of his own heart in his ears, his legs complaining of their motionless task, his eyes aching with the strain of trying to pierce the liquid blackness, his ears throbbing. Not a square inch of the expressionless darkness was without its menace, its threat, its terror. A cough, a sneeze, a false movement, or the cracking of his knee joint might bring the thrust.

He began to wonder how long this vigil was to be. If morning brought no light it might be endless if both men were to remain silent. No human nerves could last under such an unrelenting stress; a man would go mad. Sooner or later fear would overcome him. He would leap forward with a shriek, stabbing at the dark over and over again, wildly slashing at the blackness like a maniac until exhausted. Loong had known something of fear. Davy wondered whether, after all, Loong had not tricked him, leaving him to the agony of the instinct of self-preservation, of wondering what fate would be Dora's, of listening and looking for attack until reason was torn asunder and nothing was left of a man but a mad spirit ready to kill, drunk with murder lust, and then to the bitterness of the discovery that all the time he had been alone in this spicy cellar with the remnants of old bales of tea.

Binns shrank from this thought. He must not disclose his own position, but if this other matted-haired man with yellow skin and live sinew were there he must know. There must be an end, because, though he did not fear a struggle, or even death, fear was not made of struggles nor of death, but only of waiting. Fear was clutching at every hair upon his head, at every finger tip, at every nerve in his body. Fear was not what men thought it; fear was not of action; fear was the terror of expectancy, of waiting, and of the seconds, minutes, and hours passing toward an unknown terminus.

He moved one bare foot along the wall, searching with its sole for the contact of some loose object. He had made up his mind he would be the victim of no ghastly, deriding Oriental prank. So he sought a loose object with his foot and, having covered one area of the floor without result, he moved silently through the pitch blackness to another. At last his cautious toes came in contact with a small but heavy block of wood, and bending down he picked it up and hurled it out through the darkness.

The impact of this bit of wood against the opposite wall of the chamber could not have produced a great noise; but in contrast to the hours of ruthless silence it created a crash which seemed to shake the world and then to go as quickly as it had come. Davy's ears were listening now for the tell-tale sound which might follow and indicate that the other man, if he were there, was scuttling through the blackness toward the place where the block had come tumbling down.

The ruse was not in vain. Indistinctly came a sound which he thought was made by bare feet moving on their padded calloused soles. Davy believed that he had heard the half-naked coolie's body meet the wall. It was the faint sound of a blind cat springing in the dark and falling back repulsed by the heavy stones. The man was there! Binns could imagine the yellow, brassy face with its concave forehead, its thick nostrils, its slanting pig eyes, too close together, and its pock-marked skin taking shape on the curtain of the blackness. Then all was still again. Binns could hear nothing but the sound of his own heart; he could see nothing but the eternal nothingness which now swayed like a stirred liquid before his eyes and now seemed a bottomless pit of dry, smothering soot.

The dusty, spicy tea aroma became heavier and heavier and deadening to the senses already deadened by their endless stretching out to pierce the baffling walls of stillness and sightless black and the passage of unmeasured time. The senses themselves, tired of being sentinels of fear, would have deserted and have thrown down their task; but as often as the staring, sightless eyes drooped their lids, or the nose ceased its endeavour to push its exploration beyond the impenetrable odour of the tea, or the ears protested against their straining, so often did the whip of the nerves beat upon these alert senses. Davy, with aching muscles, after a space of time he could not estimate, still stood with his bare back touching the rough stone surface of the wall, facing a chamber in which was a creature half animal and half man, crafty, filled with the evil mingling of the passions of hate and fear, crouching motionless or moving through the soft folds of the dark with a ready knife in his sinewy grip, unheard, unseen.

THE TERROR OF ENDLESSNESS struck again into the mind and then into the circulation of Binns's body. One might stand for eternity, waiting for the thrust of a knife, and yet reason said that there was nothing to be gained by moving. Self-preservation would not be served by moving; it was equally futile to attack the empty dark, slashing its blind layers in a frenzy. But Davy knew that reason was not to be obeyed forever. He must move, for no reason except that it was impossible to stand still any longer!

One of his feet moved softly forward and the sole was pressed down; the other foot came up softly and slid across the tea dust. Again the first moved on.

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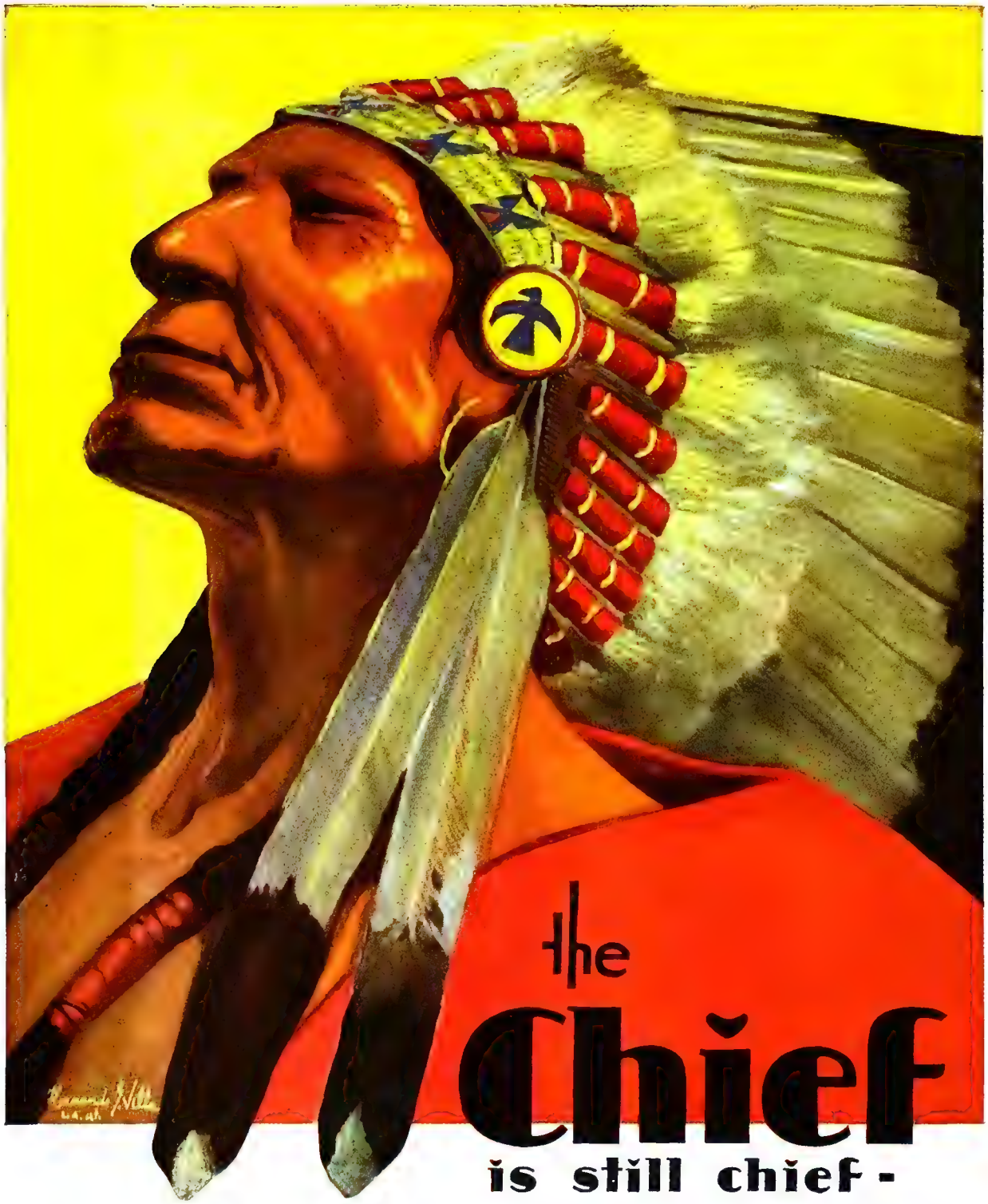

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TO PREVENT COLDS

Colds are often caused by germs transferred from the hands to food which then enters the mouth. Rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal kills such germs. State Health Boards recommend similar measures particularly during epidemics of influenza.

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Colorful...FALL AND WINTER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Colorful Palm Springs, Painted by Hanson Puthuff

© A-Y.C. 1929

MORNING in the desert! The sun rising edgewise over snow capped mountains... rimming the horizon... is the very same sun which greets you at home, yet not the same. There is an effulgent glow, a bejeweled nimbus about this great orb which you see at its best through the clear dry air of the desert country.

Noon in the desert is warm and summer-like. Grotesque shadows of the palm trees make silhouettes in black and white on the expanse of sand and sunlight. The air is crystal clear. Mountains fifty miles distant seem but a short hike away... over the sand and sage.

Sunset in the desert! Words are but feeble things... to tell of the aura of color... of the chromatic fantasy of tone... of the great blotched shadows of lilac, blue and green... painting the mountain sides... extending through canyons... and far out over the desert plain.

Night in the desert. In the cool of the evening... you sit on the edge of a lagoon and watch the biggest of moons come streaming up from the ink-black depths of a mountain range. All your familiar and favorite stars are there... high up in the lofty ceilinged sky... but in between them are so many more that your astonished eyes see no clear ether... the whole great, illuminated firmament is packed... and packed tight with stars. But what can you do in this marvelous desert country? Is it all sunset and scenery? How can one have a good time?

You may ride the hills; you may follow the winding trails across the mesa; you may explore the bridal paths of the canyons; you may golf... play tennis. Fine pools invite you to a morning plunge.

At five o'clock you may have conversation to the rattle of tea cups, and at night you may dance the hours away while the desert moon peeps through the curtain and tells of the marvels of the night without.

For the desert has been tamed. Here in a Southern California desert oasis surrounded by vast stretches of sandy waste you will find everything that civilization can offer. Fine hotels... sports... and the kind of people you like to meet and know.

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Society's Winter Paradise....Hawaii

CORAL sands gleam today with gay Cosmopolites lured from the far reaches of the earth. The throbbing colors of Deauville, Cannes, famed watering places of the world, merge with the lavish tints of the South Seas ... their glistening greens and tropic golds and the million shifting shades between. The sparkle of Continental smartness is on great hotels that jewel the shore at Waikiki ... Everywhere is the zest of anticipation ... the vibrant thrill that marks the pre-holiday season in the Paradise Isles.

¶Sophisticates enticed by the bizarre have opened the season each year a little earlier. They have come to know the rapture of Christmas under a velvet sky ... windows ablaze in the palaces of departed Hawaiian Kings ... clear-throated carols ascending to pendant stars that glow like orbs of fire through the fronds of swaying palms ... They come in the mellow beauty of autumn to linger until languorous spring bursts into the crashing colors of Hawaiian summer ... For them winter is only a fiction ... They know tonight the miracle of a moon of molten silver pouring its translucent sheen over majestic mountains and dancing waters ... the haunting harmony of sobbing steel-guitars and plaintive voices that rise and fall on vagrant breezes that drift in from the sea.

¶They have learned that Hawaii is just a *few days* away ... a land of enchantment at the end of a blissful interlude of sun and sea and sky on luxurious liners as proud as any that float. They know it as the magic place where shimmering rainbows drape verdant golf courses ... where friendly beach-boys weave native hats or conquer racing waves, erect on charging surfboards ... where sporty denizens of the deep lurk in constant challenge to the mettle of the ardent fisherman, or idle days may be dreamed away in tropic bowers still primitive and unspoiled.

You can go from any of the four great gateways of the Pacific in four to six days, according to the liner selected. And you do not have to bother with passports or other formalities. Hawaii is an integral part of the United States . . —as much so as your own State. . .

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And then suddenly as he flexed the other leg the stillness was split by a sharp snapping noise which filled the dark and was gone.

His knee! The old cricket-ball knee had betrayed him at last!

And it was this feared sound of cartilage and bone, which instead of bringing terror brought clearness of thought, that rose above all mere habits of mind. If he did not kill he would be killed. If he were killed—what of Dora? Sacred as life might be, there were other things more sacred—there were other lives and there were things possessed by men and women which must not be lost—not by a false value put upon good clean life, and certainly not by false value blindly put upon evil, worthless life.

He would strike!

He listened in the dead stillness which followed. The other man could remain quiet or he could attack. He knew the other man, maddened by fear and suspense, would attack. He knew this just as if it were a settled conviction which had been his since birth, that he had brought with him from another world with the prescience of destiny. He sprang backward from the spot where his knee had given forth his betrayal, and crouched, ready, waiting, estimating the length of time the other would take to come.

He was convinced, too, that the coolie would come through the dark and silence, not erect, but like a crab over the stone flooring, and that finally he would reach the wall and turn. Davy's free hand, with a swift sudden motion, as if it were a detached and omniscient thing, pointed out the area in the sooty blackness which the man would occupy when he had reached the wall. The imagination drew an outline of the man there, cutting him out as one would cut him out of black cardboard with sharp scissors.

Little by little this artificial outline of the man became fixed as if photographed upon the senses. At first staring had shown that no such outline was upon the blank velvety surface, but now, after the passage of a few dragging seconds, staring could not wipe out this imaginary outline traced upon the dark. The vision saw no human figure; it saw only the thin fine line cut by the scissors of an imagination either inspired or gone into mad manifestations.

And just as the vision traced an area so did Davy's ears begin to hear a thumping of a second human heart. It came definitely from the cardboard pattern of a man, and it was as unreal perhaps as the pulsing of a heart which the imagination could create out of nothing but silence and pin upon the cardboard figure which had been created out of nothing but the empty black flatness of vision.

The heart which pulsed not only made a monotonous tiny thumping, but now it became luminous. At first, to Binns's crazed eyes, this glow was preceded by a pin point heated to a white infinitesimal spluttering. It expanded into a milky radiance.

He thought he had heard a faint rattle in a throat. He struck!

When he began to think normally again he had come to a stop after a rush forward away from the wall, which by the distance he had sped showed him that the cellar was longer than he had supposed. He stood quivering in the dark, the thumping of heart in his ears, but still listening.

HE LEAPED away again, but this time his bare shins came in contact with a chest of tea and he fell over it sprawling out upon the floor. He lay there quite motionless, listening again. And, as if in answer to the clatter and thud he had made, noises came from every corner, faint, far away noises among which only one at the end sounded real. This last was like the scratching of finger nails upon a stone surface.

Not one man, but more than one! Many, perhaps! The dark and silence suddenly became alive with them, all armed with glistening razor-edged knives. But he did not mind now. He had struck—he had struck to kill! He had not smashed open the dark, but at least three times he had smashed open the silence, and the thought that he could do it again swallowed all considerations of preserving himself. He sat up, smiling grimly into the empty face of the dark.

As he sat there he heard, quite near, a sound like that made by a rope under a strain, the tiny squeak made by hemp fibers under stress. It might have been a wood borer in the side of one of the tea chests. It came at intervals, continued for a moment, and then died away. He felt that if he rolled toward this sound an arm's length he could explore in the dark with his blind, cautious fingers. He could expect that the experiment would cost him his life, but there was an unreasoning yearning for contest burning in him now.

He reached forward and put his arm out through the liquid, sooty blanket of dark and touched only the dusty stone floor. Again, cautiously, he reached out with the other arm and with palm turned downward dropped his groping fingers to the floor.

There was no question as to the contact he had made. His own fingers had touched a human hand. Quickly and violently as this hand spread on the stone floor had been withdrawn, he still had time to sense that it was warm with life. He gave forth an involuntary cry, and throwing himself backward rolled over and over, twice. His own fingers, used to the strain of gripping the knife handle, closed convulsively. They had gripped nothing. The knife had gone. He remembered now that he had relaxed his clasp upon the knife, and that some time—how long ago or when, he could not be sure—he had let it slide out of his opened palm to the floor. It had gone. He had not realized.

He sat up slowly. No lithe body had sprung at him. There was only the darkness and the silence. He threw his arms about his knees and bent his forehead against their support. The relief had come. He could do nothing. Though there were ten men in the tea cellar to butcher him, he was too tired to rise and fly this way and that through the layers of the dark like a mad thing, frantic with terror; he was too tired and too triumphant, because he had worn out fear. He waited.

When he raised his eyes again, lifting his head by the exertion of stiff neck muscles, the horror of the absolute dark had gone. Day had come. From the outside the gray light of morning thrust feeble shreds into the slits cut for ventilation at the top of the stone walls. Davy could see through the darkness, which had thinned out into a translucent and then a transparent gray jelly, the far side of the cellar and the door through which he had been thrown into this spicy tomb. The horrible, blank, empty blackness had gone; he shut his eyes once more and with quivering lips tried to hold in the breath which against his will made blubbered gasps in the back of his throat.

The silence had been broken, too. He heard sounds of steady tapping as if the palms of a hand were being patted down on the floor. It continued persistently until he had raised his eyes and turned his head.

IN A SITTING POSTURE, tied to one of the masonry supports of the stone ceiling, with a gag held in her mouth by a long native silk scarf wrapped around the lower part of her face, was Dora. Her head had fallen forward as if she had lost consciousness. She was not three feet away from him.

With a cry Davy leaped forward and unbound her. She opened her eyes and looked at him, swaying a little on her feet as he held the upper part of each arm.

"Is this the end?" she asked, in a whisper.

Binns shook himself. She needed strength and he must provide it, he thought; he tried to make his voice steady and strong.

"Lift your head, dear girl," he said. "Can you stand? Wait."

He staggered toward the heavy wooden door. It was not locked; it yielded, and down the steps leading upward to the outer world, the morning gray poured in a flood of radiance.

He went to her again and with his arm about her shoulders he guided her to the steps.

But there, as they ascended, she stopped him. She tried to speak.

"I know," said Binns. "I know. It was terrible. Don't try."

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She looked up into his drawn and twitching face and then at his hands.

"Where is the knife?" she said. "Loong told me——"

"Hush," Davy commanded. "We must go. There was something magnificent in that devil's ingenuity, Dora. Come, let's go. We aren't sure yet that we are free. Come!"

His voice, eager, trembling, had broken at the top.

"But the knife," she insisted. "When the first light came your hands were empty."

"Of course," he said. "Come. We must go."

"But a man would have thought," she insisted. "When you touched my hand I knew my danger. I knew it was you. I thought you would strike. It had been planned to have you strike me. And you had thrown your weapon away! You had thrown it away! You must have thought my hand—— And you had given up! You wouldn't fight!"

"Well, it saved you!" he exclaimed.

"I would rather have felt it running into my flesh than know that you wouldn't strike," she said bitterly.

"I said I would not," he told her, repeating it three times doggedly.

"We are made of different stuff," she said. "Let go my arm. I can walk up alone. We are made of different stuff—you and I."

Binns swallowed, and then set his jaw. He followed her up the steps to the stone flagging of the walk beneath the maidenhair trees.

Birds, in the spreading, bright green foliage, were beginning to sing to the morning. A fresh breeze blew down the river and burned up the mists lying upon the water between the rising cliffs of the shores. Looking over the parapet Davy could see the little motor-boat at her mooring where they had left her, a little beetle riding the currents.

The ancient weather-beaten compound walls and the sides of Loong's residence were white where the first slanting light struck upon their painted masonry. The old roof tiles were dripping and beaded with sparkling dew. The courtyard with its broken, empty bales and boxes and scrubby trees and the great drum beside the door was deserted. No smoke rose from the oven openings in the wall of the cook house. No sound came from the flapping of silk scroll paintings on the interior walls of the yamen. They had been rolled up and taken away. One would have said that the owner of this place and all his retinue had abandoned it hundreds of years ago.

"Stand here," said Davy firmly. "I am not sure. I want to be sure. When I have reached the top of the steps to the river I will call to you. Do you understand?"

She looked at him scornfully and nodded.

When he had reached the break in the parapet leading to the ladder and the long flight of stone steps down the jagged cliffs to the ruined tea house and the little wharf and the sampans, he turned and called.

Dora had disappeared. He had started to run toward the place where he had left her standing when he saw her again. She had come up above the low hedge and was walking swiftly toward him.

"Davy," she said.

"Yes."

"There were three of us—last night down there."

"You went back?"

"Yes—I wanted—I prayed that—that—you would——"

"You saw?"

"Just a glance," she said with a shudder. "You were trying to save me from knowing. No matter what it cost you—even my respect for you! Davy—you play a fair big game!"

"You picked this up? It was folly for you——"

He took from her hand the knife which, until he had made his one strong thrust, had been gripped by the cramp of his fingers.

There were dark half-dried stains upon it interrupting the glisten of the long steel blade which caught the sunlight. Davy tossed it over the side of the cliff and it went tinkling down the rocks.

"They have gone?" asked Dora.

"I think we can be sure that they have gone. The place is abandoned."

She walked toward one of the gnarled trees, and with her back turned toward Binns she stood a long time with her bare elbow pressed against its rough trunk and her forehead resting on her wrist, gazing up the river at the denuded mountains and their sun-capped tops. A heron flapping across the gorge where the brown waters of the river broke into foam, gave forth a dismal scream.

This was China—China with its ghosts and memories.

She shook her hair away from her forehead as she turned toward Davy, whose bare, muscle-laden shoulders were drooping as he stood wearily watching her.

"When we go back to the boat," she said, "I think you will need a long sleep. There are no problems for us now, Davy. You'd better bring your things down into the cabin. That's where they belong."

THE END

Hors d'œuvres from the Newest Books

[*Continued from page* 106]

REFORMERS—AND THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

" . . . It's worse than that," said Elston. . . . "You know, I want to reform the world."

Donwin bowed appreciatively. "That ought to be easy—for you. The real trouble is that after one gets the world reformed it is generally worse than it was before."

"That is the old cynicism," said Elston, "and not even dressed in a new paradox. But I am afraid it is true. The reformers seem always to be putting everybody, including themselves, to bed with a cold in his head. After they are all comfortably tucked in, they develop pneumonia."

Donwin further illustrated. "The reformers cut up the mainsail of the ship to make napkins and tablecloths for the forecastle."

Elston continued. "The reformers chase poverty and vice around street corners; and when the game is over poverty and vice return, their faces glowing with health and happiness, saying, 'A few more of these cross-city runs and we shall be in training for the next half century.'"

The Meddlers. JONATHAN LEONARD.

A BATTLE OF WITS

In the trail, with all the joyous abandon of a mother playing with her children, with happy frolic, Three-Toes was romping with her seven half-wolf puppies. They dived, rolled, nipped, dodged, leaped, yapped a little in excitement, bit playfully at one another. The old wolf was the happiest of the group, the leader.

All this happened in vivid flashing movement in that fraction of a second before Spangler reached for his rifle that hung in the saddle scabbard. . . . As he yanked at the gun there came a quick break in the tableau. Three-Toes caught sight of the rider on the big horse. With a wild cry, a sound filled with warning, thrilling with fear, she flung herself behind some sagebrush. Like phantoms the wild pups scattered.

Spangler jerked the rifle to readiness. . . . Then his attention was whipped away from the puppies. On a small butte, just beyond the reach of the light, high-powered rifle, at a point she knew was safe, Three-Toes had found a station. She came out in plain sight, inviting Spangler's attention.

Howl after howl she hurled at him. If ever a wolf of the wild talked to a man, Three-Toes talked to Spangler. In her language there was every bit of venom, hate, vindictive, passionate anger that she carried against man.

Spangler, excited, spurred his horse

(*Continued on page* 123)

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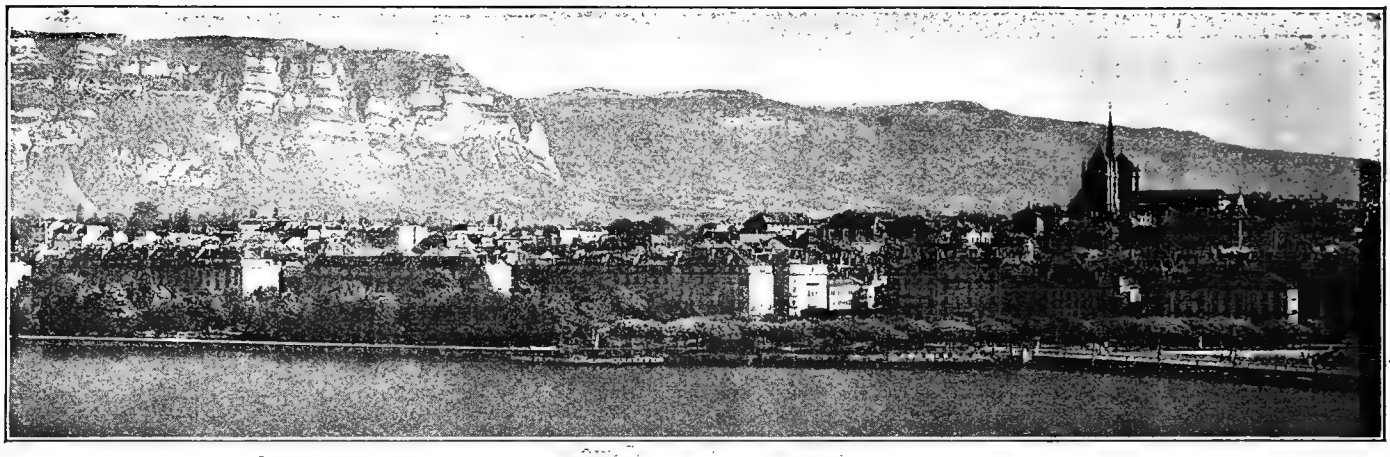

Calvin's Church dominates the heights of the world's most international city—Geneva.

Travel News: John Calvin's City

By ALEXANDER VAN SANTVOORD

SITUATED AT ONE END of Lake Geneva, and on two banks of the Rhône, Geneva was renowned for its charm and beauty of location long before there was a League of Nations. Quite naturally, then, during the summer months tourists fill its hotels, study its history, and ride in its charabancs and lake steamers.

"From the Quai Mt. Blanc, when his luck is good, the tourist may see, thirty-five miles away, the most famous of the Alpine peaks, Mt. Blanc," writes Constance L. Todd, in *Travel*. "It is a mouse with its admirers. Now you see it and now you don't. Sometimes it is misty and friendly and intimate; sometimes, after the sun has set in the city, it reflects a pink glow of unearthly beauty; again it is sharply clear and awful in its snow-capped isolation. In all its moods, when visible at all, it is a source of revenue to the enterprising citizen who sets up his telescope on the quay and does a thriving business at fifty centimes a peek."

Having looked at Mt. Blanc, the tourist follows the quays northward past the one-time Hotel National, where the League of Nations is now housed, and the serviceable but factory-like building of the International Labour Office.

"Across the bridges of the Rhône the Old Town climbs the hill, a clustering mass of mildewing houses with here and there a still intact section of the great wall which Calvin ordered built against the assaults of Catholic France," Miss Todd writes; "and at the top, dominating the whole city with its own square towers and slender spires, stands the Church of St. Pierre, stronghold in turn of Catholics and reformers, with its sonorous, beautiful bells whose bronze-throated music no vicissitudes of time or creed can chasten or subdue. And, beyond, the streets emerge again, clean and straight, into the Upper City, where native Geneva lives in modern apartment houses."

The Hotel de Ville, the finest old building in the city, is in the Old Town. It possesses a huge circular stone gangway, used now as a stairway, but formerly, according to tradition, it was a roadway by which the city fathers rode their horses to the third floor. Here was born the Red Cross, and here was signed the first arbitration treaty inspired by Geneva. The Alabama Settlement is marked here by the display of a ploughshare and a pruning fork made out of Civil War swords.

Nearby is the best preserved section of the old city wall, against which stand statues of the great reformers, Calvin, Knox, William of Orange, Cromwell, Roger Williams, and others. Another great reformer of a very different sort is also remembered; and Rousseau's island in the Rhône bears a statue of Geneva's great humanitarian.

The League Assembly Reconvenes

But the first week in September sees a great change come over the city, and the tourist is almost certain to leave. For the League of Nations Assembly is about to meet, and all hotel prices have jumped. It is not so much the delegates (of whom there are less than two hundred) who are responsible for this, as it is the news writers and observers who now crowd Geneva.

The few tourists that are left strive to secure admission cards to the meetings of the League Assembly; if they are successful, they also obtain a diagram of the seating, for otherwise they might be confused, as the delegates are seated according to the French name of their country. But many visitors are bewildered at these meetings, and for their benefit Alfred Zimmern lectures each morning about the activities of the Assembly meeting of the preceding day. One leaves his discourses with a much clearer picture in mind of the workings of the League and the Labour Office, through the buildings of which one may have been conducted the day before by a guide who was probably an American post-graduate student.

Finally comes October, and the League sessions are at an end. Geneva returns to its normal life, and the tourists that remain are likely to complain that it is a dull city, with concerts but no opera, and only one theatre; and no interesting cafés, such as those of Paris or Berlin.

For the more serious-minded of the visitors there remain a number of permanent cultural attractions, however. There is the Musée Rath, with its collection of pictures; the University building, rebuilt in 1867-71, which houses the public library and its stock of almost a quarter of a million volumes; and the Museum of Natural History.

But once a year, in December, the city forgets its seriousness. The Escalade is a three-day carnival celebrating the final repulse of the Savoyards three hundred years ago. "Young men don the armor of the seventeenth century lent by the Museum," Miss Todd writes. "On horses also decked out in the genuine trappings of the past they parade through the streets of the Old Town at nightfall. The proclamation of three hundred years ago is read by torchlight. Clemence, the special cathedral bell held for rare occasions, tolls solemnly, while in the flickering light the streets and old walls resound to the singing of the Escalade hymn. The genuine and untheatrical character of the arms and trappings, the serious dignity of the participants, and the perfect setting of winding streets and jutting walls create a complete illusion. The Escalade is the high spot of a Geneva winter; the city forgets her cosmopolitan character, and Youth rules."

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The Changing Latin Quarter

THE LATIN QUARTER is still the educational centre of Paris, but its character has changed fundamentally in the last few years. The narrow, crooked streets and gabled houses north of the Boulevard St. Germain have almost entirely disappeared since the War. Another fundamental change has been the amalgamation of the Boulevards St. Michel and Montparnasse.

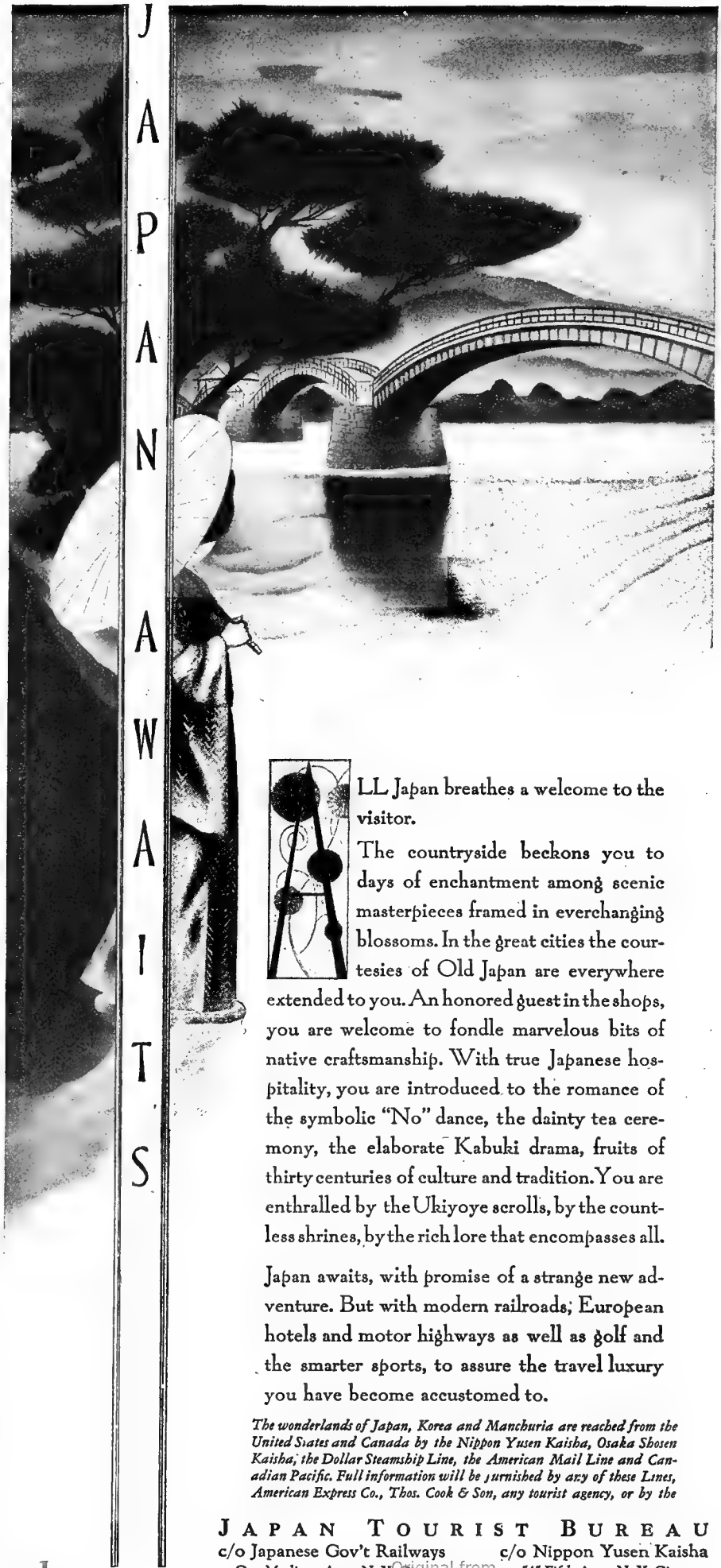
"Twenty years ago Montparnasse was a neighbouring but independent section," writes Paul Morand in *Vanity Fair.* "The women of Montparnasse wore their hair as short as did the men of the Latin Quarter; their men shaved their heads, like ancient Egyptians or Central Europeans.

"The folk of Montparnasse wore homespun, sandals, and Rio Jim silk scarves; they drank alcohol and fed themselves on coffee with cream. The Boul' Mich' stuck to beer and sandwiches; there you saw long hair and heard French spoken. In 1929 the two clans have merged; they have exchanged fashions and even women; as little French is spoken now in the Place de la Sorbonne as in the Rotonde."

The Boul' Mich' is really the road from Paris to Orleans; once it was a Roman road, through a suburb with villas, streams, and baths that still exist. Later it was used by the barbarians, who destroyed everything in their path. In the twelfth century this section was protected by a great wall, beyond which stretched open country with vineyards, mills, abbeys, and monasteries. The university was founded not long after—not primarily as a place of classes and lectures, but rather as a residence hall for students of theology.

"It is well known that on the hill of Sainte Geneviève the students of that time were grouped by nations, and the national groups, again, were subdivided according to provinces," continues Mr. Morand. "The municipal universities they are trying to establish today recall the past. In those days students were boarded as well as instructed. There were colleges for the English, the Germans, the Scotch, the students from Picardy and the Limousine. Dante, Grasme, Lulle, Bacon, either studied or taught in the university.

"If one really wants to obtain a true impression of the former Latin Quarter, one must go, today, behind the Collège de France, on Mont Sainte Geneviève itself," continues Mr. Morand. "Chinese, Armenian, and Russian restaurants, have replaced the medieval rotisseries, the taverns in which, in pewter pots, the students drank those tart wines they no longer make in the neighbourhood of Paris, and yet one still breathes there an ancient air of debauchery, of poverty, and of mysticism which is essentially that of the Middle Ages."



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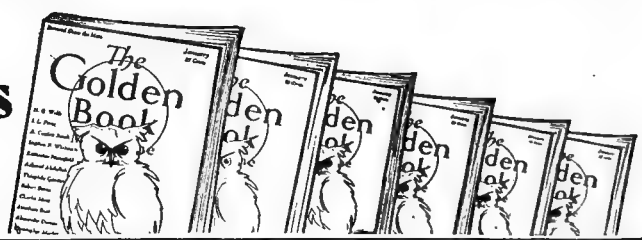

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Hors-d'œuvres
from the Newest Books
(*Continued from page* 118)

frantically toward the butte. The horse crashed through the sage, stumbled, recovered, and galloped forward. A hundred yards more, and he would be within striking distance. . . . The hundred yards was almost covered. Spangler reined in his horse. Like a wraith the wolf dropped out of sight.

She was gone. Her ruse had worked.

Spangler quickly turned to follow out his original plan to catch one of the pups. But they were gone.

It was then that Spangler realized fully how neatly he had been fooled by the wolf. When she realized he might be getting within rifle shot she had scurried to safety. But she had left her post only when she was sure her puppies were safe.

The Last Stand of the Pack.
CARHART AND YOUNG.

PENROD SCHOFIELD—BOY LOGICIAN

Penrod and Sam stood enthralled, staring at a magnificent creature they had discovered upon the stalk of a lush bush in the fence corner. It might have been a pixie's concertina, painted dusty green and ornamented with brilliant pool balls from a pixie pool table; but to Penrod and Sam it was known as a "tobacco-worm"—the largest and fattest they had ever seen. . . .

"Look!" Penrod cried. "He's movin'!"

"Climbin' up the bush," Sam observed. That shows which end his head is on: it's on top."

"It doesn't have to be on top just because he's climbin' up the bush," Penrod returned scornfully. "I guess he could back up, just as well as climb up."

"Well, he wouldn't," Sam argued. "What would he want to back up for, when he could just as easy climb up? His head's on top of him, and that proves it."

"It doesn't either prove it. Where's his face? The only way you can prove where his head is, is where his face is, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't!" Sam cried hotly. "He hasn't got any face; and, besides, his top end looks just as much like his face as his bottom end. You can't tell the difference. Anyway, anybody with good sense would know his head's on top of him. He wouldn't *want* to have it any place else, would he?"

"How do *you* know what he'd want?" Penrod demanded. "He might want it some place else just as well as not."

"Well, what for?" Sam asked irritably.

"What for?" Penrod was sure of a coming triumph in the debate. "You don't know what for?"

"No, I don't, and you don't either!"

Penrod laughed pityingly. "Bet you I can prove it."

"Well, prove it then."

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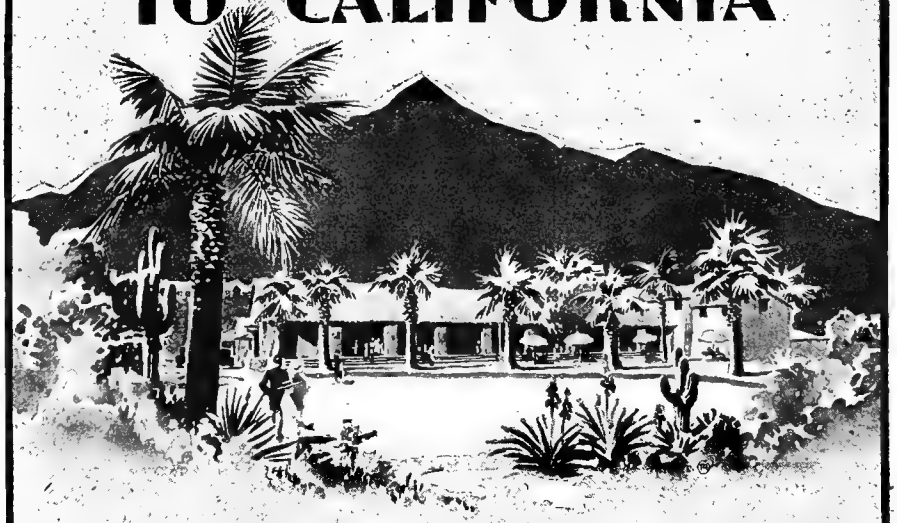

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"Well, look here. Suppose sumpthing was *after* him: he'd want to have his face on the bottom end so's he could keep watchin' out to see if it was comin' after him up the stalk, wouldn't he? *That* proves it, I guess!"

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DOG OVER SNOW

The greyhound skims the boulevard.
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The snow is starred.
A silver bit

Is penciled on a passing horse.
Now dimly as the twilight dims
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The greyhound skims.

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And nights, in passing, still leave night.
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A dog in flight.

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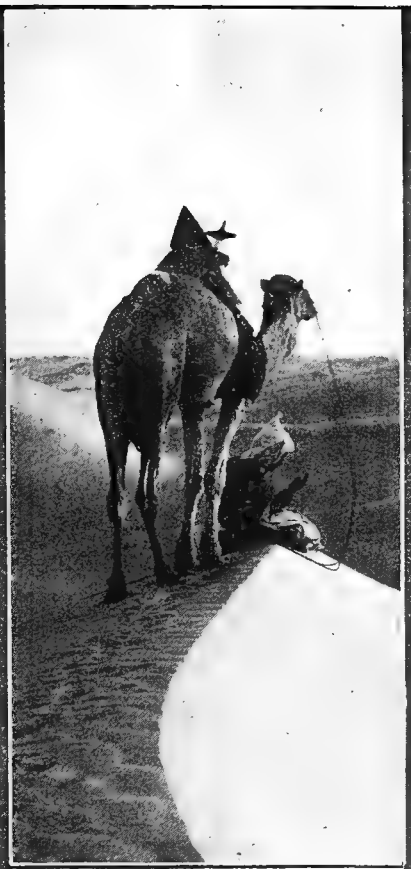

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The Banking Picture Changes

THE WEEKS THAT ushered in Autumn brought a number of developments adding to investment interest in banks and banking. Several of these were notably in the direction of a further extension of branch and group banking facilities.

The three-year bank merger movement was climaxed with the September announcement of the merger of the Corn Exchange with the National City Bank in New York, giving world leadership to the National City on the basis of resources, and strengthening its New York branch banking system by bringing the total of its local offices to more than 100. This followed the Equitable-Seaboard's physical merger, and came on the heels of Boston, Detroit, and Seattle groupings which had attracted wide interest.

Group or chain banking—considered by many to be a transition step in branch banking growth—has made rapid strides as well. Holding companies for stock purchases and control of banks are becoming more numerous from month to month, and now a few of them are approaching the billion-dollar mark in resources. For example, the Marine Midland Corporation, announced in September and sponsored by Stone & Webster & Blodgett, Inc., White, Weld & Company, Schoelkopf, Hutton & Pomeroy, and the Marine Union Investors, was formed to acquire control of banks and trust companies in New York State and eventually throughout the country. It was built around the Marine Trust Company of Buffalo and fifteen other New York State banks. Another development was the transformation of the Bank of the Manhattan Company of New York into a holding company, whereby it "will place itself in a position to acquire such interests in other institutions, either within or without the State of New York, as may from time to time seem desirable."

Still another interesting trend in banking circles is indicated by the increasing number of investment trust affiliates which are being organized by banks—for example, the Continental Chicago Corporation, with initial capital of $65,000,000, announced by Arthur Reynolds, board chairman of the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Company of Chicago. And as Gilbert Eliott & Company of New York pointed out, it "brings to mind the fact that recently several New York banks which already have security affiliates, have in addition organized investment trusts and offered stock subscriptions therein to their stockholders or to the public. Among these are the International Germanic Corporation, which is under the auspices of the International Germanic Trust; the Chemical National Associates, formed by the Chemical Bank; and the Old Colony Associates under the management of the Old Colony Trust." Another in New York was the Irving Trust Company's acquisition of the Investment Managers' Company, organized in 1924 by Edgar Lawrence Smith and associates. This is to be known as the Irving Investment Managers' Company, and will provide specialized management of investment trust funds open to general subscription.

New Banking Legislation?

AT THE RECENT San Francisco meeting of the American Bankers' Association, Comptroller of the Currency John W. Pole addressed the members on the need for a new banking policy. He pointed to the prosperous condition of the metropolitan banks because of their large capital, their access to a great diversity of banking business, and their ability to secure highly trained personnel, as well as reflecting the general strength of industry and commerce. On the other hand, he emphasized that three-fourths of the banks in this country are outside the metropolitan areas, and that a study of bank earnings covering the last two or three years shows a large percentage of banks outside the principal cities to be operating with insufficient earnings. Mr. Pole declared that wider branch banking privileges should be granted to national banks, but he believes that branch banking should not be nation-wide, and that it would be for Congress to determine the areas in which the extension of branch banking might be permitted.

He outlined the recent development of group banking, and added that in the absence of government provision for branch banking in its true sense, group banking may eventually displace, under force of economic law, the present system of country unit banks. But on behalf of the sound country bank which has been operating profitably and serving its local community, he stated that "the successful bank should have nothing to fear from the recommendation which I propose."

Defining the "Trusts"

DR. PAUL ATKINS, economist for Ames, Emerich & Company, is an authority on investment trusts. He believes, and rightly so, that there is widespread confusion among investors regarding the different types of trusts, and that the failure to distinguish the essential differences may result in the investor's buying securities "ill adapted to his needs, under the impression that they are a different type eminently suited to his requirements." Dr. Atkins has written convincingly on this subject, and discussed the differences between the general management investment trust, the fixed trust, the semi-fixed trust, the holding company, the finance company, and the trading company. The differences are important, and are given briefly here.

The general management investment trust, first developed in Great Britain, has these essential characteristics: "A portfolio of securities diversified as to type, geographical location, nature of industry or type of government, etc.; a continuous management of that portfolio by competent financiers, and the possession of limited blocks of securities only,

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5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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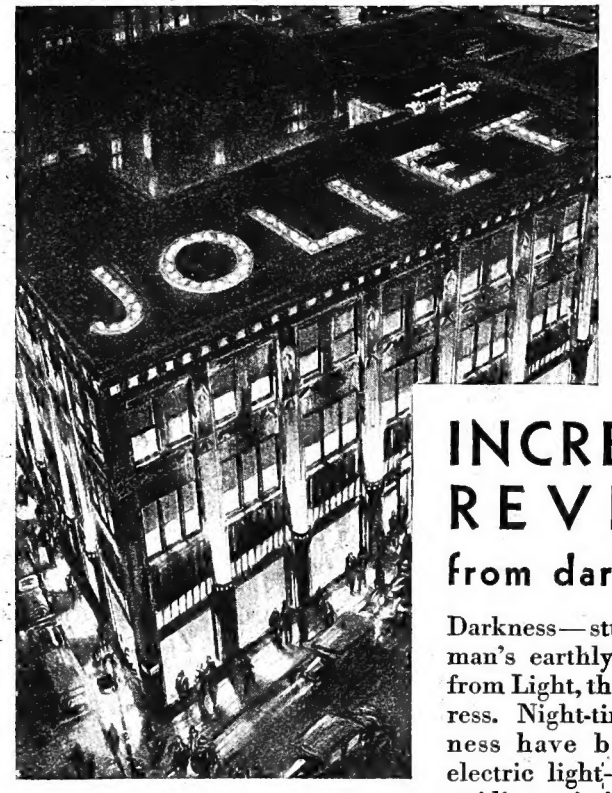

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The fixed and semi-fixed investment trusts are "devices for enabling an investor to obtain a certain diversification of his holdings, but do not provide—except in a limited fashion in the latter case—for any management of the portfolio once it has been established. In the case of the fixed investment trust, a group of securities is accumulated, and against these certificates of beneficial interest of some kind are issued. The vital difference between this type and the general management type is that there is no opportunity for shifting the holdings if subsequent events appear to indicate that a change is desirable for some sound reason. The semi-fixed investment trusts attempt to meet this difficulty by permitting the trustee under certain conditions to shift the holdings." In some cases, he pointed out, these trusts possess widely diversified holdings, but in many cases they are limited to a single industry. Like the general management type, but unlike the holding and finance companies, they do not participate in management. Unlike the general management type, however, continuous management of the portfolio "plays no part in any success which they attain," and, once established, "the management has no further part in the operation of the fixed trust, which becomes automatic in its action." With the semi-fixed trust, management of the portfolio is intermittent. Dr. Atkins added that this type, therefore, "does not enjoy the protection from loss nor the opportunity for profit which the general management investment trust obtains from the continuous control exercised by its management."

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Public utility holding companies—of which there have been several of gigantic size organized in recent months—afford good examples of this type. It was pointed out that the holding company limits its interests to a single field or to companies which are mutually complementary, and that it lacks the broad diversification of holdings possessed by the general management type. Its income depends upon the successful operation of subsidiaries, and "the sale of any considerable proportion of its holdings can take place only in the event of its dissolution." As points of difference from the general management type, he added that the management of companies whose securities it holds is a prime function of the holding company, and that the portfolio of the holding company is always in a frozen condition as opposed to the highly liquid state of the management trust's portfolio.

Continuing, the finance company functions "to finance various enterprises which have need for financial and managerial assistance, and which cannot get it economically in some other way." It usually will have a controlling interest in the company whose securities it has purchased, or it will be in a position to influence—if not dominate—its policies. It differs from the holding company in that the holding company will usually retain the securities in its portfolio indefinitely, "whereas the finance company is essentially promotional in character, and hence it customarily expects, sooner or later, to dispose of a substantial proportion—if not all—of its holdings when the company under its tutelage will reach a point where it can do this to the best advantage." The portfolio is usually in a frozen position for long periods of time, and "while the profits of a successful finance company are sometimes substantial, it will usually be found that the risk carried in order to gain them has been proportionately large—much higher than the risks incurred by the general management investment trust in its operations."

Finally, the financial trading company functions to buy and sell securities with the expectation of making a profit by its market transactions. Thus, in order to accomplish the desired results, it may buy on margin and sell short, and "it is obviously and avowedly a speculative organization." Dr. Atkins pointed to the high degree of risk involved in the operation of corporations of this type and to the importance of management by men who are honest and capable. It offers a good speculative opportunity, but investors should be particularly careful not to confuse it with the more conservative general management type.

The term "investment trust" has been used so generally and is so often confused that these explanations of the types will undoubtedly be helpful to potential investors in this class of securities.

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

An Open Letter to a Famous Music Critic

DEAR ERNEST NEWMAN: In that excellent book of yours, *A Musical Motley,* I find myself greatly honoured as the addressee of a number of open letters which give me advice on the conduct of this difficult profession of ours. I have pondered these letters well, yet I find unanswered a number of questions that perplex me. Permit me therefore to address you as openly as you address me.

The deepest and most perplexing of all the questions has to do with our function in society. Why is a music critic? The average American newspaper editor will answer, "God knows; I don't." The musician will answer according to the nature of the criticisms that have been published on his work. The critics, so far as I have interrogated them, or as they reveal their points of view in their writings, answer variously. A concert notice of your own, reprinted in *A Musical Motley,* reveals a decided conception of the critic's duty. The notice deals with a piano recital given by a young lady named Ethel Winchester. It compliments the young lady upon her technique; it suggests that she avoid the *Hammerklavier* sonata until maturity reveals its deeper significance; it adds that light pieces of Couperin, Scarlatti, and Mendelssohn are her best bet, and concludes with suggesting that a Chopin impromptu should be more carefully studied. The entire notice is addressed to Miss Winchester. It is amiable advice from a friendly, experienced musician to one of less experience. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of copies of the issue of the journal containing Ernest Newman's advice to Ethel Winchester were printed and spread broadcast in a city of millions. But, honestly, would it not have been a saner thing to have written a little note to Miss Winchester, the only person in the world who could be interested in that review?

A critic once told me he conceived his function in life to be much the same as that of a tea taster. He was an expert in the beautiful. He knew (or thought he knew), better than the lay public, what was good and what was bad in the arts. Accordingly he directed the public to one thing and away from another, thereby saving the public's time and money. My reply to this definition of the critic's function was to suggest that the gentleman who formulated it get a job on his father's railroad at once, in order to spare himself from disillusion. There is, I imagine, some measure of agreement among tea tasters, though if a tea merchant's ten tasters expressed ten different opinions about one shipment of oolong, he would immediately dispense with the whole lot of them. But there is no measure of agreement among critics.

To what extent does critical opinion sway popular opinion? With the mass it is apparent that the critical word has no weight whatever. The cheap novel, the tinsel opera, the Mephistophelean style of musical interpretation, the sentimental picture, have been objects of scorn of the critics in all ages. Yet it is the evanescent books that keep publishers and librarians busy, it is these flashy operas that form the basis of any successful opera season. The thunder-punchers of the keyboard fill the big halls; the art galleries containing the "Simplicities" and "Wounded Lions" are the ones most frequented. Every season sees the appearance of a hundred interpretative artists, and plays, books, and pieces of music which the critics praise, but to which the public remains indifferent.

There are, perhaps, instances of works of art being "made" by the critics. But when critics agree unanimously and enthusiastically, and the public becomes infected with the enthusiasm, a nine-day jamboree follows, after which the popular piece is discarded. I know of no example of a worthwhile work of art being killed by criticism. The progress of many artists has undoubtedly been made difficult by criticism, but, as you have shown in your *Musical Critic's Holiday,* most artists hampered by early misunderstanding have lived to see themselves established.

No, the critic is not the guide and friend of the public, nor ought he to be the counselor of the artist. Neither public nor artist will pay much attention to him if he pretends to be either. And even if the critic were the respected judge, the music critic would not be in a position to serve the public very effectively, for his review appears after the show is all over and the hall swept out. And the opinion expressed of a musician's performance on one occasion is not necessarily the opinion that will be expressed on another. This does not imply extreme changeability in the critic, but changeability in both the critic and performer, and conditions under which music is presented. A bad début does not imply a bad follow-up recital. We all have known musicians to sound badly in one hall and well in another. A critic, being a human being, may be permitted to change his mind. All these things mean that the public cannot depend upon the critic in the choice of their musical fare.

What, then, *is* the critic's function? I believe it to be defined in Oscar Wilde's preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* in which he says: "The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things." This puts criticism on a plane of its own, unrelated to the impression of the beautiful thing to be gathered by others. It makes of criticism itself a beautiful thing. Carrying the proposition to its logical conclusion, it includes as critical works tone poems inspired by paintings, or dramas, or literary poems. Rachmaninov writing music to convey his impression of Böcklin's picture, "The Island of the Dead"; Dukas setting down in tone his feeling of Goethe's "Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Berlioz creating a symphony around Byron's "Childe Harold"; Strauss, with his tone poems on works of Lenau, Cervantes, and Nietzsche—all these composers were functioning in the domain of criticism. Carrying the idea still farther, one must include musical, literary or graphic impressions of nature as critical works. Debussy writing music to express his feeling for the sea, Wordsworth inspired to poetry by a bed of daffodils, Da Vinci inspired to one of the world's great pictures by the face of Lucrezia Crivelli—all these were critics. Eventually we arrive at a place where we cannot distinguish between criticism and creative art—and then we have arrived at the truth.

The music critic as a creative artist, taking as theme and subject the creative or interpretative art of others—it sounds very fine, but how is one to apply the principle to the grind of daily journalism? I suppose one really can't. For to function thus would require devoting space only to those musical events that are worth writing about, thereby reducing our appearances in print at least by half. If we did this our readers would have more to read than the usual stringing together of critical rubber stamps—"a player of promise," "authoritative reading," and all those other confessions of lack of anything to say. But we should probably not get by our editors with the idea, or, if we did, we should suffer a cut in salary, because of the curious law of editorial psychology which judges the worth of a staff member by the number of words he turns out. Criticism as a paying profession would hit even lower depths, but criticism as a fine art would come into its own.

As ever,
JOSEPH.

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